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LONDON IN TRANSFORMATION

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WITH PICTURES BY BIRCH B. LONG



LONDON is being rebuilt as rapidly as New York; but it is so much vaster than the American city that the process is less conspicuous. Nothing is being done to-day that stands out so prominently as the great bridges over the East River; nor is there any analogue in London to the irruption of hotels and office-buildings above the normal sky-line in New York, the nearest approach to a "sky-scraper"—Queen Anne's Mansions, Westminster—varying in height from eleven to fourteen stories only.

Of governmental projects perhaps the greatest is the buying out of the companies that supply London with water. Their claims amounted to about \$250,000,000, but radical cuts were made by the court of arbitration appointed to adjudicate them. It is unlikely that the Metropolitan Water Board will do as well, financially, as these eight companies, for the city's needs are growing with its popu-

lation, while one of the chief sources of supply—the Thames—has been gradually dwindling for the last twenty years; so that it will be necessary to go far afield, before long, for a supply of water that can be depended on in times of drought. Next comes the proposed improvement of the port, and its control by a single body exercising the powers now divided between the Thames Conservancy and other authorities. The commerce of London has not grown as rapidly of late as the city itself. Lest it should continue to lose ground, a royal commission has reported, the river channel must be widened to from six hundred to one thousand feet and deepened to thirty feet at low water. The estimated expense of this improvement is \$12,500,000; and new docks are recommended at a cost of about \$22,500,000.

The principal public improvements of the last fifteen years have been due to the County Council, which superseded the Metropolitan Board of Works under the Local Government Act of 1888. One of

the least conspicuous but most costly of its single undertakings is the Blackwall Tunnel, which, when opened in 1897, had swallowed up \$7,000,000. The next undertaking of the sort (the tunnel from Rotherhithe to Ratcliffe) is expected to absorb nearly as much. The Tower Bridge, completed in 1894 at a cost of \$5,000,000,—the most conspicuous of London bridges, the one farthest down-stream, and the only one provided with a draw,—was the work of the Corporation of the City of London; and the same body is now widening London Bridge, the most famous and still the most traveled of the many roads across the Thames. The cost is estimated at \$500,000. The corporation before long will probably lower the crown of Southwark Bridge—a task which will virtually involve rebuilding, and is expected to swallow up \$1,750,000. The sway of the County Council begins somewhat farther up the river, where \$1,500,000 is being spent to replace Vauxhall Bridge with a structure of steel.

Chief among the vast undertakings of the London County Council are the widening and extending of old streets, the opening of new ones, the laying of electric tramways, and the rehousing of the poor.

Most radical of the many changes now in progress in London's streets is that which comprehends the widening of the Strand between Wellington street and St. Clement Danes (Dr. Johnson's church); the creation of a new street in the form of a crescent with one of its horns resting on the Strand at each of the points referred to; and the opening of a wide avenue straight through from the apex of this crescent to High Holborn at a point opposite Southampton Row, which in turn is being widened so as to afford (with the new street to the south of it and its present continuation, under different names, to the north) a main thoroughfare from the neighborhood of the Thames Embankment, through the Drury Lane region and Bloomsbury, to Hampstead Heath, four or five miles from its starting-point. No incident in the making of "The New New York," as described by the present writer in *THE CENTURY* for August, 1902, involved such wholesale demolition and reconstruction as this. A reference to it as "the greatest rebuilding of London since 1666"—the year of the great fire—is doubtless correct. It is expected to cost about \$25,000,000; but as the value of the contiguous land will be greatly enhanced by the improvement, and



THE NEW VAUXHALL BRIDGE, FROM THE SURREY SIDE OF THE THAMES



THE REBUILT KEW BRIDGE, NAMED FOR KING EDWARD VII

as much of this land has been acquired by the County Council, the sale of eighty-year leases will go far to lighten the taxpayers' burden.

The new street severs the heart of the Drury Lane district, whose rickety tenements are redolent of the memory of the wits, the gallants, and the cutthroats, the Nell Gwynnes and the Jack Sheppards, of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. It slashes through a network of little streets running at all angles to its own course, and crashes an opening one hundred feet wide through solid blocks of grimy stores and houses. In one case it obliterates the plant of an electric-lighting company, which has had to be indemnified in the sum of \$1,000,000 or so. Beneath its surface will run a subway for pipes and wires, and an electric tramway.

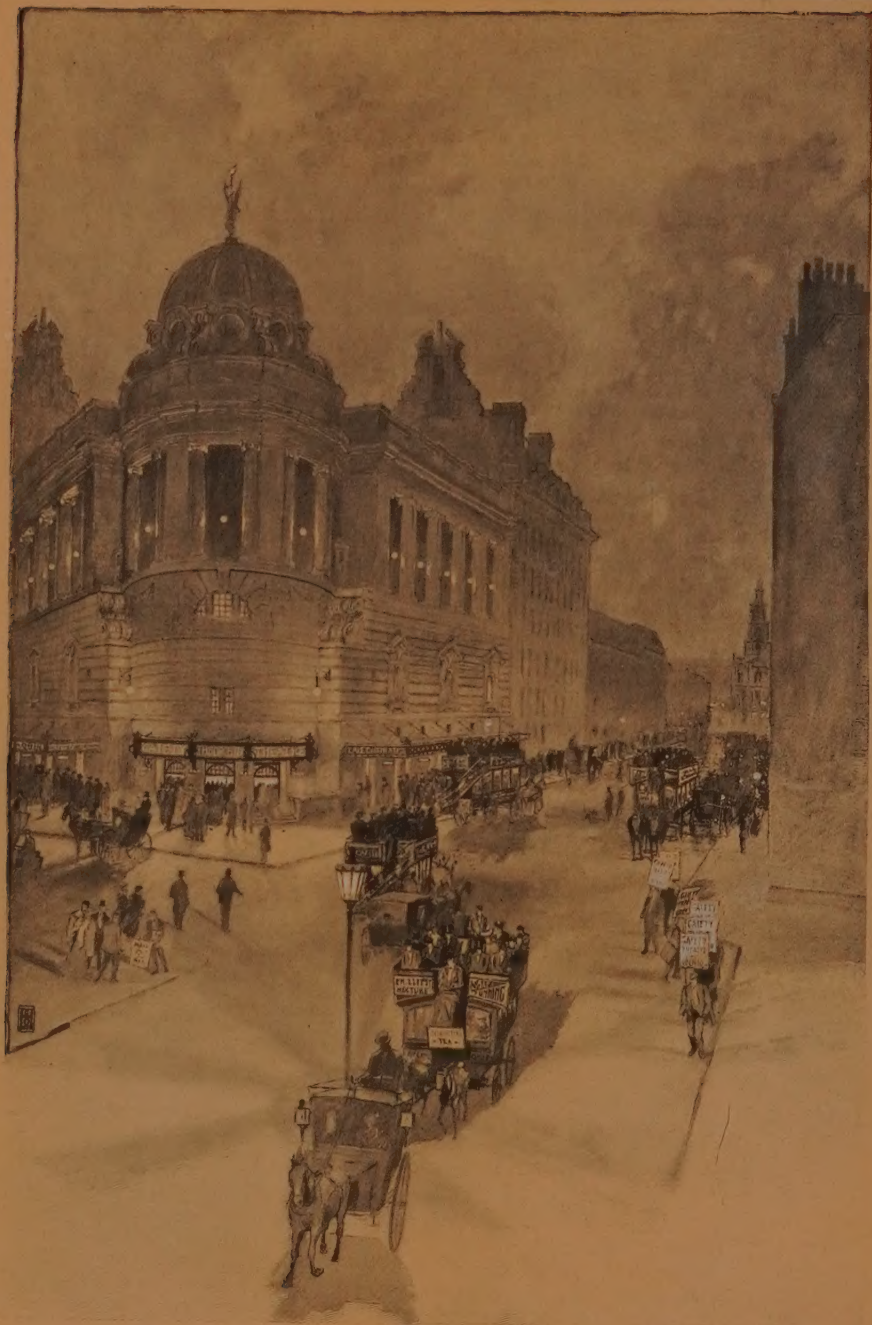
The Strand widening has brought into prominence two churches worthy of their conspicuous position—St. Clement Danes, already referred to, and St. Mary le Strand. The narrow churchyards have been shorn off at the sides, and only less sharply at the ends also; so that passing vehicles almost graze their walls. An attempt to destroy these interesting landmarks would have aroused a storm of protest; but no archaeological or esthetic considerations availed to prevent the demolition of the long and narrow block of picturesque old buildings, with pointed gables and projecting upper stories, that stretched between them, along the line of Holywell street, the haunt of old-book buyers.

For the two new streets many names were proposed before the County Council, at the suggestion of its scholarly clerk, christened the crescent "Aldwych" and the straight street leading from it "Kingsway"; and these simple names, free from any affix, and without duplicates elsewhere in London, have been accepted as most

fitting and satisfactory. The king commemorated is Alfred the Great, who expelled the Danes. As for the crescent, it obliterates Wych street, a continuation of Drury Lane, originally Via de Aldwych, Aldwych being an ancient settlement of Danes outside of Temple Bar. In the open space in front of St. Clement's is to stand Mr. Hamo Thornycroft's statue of Mr. Gladstone, with four attendant groups, which will not be ready before the end of 1905. The widened Strand will be adorned with plane-trees, while in Aldwych planes and acacias will be planted alternately, and in Kingsway planes and ailantuses.

To insure an adequate architectural effect for the buildings to occupy the newly created sites in the Strand, the council invited eight architects of standing to submit elevations, and called in Mr. Norman Shaw, R.A., to pass upon them. The first building, or block of buildings, to be erected on the new line includes the Gaiety Theatre and restaurant, at the inner angle of the western end of Aldwych, where it touches the Strand beside Wellingtonstreet. This fine Renaissance building makes an effective starting-point both for Aldwych and the widened Strand. Across the crescent the Gaiety will be faced by the new home of the "Morning Post," occupying a triangular block much smaller than that on which the "New York Times" building stands. Three buildings will occupy the next block on the same side of Aldwych, the largest a hotel, with a spacious theater on each side of it.

Four or five hundred feet west of Wellington street, one can see what the Strand will look like when the widening to eighty feet extends from Aldwych to Charing Cross; for here, on the south side, the extension of the Savoy Hotel, which has just risen on the site of Simpson's ancient chop-house and other edifices less noted, marks



THE NEW GAUETY THEATRE

the future building-line; while just beyond the comparatively new Hotel Cecil toes the same mark.

Long before the Strand is widened all the way to Charing Cross and Trafalgar Square, a new inlet to the square will have been made on the opposite side. Already the pickaxe of the "housebreaker" has hacked an opening through the row of buildings that blocked the Mall in St. James's Park. In future that driveway and walk, which starts opposite Buckingham Palace and skirts Stafford House, St. James's Palace, Marlborough House, etc., and the ultra-fashionable mansions of Carlton House Terrace, will extend through to Charing Cross, as Constitution Hill extends from the palace to Hyde Park Corner. At the junction of these two ways, in front of Buckingham Palace, ground has been broken for the proposed National Memorial of Queen Victoria. A monument with statuary is being made by Mr. Thomas Brock, R.A., and the architectural treatment of its future surroundings has been intrusted, as the result of a competition, to Mr. Aston Webb, R.A., president of the Royal Institute of British Architects.

This great work will make a new thing of St. James's Park, and add to the dignity of one of the gloomiest and least impressive of royal residences. The middle portion and the extreme ends of the palace are to be slightly raised; and the iron grille which separates the palace grounds from the public road in front of the building is to be replaced by a stone screen. Outside, a circular plot has been formed, which is at present turfed and planted with rhododendrons, but will ultimately uphold the statued monument. A handsome stone balustrade will form a semicircle beyond, with wide openings into the Mall, Constitution Hill, and Buckingham Palace Road. Within the semicircle there will be a formal garden on each side, with a wide-basined fountain as its chief ornament. On the side toward the lake a high retaining-wall, rising from the water's edge, supports the balustrade.

The Mall, widened to two hundred feet, extends from the apex of this semicircular balustrade. Down the middle runs what is known as Processional Road. This has already been laid with a wood-block pavement sixty-five feet wide. On each side

will be a spacious promenade shaded by two rows of plane-trees. A carriageway will skirt one of these walks, a bridle-path the other. At Marlborough Gate a break will occur to admit four monumental groups of statuary symbolizing the Western dominions of the Crown; similar groups, where the road passes the Duke of York Steps, will typify the Eastern dominions. At the eastern extremity of the Mall, a circle will be introduced to disguise a slight change of course that has to be made here in order that the road, as it enters Charing Cross, shall lie directly opposite the Strand and be axial with it. Ultimately the Mall will be terminated by a great public building facing Charing Cross and having a central archway through which the Processional Road will pass.

From the Queen's Garden, as the semicircular inclosure in front of Buckingham Palace is to be called, a wide avenue of trees will run straight across Green Park to Piccadilly, making a delightful vista from that thoroughfare. Long views and broad effects are a vital feature of the architect's plans; and the result promises to be such as would commend itself to the great landscape-gardener, Le Nôtre, who laid out St. James's Park, as well as other royal seats here and in France, over two centuries ago. The total cost of the memorial will far exceed the \$1,250,000 or so already subscribed; but even remote New Zealand has pledged herself for \$75,000.

Not only is a wide avenue to be planted across Green Park, connecting the memorial with Piccadilly, but Piccadilly itself is to be widened in due time. A beginning was made in 1902, when a triangular slice was cut away from Green Park, beginning opposite the block between Park Lane and Hamilton Place, and extending toward the arch at the top of Constitution Hill. It is proposed to widen the street on the north, from Piccadilly Circus to Sackville street, by the purchase of a strip of crown land worth \$1,000,000. It is on the cards, indeed, that Piccadilly shall some day be eighty feet wide along its entire course.

As a rope is no stronger than its weakest part, so a road may be said to be no wider than its narrowest. To the west of Hyde Park Corner, the continuation of Piccadilly known as Knightsbridge has for many years been so narrow, where it approaches Albert Gate, as to clog traffic for



THE NEW CRIMINAL COURT HOUSE, REPLACING NEWGATE PRISON

hundreds of yards in each direction. It was widened in 1902, and handsome shops were erected on its southern line. Kensington High street, a continuation of Piccadilly and Knightsbridge, has been widened between Church street and Cumberland Place at an expense of over \$2,000,000. Sloane street, where it enters Knightsbridge a little farther west, at the head of Brompton Road, is too narrow to accommodate the traffic it has to carry. This defect it is proposed to remedy at a cost of \$300,000 for the land alone.

The streets I have mentioned interest all who visit London and most of those who live there. But City merchants take a lively interest in the improvement of streets that are probably never seen by any member of their own families, and seldom, if ever, by tourists. Such thoroughfares are Old street and Goswell Road, recently widened at an expense of \$1,000,000; Blomfield street and the street known as London Wall; Bishopsgate street, which is to be widened at a cost of \$1,700,000; and Leadenhall street, where the outlay will be from \$3,000,000 to \$3,500,000. For Millbank street a new street seventy feet wide is

being substituted from Old Palace Yard to Lambeth Bridge; the Thames Embankment is being extended to the same point; and the land between the street and the river is being laid out as a garden. All this will cost \$1,600,000. Some \$2,000,000 has been spent in making broader the main road leading to the Tower Bridge from the Southwark side of the river; and in South London generally the County Council is committed to widening operations, largely with a view to the introduction of tramways, that will involve an expense of \$7,750,000.

Among the many works of demolition and reconstruction now in progress, that which involves Christ's Hospital is second in importance only to the Strand-to-Holborn improvement. This ancient foundation, dating from the year 1553 and occupying the site of a monastery of the Greyfriars established two centuries earlier, was one of London's most interesting antiquities. Founded by the boy king, Edward VI, ten days before his death, it remained without radical change for three hundred and fifty years, its removal to the country occurring early in the reign of the next Edward (1902). The various build-

ings were of different dates. Some of the arches of the old monastery walls remained to the end, and much of Christopher Wren's work survived; but the great hall, the building most conspicuous from Newgate, where passers-by used to stop and watch the boys at play, despite its look of hoary age, went back no further than 1825.

After a fight lasting for many years, an act of Parliament was passed, in 1890, calling for the removal of Christ's Hospital from London. Thereupon a still more venerable institution, St. Bartholomew's Hospital, which had occupied an adjoining site since 1123, feeling the need of more elbow-room than was afforded by its own five acres, paid \$1,195,000 for an acre and a half of the school grounds. The governors of Christ's Hospital have since disposed of the rest of the site (about three and a half acres) to the Crown, on a perpetual lease yielding \$115,000 per year; and the ever-growing General Post Office, which already occupies several enormous

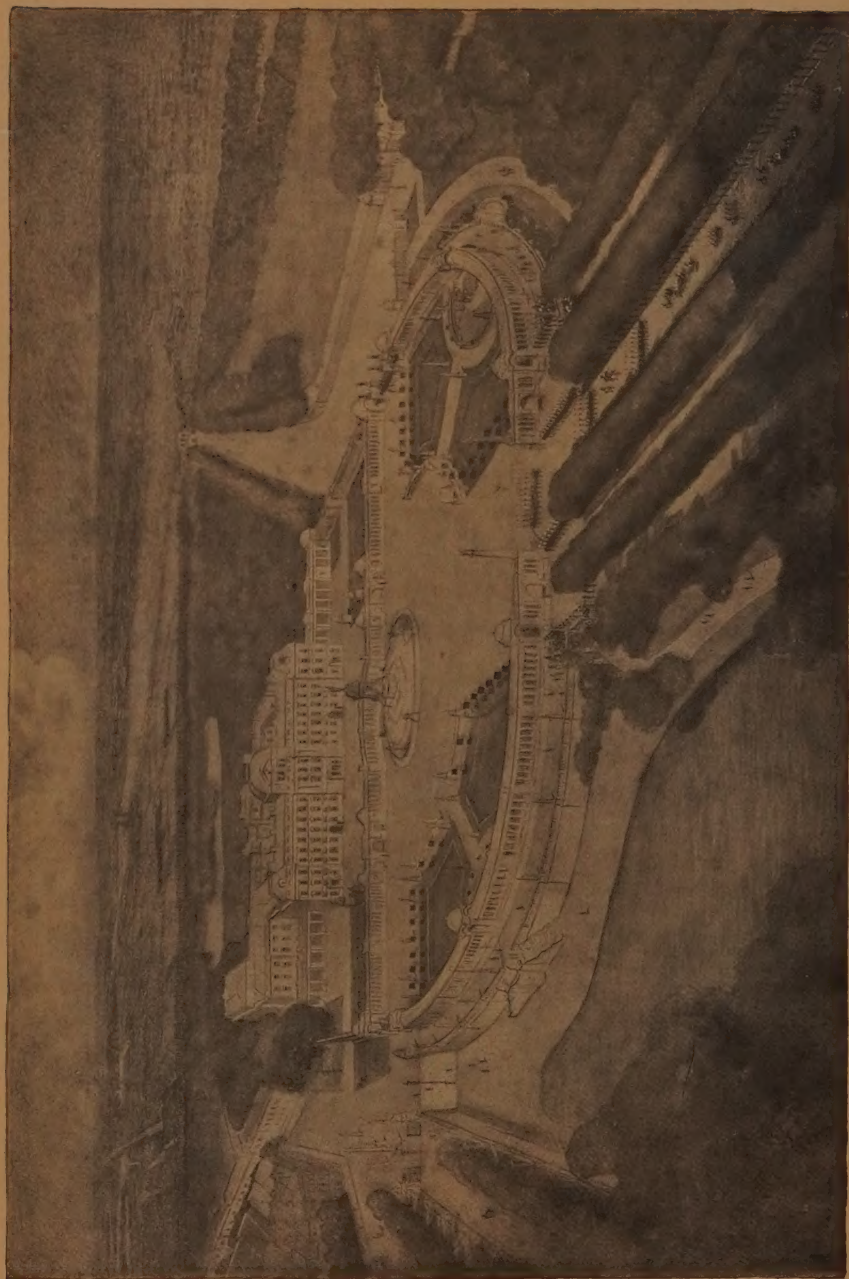
buildings near at hand, will here find room for still further extension.

At Horsham, Surrey, in a group of detached buildings, connected underground and forming a line nearly half a mile long, the ancient foundation has taken a new lease of life; but the bareheaded boys, in long blue coats belted at the waist, yellow stockings, and buckled shoes, added much to the picturesqueness of London's streets, and hosts of tourists, familiar with Lamb's and Coleridge's and Leigh Hunt's school-day reminiscences, will miss them from their accustomed haunts.

Newgate Prison was less ancient than that great political prison, the Tower of London, but in one form or another it had stood for about seven centuries opposite the site of Christ's Hospital. The summer of 1902 saw the first steps taken toward its destruction, as well as that of Christ's Hospital; but the work was slower in the case of the jail than in that of the school. An enormous criminal court house, de-



THE ROYAL SCHOOL OF ART NEEDLEWORK—THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE IN THE DISTANCE



VICTORIA MEMORIAL

signed for the Corporation of London by Mr. Edward William Mountford, will preserve the traditions of the place by having eighty cells for prisoners awaiting trial. It will be a classic building, in the general style of Wren and his pupils, yet resembling, as to its lower courses, the stronghold it replaces. By midsummer, 1907, the building is expected to be finished.

Newgate is the last of the noted jails that have disappeared within the memory of living Londoners. The site of the Fleet, the old debtors' prison, is occupied in part by the Congregational Memorial Hall in Farringdon street, close by Ludgate Circus; near at hand, where is now New Bridge street, stood the Bridewell. Cold-bath Fields in the north has given place to the headquarters of the Parcels Post; and where Clerkenwell Prison stood (the scene of the Fenian explosion) is now a flourishing school. The King's Bench (Mr. Micawber's prison), on the Southwark side of the Thames, has been replaced by a huge block of model dwellings; the Marshalsea, where Dickens as a boy visited his impecunious father, has fallen from its high estate into the hands of a firm of tinworkers; and Horsemonger Lane Gaol, where Leigh Hunt was comforted by visits from Byron, Shelley, Moore, and Horace Smith while "doing time" for calling George IV "a fat Adonis of fifty," has given way partly to County Council cottages, but chiefly to a recreation park for children.

The two most important buildings now in course of construction are the War Office in Whitehall and the additional Government Offices in Parliament street, Whitehall's continuation, each of which will cost some millions of dollars. The former, designed by the late William Young, and to be completed in June, 1906 (at an expense of \$3,500,000 in addition to the great cost of the site), occupies an entire block bounded by Whitehall, Whitehall Place, Whitehall Court, and on the south by Horse Guards Avenue, which separates it from the banquetting-hall from which Charles I stepped to his death. The block is a large and slightly irregular one, its main façade, in Whitehall, being the shortest, and the northern one, in Whitehall Place, the longest. This irregularity is masked by an ingenious treatment of the angles.

The new Government Offices at the lower end of Parliament street, designed by Mr. J. M. Brydon, will be ready for occupancy in June, 1907. Though only four stories high, the building is so huge that the inner rooms will be lighted from nineteen courts, the largest being one hundred and sixty feet in diameter. It has a frontage of about three hundred feet and a depth somewhat greater, and ultimately will run all the way from Parliament street to St. James's Park, a distance of seven hundred feet, which is also the depth of the adjoining Home and Foreign Office block. The latter extends from Charles street north to Downing street, and the new block from Charles street to Great George street on the south; and it is planned to unite the two by a bridge carried across Charles street above a great portico or arcade of three arches on columns, with a deep sculptured frieze above it, crowned by a quadriga. At the same time, the Treasury building, fronting Parliament street just north of Downing street, will be similarly joined to the Home Office; so that from the Horse Guards southward for a distance of nearly one thousand feet the slightly bending western edge of Whitehall and Parliament street will be lined with imposing public buildings, harmonious in general effect, though designed by different architects and erected at different times. The new offices border on the open space north of St. Margaret's Church and Westminster Abbey. The value of the land they stand on is enormous, and their cost is proportionate to their size, the part now in course of construction involving an outlay of \$3,750,000, while \$2,750,000 will be needed for the proposed extension. A third block of the beautiful new Admiralty Office, at the northeast corner of St. James's Park, hidden from Whitehall by the old Admiralty buildings and the Horse Guards, when completed at the end of June, 1906, will have cost \$750,000.

In 1902 the University of London appealed to the public for \$5,000,000 to equip and endow advanced education and research; and the munificence of certain firms and individuals enabled its chancellor, Lord Rosebery, to propound, in 1903, a scheme for the establishment of a great institution for the teaching of the highest branches of applied science. The Royal

Commissioners of the Exhibition of 1851, who hold in trust the land at South Kensington on which so many great public buildings have risen within the last fifty years, are expected to allot four acres, valued at \$1,000,000, as a site for the school; and it is proposed to spend \$1,500,000 in erecting a home adequate at least to its first needs. The coveted site adjoins that of the Royal College of Science, to which an enormous extension, to cost \$1,375,000, is now building. Near by stands the South Kensington Museum, of which a new wing, with a frontage of seven hundred feet, is under way, and will probably be finished by the end of 1906. This will swallow up \$2,750,000.

The polytechnics of London have increased in number of late years till \$2,500,000 is now invested in them. Most of this money has come from the rates, though liberal assistance has been received from Mr. Passmore Edwards, who has also built,

or aided in building, libraries, art galleries, social settlements, hospitals, etc., in London and elsewhere, to the number of seventy-five or so. Mr. Carnegie, too, is beginning to sprinkle free-library buildings over London as he has already showered them upon New York and other cities.

That greatest of public libraries, the British Museum, acquired a few years since some five acres of ground adjoining its present site, and designs have been prepared for a new block of buildings in Montague Place, which will cost \$1,000,000.

The rehousing movement has of late years made gigantic strides. Edward VII, as Prince of Wales, was an active member of the Royal Commission that considered the question; and in 1900 he opened the last of the buildings erected by the County Council on the Boundary-street estate, where fifteen acres of East End rookeries ("the blackest pit in London") had been replaced by habitable dwellings.



THE NEW WAR OFFICE—PARLIAMENT HOUSES IN THE DISTANCE



THE NEW GOVERNMENT OFFICES

In 1903, as king, he visited the new tenement-houses that share with the Tate Gallery the site of Millbank Prison. His son seized the occasion of the opening of the council's electric tram-line from Westminster Bridge, in the same year, to visit the workmen's cottages at Tooting—tiny buildings erected by the council in anticipation of the coming of its tramway.

While the County Council made a rather late beginning, it is in a position to do things on a very large scale; and since 1892, when it first entered upon its beneficent work in this direction, it has constructed four thousand "tenements" (dwelling-places of a single family, whether occupying a part of a large building or all of a little one). In these, at a total cost of

\$6,700,000, it has provided lodgings for twenty thousand people. At present it is spending \$2,000,000 more to house another seven thousand; and its plans involve the ultimate housing of ninety-eight thousand, at a total cost of nearly \$30,000,000. The largest single operation of this kind is the proposed provision of homes for forty-two thousand five hundred working-people on two hundred and twenty-five acres of land recently acquired at Wood Green, a northern suburb. This alone will absorb nearly \$10,000,000. The councils of about half of London's eight-and-twenty boroughs have fallen into line with the county authority, and are engaged in rehousing work on a large scale.

Similar work has been undertaken in

South London by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, who own whole streets of mean houses in Lambeth.

For a somewhat less impoverished class a syndicate has bought from the Duke of

For the last thirty years, St. Thomas's Hospital, across Westminster Bridge, has been housed in a row of large detached red-brick buildings, which, with the ground they stand on, cost \$2,500,000. The gov-



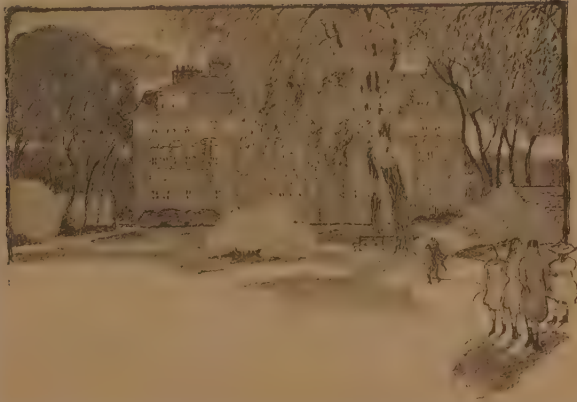
THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM (SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM)

Devonshire some three hundred and thirty acres on the Thames at Chiswick, and proposes to create a town of forty thousand inhabitants, to be known as Burlingwick. This enterprise is one of the striking results of the adoption of electric traction between London and the suburbs.

ernors received in 1902 a legacy of rather more than that amount. But such prosperity is rare among the hospitals of London. For years past almost all of them have been clamoring for money for rebuilding and other purposes. Even St. Bartholomew's has become as lusty a beggar as the

rest. This ancient foundation, dating from 1123, is ninety years older than the venerable St. Thomas's, and until the latter came into its recent legacy had a larger income. But having bought some of the Christ's Hospital land, adjoining its own five acres, to build on, it appealed to the public in 1903, with the Lord Mayor's backing, for \$1,500,000, and hinted at an appeal for a similar amount later on. At first this encountered opposition, as it anticipated the

pay the bill (\$1,500,000). At the same time, St. George's Hospital, Hyde Park Corner, is looking about for a new site in its present neighborhood. At Guy's Hospital a new nurses' home has been built for \$340,000, and \$660,000 is requested for other buildings—to say nothing of an endowment to yield \$70,000 a year. On a part of the Millbank Prison site, near the Tate Gallery, a military hospital worth \$500,000 is going up. This is by no means



THE PASSMORE EDWARDS SETTLEMENT, FROM THE GARDEN

quinquennial appeal of "Bart's" great rival, the London Hospital, in Whitechapel Road. It was from the London that the surgeon (Sir Frederick Treves) and the trained nurse came who saved the King in 1902; and in June, 1903, his Majesty opened a new out-patients' department there, which had cost \$400,000. In erecting and equipping other buildings over \$600,000 had been spent, and \$850,000 more is in course of disbursement.

At Charing Cross Hospital, near Trafalgar Square, \$500,000 is being spent on handsome new buildings. The same amount has been expended within the last few years on the Middlesex Hospital in Mortimer street. For the new home of the University College Hospital in Gower street, the late Sir J. Blundell Maple made himself responsible to the extent of \$1,000,000. King's Hospital is to migrate from Portugal street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, to a twelve-acre site recently presented to it in South London, and the public is asked to

a full account of what is being done to provide for London's ailing poor, but it gives some notion of the magnitude of the work. The maintenance of these great charities, save only the few that are supported by the poor-rates, absorbs annually about \$6,000,000.

While the city proper abounds in churches without worshippers, the East End and other outlying regions are sorely in need of them. London's annual growth of forty thousand souls necessitates the building of at least five new churches of the established faith every year, and some two hundred have actually been built since 1865. Most of these owe their existence to the Bishop of London's Fund, which yields about \$125,000 a year. But the chief new place of worship, Westminster Cathedral, has no connection with the Establishment, but is the headquarters of Roman Catholicism in England. The tower of this vast edifice is conspicuous enough, though its body is hidden away behind the shops and



THE NEW WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL (ROMAN CATHOLIC)

"mansions" of Victoria street. It lies not more than half a mile from Westminster Abbey, and within a stone's throw of the American embassy; and now that it is so nearly finished as to be in use, it has become one of the sights to be seen by travelers. Though shorter than the Abbey, it is both wider and higher, and its single tapering tower rises well above those of the older shrine. Its many domes and the gaiety of its exterior—red brick striped with white stone—distinguish it at a glance from the churches and cathedrals of Protestant England. Its designer, Mr. Bentley, owes his inspiration, in fact, to a careful study of the early Byzantine type of ecclesiastical architecture. As to the appropriateness of this type in England, opinions may well differ; yet however incongruous the outside of the building may be with its immediate surroundings and the smoky skies above it, there can be no doubt as to the dignity and impressiveness of its interior. As yet the great building is unconsecrated, and, in accordance with Catholic usage, will remain so till it is free from debt. Its estimated cost is \$5,000,000.

The restoration of the west front of Westminster Abbey goes steadily forward; the century-old rose-window in the south transept (Poets' Corner) has been replaced by a new one in memory of the late Duke of Westminster, and a smaller window in the same transept has been unveiled in honor of the founder, Edward the Confessor. St. Paul's, through the liberality of an American, Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, has been beautified by the installation of electricity. The Temple Church (the late Canon Ainger's) is undergoing extensive repairs. At St. Saviour's, Southwark, one of the oldest and most interesting of London churches, \$80,000 is asked for necessary repairing. At St. Giles's, Cripplegate, where Milton lies, a statue of the poet is to be erected as soon as \$25,000 has been raised to buy a strip of land from which a row of seventeenth-century wooden houses was recently removed.

The Wesleyan Methodist Church, having paid \$1,650,000 for the Royal Aquarium, near Westminster Abbey, spent the year 1903 in pulling down that enormous structure, and in its place will erect a denominational church house, one of the two halls of which will hold three thousand people. A part of the site (which, by the way, in-

cludes Mrs. Langtry's comparatively new theater, the Imperial) will be let on building leases for public or other offices. Much of the cost of this great undertaking is to come from the \$5,000,000 subscribed by the Methodists of England in celebration of the second centenary of their leader's birth.

It is only a few years since the Great Central Railway Station in Marylebone Road blotted out Harewood Square and many surrounding houses and shops; and now vast improvements are under way at other railway terminals. Victoria Station, near Buckingham Palace, will hardly be recognizable when the alterations now in progress are completed. The improvements to be made at the station and on the approaches thereto will cost about \$10,000,000. A similar amount will be called for by the alterations at Waterloo Station, just across the river from Charing Cross; and near at hand—as some two hundred thousand of England's fighting-men pass through this station every year—is to stand the home of the new Union Jack Club, for which \$300,000 is being raised. Though none of the railway companies has had to incur such enormous expense as the New York Central to make up for its lack of foresight in acquiring terminal room in New York city, the North Western has had to resort to a somewhat similar plan, and, beneath the parallel cuts through which its trains enter the city at Euston Station, is to have a subway to carry its "empties." Along Holborn, Oxford street, and the Bayswater Road the Central London Railway (the "Tuppenny Tube") is to build lofts and offices above its one-storied stations, having made a beginning with its own general offices at the station nearest Oxford Circus.

Lloyd's is not the only great London institution that was born in a coffee-house. Of similar nativity was the Baltic Mercantile and Shipping Exchange—an amalgamation of two exchanges whose names it blends, one of which was organized in the Baltic Coffee House, Threadneedle street, early in the nineteenth century. Since April, 1903, the consolidated exchanges have been housed in a magnificent new building of their own, covering an acre of land, and completely blotting out Jeffrey Square (in the street known as St. Mary Axe) and several of the surrounding build-

ings. This mercantile palace cost about \$2,500,000. Lloyd's Register—not the celebrated marine-insurance concern, but one that registers the ships of every flag—has been housed since 1902 in a palatial building in Fenchurch street.

Some of the new office-buildings lately erected in the City, notably those in Finsbury Circus and Finsbury Pavement, are a vast improvement on the old type that abounds in London, and in massiveness, convenience, and the impression they give of having been built without regard to cost, easily vie with anything in New York or Chicago; but they show no disposition to scratch the sky. Seven stories is the English architect's idea of a tall building, and he seldom exceeds it, though hotels and apartment-houses occasionally soar to eight or nine. The number of the latter class of buildings is increasing by leaps and bounds, the popularity of flats being so great, indeed, that they usually fetch rentals high by comparison with those of London houses.

The most notable of recently built private dwellings is the town house of the Duke of Marlborough, in Curzon street, Mayfair. This stands on a small block by itself, its massive walls rising direct from the sidewalks of the four surrounding streets, and looming high above the old-fashioned, commodious, but unpretentious eighteenth-century houses all about it.

Few hostleries can compare in size with the Hotel Cecil, now that its Strand façade is completed. From the Victoria Embankment, where it is two stories higher than on the street, it is seen to be one of the tallest (as well as one of the longest) buildings in London. And now Mrs. D'Oyly Carte has brought the rival hotel, the Savoy, from the Embankment through to the Strand, made a virtually new thing of the Savoy Theatre, and leveled up and doubled in width the little street known as Beaufort Buildings, which, under its new name of Savoy Court, is to be embellished by the County Council with tablets showing that Fielding's house stood here, and Worcester House, once the property of Edward II, and the scene of the secret marriage of the Duke of York (afterward James II) with Anne Hyde. Other great hotels are springing up like mushrooms. The Carlton (with its wing embracing His Majesty's Theatre), the Hyde Park, Clar-

idge's, the Russell, and a dozen others, are known to every one familiar with the town to-day; and the end of 1905 will see the completion of a notable addition to their number—the Ritz—on the site of the demolished Walsingham and Bath hotels in Piccadilly. Among West End playhouses, one of the latest is the New Theatre, St. Martin's Lane, opened by Sir Charles Wyndham early in 1903. Reference has been made to the new Gaiety in the Strand and the two theaters that are to face it across Aldwych. Of new places of amusement in less central quarters and in the outskirts and suburbs the name is legion.

The question of rapid transit in London was discussed at considerable length in *THE CENTURY* for January, 1902. The situation remains essentially the same to-day. American brains, and to a great extent American capital also, are engaged in solving for London a problem which Londoners had already begun to solve for themselves. An American capitalist, promoter, and tramway specialist has acquired the deep-level "tube" running beneath the main artery of London traffic (Oxford street, as the longest stretch of it is called) from the Bank to Shepherd's Bush, and has built a system of surface lines connecting it with the western suburbs as far as Hampton Court. This it is intended to continue along the Thames to Maidenhead Bridge and to Staines—some twenty miles, all told, beyond the limits of the old City. Already the United Tramways Company has over thirty miles of road in operation and about fifty authorized.

A tube from Baker-street Station to Charing Cross, and thence beneath the river to Waterloo Station (already the terminus of the pioneer electric tube railway, the Waterloo & City), is in an advanced stage of construction, work is progressing on the Great Northern & City Railway (Finsbury Park to the Bank), eight or ten other tubes are authorized, and as many more are being promoted in Parliament. The next ten years will probably see at least one hundred miles of such railway lines in operation beneath the streets of London. Of equal significance is another enterprise of the American promoter who is revolutionizing London's transit facilities. This is the electrification of the gloomy and stuffy old subterranean steam railway, which consists of an inner circle with tribu-

tary lines shooting off from it, here and there, at a tangent. This undertaking is now well advanced, and the change of motive power ought by this time to have been effected. Of surface and subway tracks together, the Yerkes system, when complete, will comprise one hundred and forty miles. The central power-house, on the Thames at Chelsea, occupying four acres, is of seventy-five thousand horse-power, and cost over \$6,000,000. Of the entire capital of the company (about \$85,000,000) \$40,000,000 was raised in America.

Meanwhile the County Council is going heavily into the tramway business, not only in the suburbs, as heretofore, but in the heart of the town as well. It is preparing to put millions of pounds into its traction undertakings, and "views with alarm" the progress of the Chicago operator who controls so large a proportion of the tube and surface railways in town and suburbs.

Since 1882 the Metropolitan Public Gardens Association has been trying to prevent the building over of the private squares that add so much not only to the beauty but the healthfulness of London, besides laying out, in whole or in part, some one hundred and thirty recreation grounds. But the County Council has entered the same field, and the owners of these squares are now demanding building-lot prices for them, generally in the hope that the London County Council will buy them out. Within the last few years, Lord Kensington has sold at auction a large part of the estate from which he takes his title. In 1903 the offerings included two well-known squares; but so great was the outcry against turning over the larger of these—Edwardes—to the speculative builder that no bid could be got for it; and even the smaller one—Pembroke Square—had to be disposed of by "private treaty."

In addition to preserving by purchase many squares and gardens in the poorest parts of the city, the County Council has done splendid work in creating recreation grounds, not only on the site of rookeries it has cleared away, but also, and on a far larger scale, in the suburbs. By the close of 1902 it had spent about \$3,000,000 to preserve, or assist in preserving, eighty-eight playing-spaces, with an area of eleven hundred and eighty-five acres, and to enlarge these and other such spaces to the extent of one hundred and sixty-nine acres.

The next important contribution it will be called upon to make will be in connection with Hampstead Heath. On the northern edge of this open space is to be built a station of the "tube" railway; and while this is not in itself an evil, it will be productive of untold harm unless provision be made for the great prospective increase in the use of the Heath. As luck will have it, eighty acres of open land lie close at hand, and the owners—the trustees of Eton College—are willing to sell them at \$3000 an acre, which is far below the property's value. To take advantage of this opportunity, the Hampstead Heath Extension Council has been formed, with a large and distinguished membership, and a notable list of contributors. If the necessary \$240,000 be raised, and the coveted land secured, the famous playground will still be smaller than Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens combined, though far richer in natural beauty.

It is not to be supposed that London is being made anew without the sacrifice of many objects of historic interest. We have seen that Christ's Hospital and Newgate Prison have gone within the last year or two; and now the War Office has served notice to quit on the Duke of York's Royal Military School at Chelsea, which has just celebrated the centenary of its occupation of its present quarters; so the five hundred and fifty soldiers' sons studying there will soon follow into the country the Carthusians and Bluecoat Boys. Clifford's Inn, perhaps the oldest of the Inns of Chancery, lying off Chancery Lane beside the great buildings of the Record Office, was sold at auction in 1903 for \$500,000, and the acre or less of ground on which its buildings stand, with the diminutive garden that has let the sunshine through their "ancient lights" for centuries, will doubtless soon be turned to wholly utilitarian account.

Tudor House, near Lambeth Palace, swept away by the widening of the London and South Western Railway now in progress, occupied the site of a collegiate foundation dating from the twelfth century, and had a picturesque and eventful history extending over hundreds of years, though its glory departed under the Tudor dynasty. It is an interesting coincidence that the engineer, Mr. Foxlee, who is in charge of the alterations that involved the destruction of this ancient "haunted house," is a

lineal descendant and namesake of the Baron of the Exchequer commissioned to survey the defects of the manor in the year 1316. The Lyceum Theatre, famous even before it became identified with the name of Sir Henry Irving, has the slightest possible hold on life, having actually been offered for sale at auction in 1903, when it was bid in for \$1,300,000, only to become a music-hall.

St. James's Hall, in Regent street and Piccadilly, is doomed; and so is Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, for thirty years the home of Maskelyne and mystery. As to the Lowther Arcade, in the Strand and Adelaide street, replaced by the brand-new bank building of the venerable house of Coutts & Co., read Mr. Barrie's eloquent lament in "The Little White Bird."

Last, not least, must be mentioned the vandalism rampant in the neighborhood of Westminster Abbey. There, in Great College street, which marks the boundary of

the Abbey precincts; and is skirted by a wall said to have been built at the instance of St. Dunstan, a block of old buildings has been destroyed by the educational authorities to make way for class-rooms; and much of the wall itself has been demolished by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners to make room for new offices. From one of the recently destroyed houses (No. 25), Keats wrote some of his letters to Fanny Brawne, while others were written from the neighboring Great Smith street; Gibbon lived in Great College street, and Wesley in Orchard street. The houses in Barton street are believed to have been built by Barton Booth, the player, whose dust lies in the Abbey. In all likelihood, the character of this neighborhood will be completely altered within a few years, though it is still so attractive that a cabinet minister occupies the old manor-house in Great College street, adjoining the creeper-covered dwelling in which Shelley lived.



THE NEW YEAR

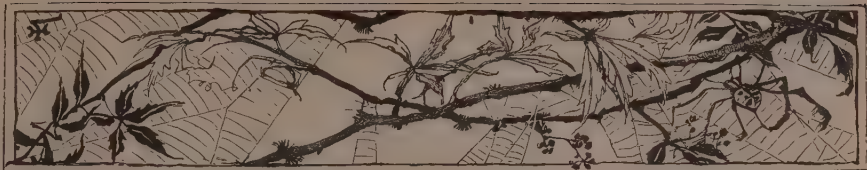
BY CLINTON DANGERFIELD

A MIRACLE touched me at twelve, for behold I saw
The New Year rise as a young god rises in might.
No child was he with hesitant, timid feet,
But a grown joy, wrapped in the raiment of pure delight,

And his eyes, most gracious and tender, were bent on mine;
In his hands he caught my hands, while clarion clear
His golden, rapturous, confident tones rang forth:
"Comrade, hail! For I am the New, New Year.

"Comrade, hail! The pulse of the world's astir
Under the snow, and the ancient doubts are dead.
Freedom, achievement, wait for us. Come, be glad!"
I listened, I looked, and faith to my hope was wed.

His kingly courage told me the beautiful truth;
He is mine, and his strength infuses my rescued will.
Up, faint heart! We will conquer together, my Year;
Life and love shall their old sweet promise fulfil.



SANDY

BY ALICE HEGAN RICE

Author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" and "Lovey Mary"

WITH PICTURES BY W. L. JACOBS

VI

HOLLIS FARM



CLAYTON was an easy-going, prosperous old town which, in the enthusiasm of youth, had started to climb the long hill to the north, but growing indolent with age, had decided instead to go around.

Main street, broad and shady under an unbroken arch of maple boughs, was flanked on each side by "Back street," the generic term applied to all parallel streets other than the central. The short cross-streets were designated by the most direct method: "the street by the Baptist church," "the street by Dr. Fenton's," "the street going out to Judge Hollis's," or "the street where Mr. Moseley used to live." In the heart of the town was the square, with its gray, weather-beaten court-house, its new and formidable jail, its post-office and church.

For twenty years Dr. Fenton's old high-seated buggy had jogged over the same daily course. It started at nine o'clock and passed with never-varying regularity up one street and down another. When any one was ill a sentinel was placed at the gate to hail the doctor, who was as sure to pass as the passenger-train. It was a familiar joke in Clayton that the buggy had a regular track, and that the wheels always ran in the same rut. Once, when Carter

Nelson had taken too much egg-nog and his aunt thought he had spinal meningitis, the usual route had been reversed, and again when the blacksmith's triplets were born. But these were especial occasions. It was a matter for investigation when the doctor's buggy went over the bridge before noon.

"Anybody sick out this way?" asked the miller.

The doctor stopped the buggy to explain. He was a short, fat man dressed in a suit of Confederate gray. The hand that held the reins was minus two fingers, his willing contribution to the Lost Cause, which was still to him the great catastrophe of all history. His whole personality was a bristling arsenal of prejudices. When he spoke it was in quick, short volleys, in a voice that seemed to come from the depths of a megaphone.

"Strange boy sick at Judge Hollis's. How's trade?"

"Fair to middlin'," answered the miller. "Do you reckon that there boy has got anything ketchin'?"

"Catching?" repeated the doctor, savagely. "What if he has?" he demanded. "Two epidemics of typhoid, two of yellow fever, and one of smallpox—that's my record, sir!"

"Looks like my children will ketch a fly-bite," said the miller, apologetically.

A little farther on the doctor was stopped again—this time by a maiden in a pink-

and-white gingham, with a mass of light curls bobbing about her face.

"Dad!" she called as she scrambled over the fence. "Where you-g-going, dad?"

The doctor flapped the lines nervously and tried to escape, but she pursued him madly. Catching up with the buggy, she pulled herself up on the springs and thrust an impudent, laughing face through the window at the back.

"Annette," scolded her father, "are n't you ashamed? Fourteen years old, and a tomboy! Get down!"

"Where you g-going, dad?" she stammered, unabashed.

"To Judge Hollis's. Get down this minute!"

"What for?"

"Somebody's sick. Get down, I say!"

Instead of getting down, she got in, coming straight through the small window, and arriving in a tangle of pink and white at his side.

The doctor heaved a prodigious sigh. As a colonel of the Confederacy he had exacted strict discipline and unquestioning obedience, but he now found himself ignominiously reduced to the ranks, and another Fenton in command.

At Hollis Farm the judge met them at the gate. He was large and loose-jointed, with the frame of a Titan and the smile of a child. He wore a long, loose dressing-gown and a pair of slippers elaborately embroidered in green roses. His big, irregular features were softened by an expression of indulgent interest toward the world at large.

"Good morning, doctor. Howdy, Nettie. How are you all this morning?"

"Who's sick?" growled the doctor as he hitched his horse to the fence.

"It's a stray lad, doctor; my old cook, Melvy, played the good Samaritan and picked him up off the road last night. She brought him to me this morning. He's out of his head with a fever."

"Where'd he come from?" asked the doctor.

"Mrs. Hollis says he was peddling goods up at Main street and the bridge last night."

"Which one is he?" demanded Annette, eagerly, as she emerged from the buggy. "Is he g-good-looking, with blue eyes and light hair? Or is he b-black and ugly and sort of cross-eyed?"

The judge peered over his glasses quizzically. "Thinking about the boys, as usual! Now I want to know what business you have noticing the color of a peddler's eyes?"

Annette blushed, but she stood her ground. "All the g-girls noticed him. He was n't an ordinary peddler. He was just as smart and f-funny as could be."

"Well, he is n't smart and funny now," said the judge, with a grim laugh.

The two men passed up the long avenue and into the house. At the door they were met by Mrs. Hollis, whose small angular person breathed protest. Her black hair was arranged in symmetrical bands which were drawn tightly back from a straight part. When she talked, a gold-capped tooth was disclosed on each side of her mouth, giving rise to the judge's joke that one was capped to keep the other company, since Mrs. Hollis's sense of order and regularity rebelled against one eye-tooth of one color and the other of another.

"Good morning, doctor," she said shortly; "there's the door-mat. No, don't put your hat there; I'll take it. Is n't this a pretty business for Melvy to come bringing a sick tramp up here—on general cleaning-day, too?"

"Are n't all days cleaning-days to you, Sue?" asked the judge, playfully.

"When you are in the house," she answered sharply. Then she turned to the doctor, who was starting up the stairs:

"If this boy is in for a long spell, I want him moved somewhere. I can't have my carpets run over and my whole house smelling like a hospital."

"Now, Susan," remonstrated the judge, gently, "we can't turn the lad out. We've got room and, to spare. If he's got the fever, he'll have to stay."

"We'll see, we'll see," said the doctor.

But when he tiptoed down from the room above there was no question about it.

"Very sick boy," he said, rubbing his hand over his bald head. "If he gets better, I might take him over to Mrs. Meech's; he can't be moved now."

"Mrs. Meech!" cried Mrs. Hollis, in fine scorn. "Do you think I would let him go to that dirty house—and with this fever, too? Why, Mrs. Meech's front curtains have n't been washed since Christmas! She and the preacher and Martha all sit around with their noses in books, and never

even know that the water-spout is leaking and the porch needs mopping! You can't tell me anything about the Meeches!"

Neither of the men tried to do so; they stood silent in the doorway, looking very grave.

"For mercy sake! what is that in the front lot?" exclaimed Mrs. Hollis.

The doctor had an uncomfortable premonition, which was promptly verified. One of the judge's friskiest colts was circling madly about the driveway, while astride of it, in triumph, sat Annette, her dress ripped at the belt, her hair flying.

"If she don't need a woman's hand!" exclaimed Mrs. Hollis. "I could manage her all right."

The doctor looked from Mrs. Hollis, with her firm, close-shut mouth, to the flying figure on the lawn.

"Perhaps," he said, lifting his brows; but he put the odds on Annette.

That night, when Aunt Melvy brought the lamp into the sitting-room, she waited nervously near Mrs. Hollis's chair.

"Miss Sue," she ventured presently, "is de cunjers comin' out?"

"The what?"

"De cunjers what dat pore chile 's got. I done tried all de spells I knowed, but look lak dey did n't do no good."

"He has the fever," said Mrs. Hollis; "and it means a long spell of nursing and bother for me."

The judge stirred uncomfortably. "Now, Sue," he remonstrated, "you need n't take a bit of bother. Melvy will see to him by day, and I will look after him at night."

Mrs. Hollis bit her lip and heroically refrained from expressing her mind.

"He 's a mighty purty chile," said Aunt Melvy, tentatively.

"He 's a common tramp," said Mrs. Hollis.

After supper, arranging a tray with a snowy napkin and a steaming bowl of broth, Mrs. Hollis went up to the sick-room. Her first step had been to have the patient bathed and combed and made presentable for the occupancy of the guest-chamber. It had been with rebellion of spirit that she placed him there, but the judge had taken one of those infrequent stands which she knew it was useless to resist. She put the tray on a table near the big four-poster bed, and leaned over to look at the sleeper.

Sandy lay quiet among the pillows, his fair hair tumbled; his lips parted. As the light fell on his flushed face he stirred.

"Here 's your supper," said Mrs. Hollis, her voice softening in spite of herself. He was younger than she had thought. She slipped her arm under the pillow and raised his head.

"You must eat something," she said kindly.

He looked at her vacantly, then a momentary consciousness flitted over his face, a vague realization that he was being cared for. He put up a hot hand and gently touched her cheek; then, rallying all his strength, he smiled away his debt of gratitude. It was over in a moment, and he sank back unconscious.

Through the dreary hours of the night Mrs. Hollis sat by the bed, nursing him with the aching tenderness that only a childless woman can know. Below, in the depths of a big feather-bed, the worthy judge slept in peaceful unconcern, disturbing the silence by a series of long, loud, and unmelodious snores.

VII

CONVALESCENCE

"Is that the Nelson phaëton going out the road?" asked Mrs. Hollis as she peered out through the dining-room window one morning. "I should n't be a bit surprised if it was Mrs. Nelson making her yearly visits, and here my bricks have n't been reddened."

Sandy's heart turned a somersault. He was sitting up for the first time, wrapped in blankets and wearing a cap to cover his close-cropped head. All through his illness he had been tortured by the thought that he had talked of Ruth, and wild horses could not have dragged forth a question concerning her.

"Melvy," continued Mrs. Hollis, as she briskly rubbed the sideboard with some unsavory furniture-polish, "if Mrs. Nelson does come here, you be sure to put on your white apron before you open the door; and for pity sake don't forget the card-tray! You ought to know better than to stick out your hand for a lady's calling-card. I told you about that last week."

Aunt Melvy paused in her dusting and chuckled: "Lor', honey, dat 's right! You orter put on airs all de time, wid all de

money de judge is got. He says to me yisterday, says he, 'Can't you 'suaide yer Miss Sue not to be cleanin' up so much, an' not to go out in de front yard wid dat ole sunbonnet on?' "

"Well, I 'd like to know how things would get done if I did' n't do them," exclaimed Mrs. Hollis, hotly. "I suppose he would like me to let things go like the Meeches! The only time I ever saw Mrs. Meech work was when she swept the front pavement, and then she made Martha walk around behind her and read out loud while she was doing it."

"It 's Mr. Meech that 's in the yard now," announced Sandy from the side window. "He 's raking the leaves with one hand and a-reading a book with the other."

"I knew it!" cried Mrs. Hollis. "I never saw such doings. They say she even leaves the dishes overnight. And yet she can sit on her porch and smile at people going by, just like her house was cleaned up. I hate a hypocrite."

Sandy had had ample time to watch the Meeches during his long convalescence. He had been moved from the spare room to a snug little room over the kitchen, which commanded a fine view of the neighbors. When the green book got too heavy to hold, or his eyes grew too tired to look at the many magazines with which the judge supplied him, he would lie still and watch the little drama going on next door.

Mrs. Meech was a large, untidy woman who always gave the impression of needing to be tucked up. The end of her gray braid hung out behind one ear, her waist hung out of her belt, and even the buttons on her shoes hung out of the buttonholes in shameless laziness.

Mr. Meech did not need tucking in; he needed letting out. He seemed to have shrunk in the wash of life. In spite of the fact that he was three sizes too small for his wife, to begin with, he emphasized it by wearing trousers that cleared his shoe-tops and sleeves half-way to his elbows. But this was only on week-days, for on Sunday Sandy would see him emerge, expand, and flutter forth in an ample suit of shiny broadcloth. For Mr. Meech was the pastor of the Hard-Shell Baptist Church in Clayton, and if his domestic economy was a matter of open gossip, there was no question concerning the fact of his learn-

ing. It had been the boast of the congregation for years that Judge Hollis was the only man in town who was smart enough to understand his sermons. When Mr. Meech would start out in the morning with a book under his arm and one sticking out of each pocket, Sandy would pull up on his elbow to watch proceedings. He loved to see fat Mrs. Meech pat the little man lovingly on the head and kiss him good-by; he loved to see Martha walk with him to the gate and throw kisses after him until he turned the curve in the road.

Martha was a pale, thin girl with two long, straight plaits and a long, straight dress. She went to school in the morning, and when she came home at noon her mother always went to meet her and kissed her on both cheeks. Sandy had got quite in the habit of watching for her at the side window where she came to study. He leaned forward now to see if she were there.

"I thought so!" cried Mrs. Hollis, looking over his shoulder. "There comes the Nelson phaeton this minute! Melvy, get on your white apron. I 'll wind up the cuckoo-clock and unlock the parlor door."

"Who is it?" ventured Sandy, with internal tremors.

"Hit 's Mrs. Nelson an' her niece, Miss Rufe," said Aunt Melvy, nervously trying to reverse her apron after tying the bow in the front. "Dey 's big bugs, dey is. Dey is quality, an' no mistake. I b'longed to Miss Rufe's grandpaw; he done lef' her all his money, she an' Mr. Carter. Poor Mr. Carter! Dey say he ain't got no lungs to speak of. Ain't no wonder he 's sorter wild like. He takes after his grandpaw, my ole mars'. Lor', honey, de mint-juleps jus' nachelly ooze outen de pores ob his grandpaw's skin! But Miss Rufe she ain't like none ob dem Nelsons; she favors her maw. She 's quality inside an' out."

A peal of the bell cut short further interesting revelations. Aunt Melvy hurried through the hall, leaving doors open behind her. At the front door she paused in dismay. Before her stood the Nelsons in calling attire, presenting two immaculate cards for her acceptance. Too late she remembered her instructions.

"Fore de Lawd!" she cried in consternation, "ef I ain't done fergit dat pan ag'in!"

Sandy, left alone in the dining-room, was



Drawn by W. L. Jacobs. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"HE SMILED AWAY HIS DEBT OF GRATITUDE"

listening with every nerve a-quiver for the sound of Ruth's voice. The thought that she was here under the same roof with him sent the blood bounding through his veins. He pulled himself up, and trailing the blanket behind him, made his way somewhat unsteadily across the room and up the back stairs.

Behind the door of his room hung the pride of his soul, a new suit of clothes, whole, patchless, clean, which the judge had bought him two days before. He had sat before it in speechless admiration; he had hung it in every possible light to get the full benefit of its beauty; he had even in the night placed it on a chair beside the bed, so that he could put out his hand in the dark and make sure it was there. For it was the first new suit of clothes that he remembered ever to have possessed. He had not intended to wear it until Sunday, but the psychological moment had arrived.

With trembling fingers and many pauses for rest, he made his toilet. He looked in the mirror, and his heart nearly burst with pride. The suit, to be sure, hung limp on his gaunt frame, and his shaven head gave him the appearance of a shorn lamb, but to Sandy the reflection was eminently satisfying. One thing only seemed to be lacking. He meditated a moment, then, with some misgiving, picked up a small linen doily from the dresser, and carefully folding it, placed it in his breast-pocket, with one corner just visible.

Triumphant in mind, if weak in body, he slipped down the back steps, skirted Aunt Melvy's domain, and turned the corner of the house just as the Nelson phaëton rolled out of the yard. Before he had time to give way to utter despair a glimmer of hope appeared on the horizon, for the phaëton stopped, and there was evidently something the matter. Sandy did not wait for it to be remedied. He ran down the road with all the speed he could muster.

Near the gate where the little branch crossed the turnpike was a slight embankment, and two wheels of the phaëton had slipped over the edge and were buried deep in the soft earth. Beside it, sitting indignantly in the water, was an irate lady who had evidently attempted to get out backward and had taken a sudden and unexpected seat. Her countenance was a pure specimen of Gothic architecture; a massive

pompadour reared itself above two Gothic eyebrows which flanked a nose of unquestioned Gothic tendencies. Her mouth, with its drooping corners, completed the series of arches, and the whole expression was one of aspiring melancholy and injured majesty.

Kneeling at her side, reassuring her and wiping the water from her hands, was Ruth Nelson.

"God send you ain't hurt, ma'am!" cried Sandy, arriving breathless.

The girl looked up and shook her head in smiling protest, but the Gothic lady promptly suffered a relapse.

"I am—I know I am! Just look at my dress covered with mud, and my glove is split. Get my smelling-salts, Ruth!"

Ruth, upon whom the lady was leaning, turned to Sandy.

"Will you hand it to me? It is in the little bag there on the seat."

Sandy rushed to do her bidding. He was rather hazy as to the object of his search; but when his fingers touched a round, soft ball he drew it forth and hastily presented it to the lady's Roman nose. She, with closed eyes, was taking deep whiffs when a laugh startled her.

"Oh, Aunt Clara, it's your powder-puff!" cried Ruth, unable to restrain her mirth.

Mrs. Nelson rose with as much dignity as her dragged condition would permit. "You'd better get me home," she said solemnly. "I may be internally injured." She turned to Sandy. "Boy, can't you get that phaëton back on the road?"

Sandy, whose chagrin over his blunder had sent him to the background, came promptly forward. Seizing the wheel, he made several ineffectual efforts to lift it back to the road.

"It is not moving an inch!" announced the mournful voice from above. "Can't you take hold of it nearer the back, and exert a little more strength?"

Sandy bit his lip and shot a swift glance at Ruth. She was still smiling. With savage determination he fell upon the wheel as if it had been a mortal foe; he pushed and shoved and pulled, and finally, with a rally of all his strength, he went on his knees in the mud and lifted the phaëton back on the road.

Then came a collapse, and he leaned against the nearest tree and struggled

with the deadly faintness that was stealing over him.

"Why—why, you are the boy who was sick!" cried Ruth, in dismay.

Sandy, white and trembling, shook his head protestingly. "It's me bellows that's rocky," he explained between gasps.

Mrs. Nelson rustled back into the phaë-

VIII

AUNT MELVY AS A SOOTHSAYER

It was a crisp afternoon in late October. The road leading west from Clayton ran the gantlet of fiery maples and sumac until it reached the barren hillside below "Who'd 'a' Thought It." The little cabin



Drawn by W. L. Jacobs. Half-tone plate engraved by S. Davis

"GOD SEND YOU AIN'T HURT, MA'AM!"

ton, and taking a piece of money from her purse, held it out to him.

"That will amply repay you," she said.

Sandy flushed to the roots of his close-cropped hair. A tip, heretofore a gift of the gods, had suddenly become an insult. Angry, impetuous words rushed to his lips, and he took a step forward. Then he was aware of a sudden change in the girl, who had just stepped into the phaëton. She shot a quick, indignant look at her aunt, then she turned around and smiled a good-by to him.

He lifted his cap and said, "I thank ye." But it was not to Mrs. Nelson, who still held the money as they drove out of the avenue.

Sandy went wearily back to the house. He had made his first trial in behalf of his lady fair, but his soul knew no elation. His beautiful new armor had sustained irreparable injury, and his vanity had received a mortal wound.

clung to the side of the steep slope like a bit of fungus to the trunk of a tree.

In the doorway sat three girls, one tall and dark, one plump and fair, and the other straight and thin. They were anxiously awaiting the revelation of the future as disclosed by Aunt Melvy's far-famed tea-leaves. The prophetess kept them company while waiting for the water to boil.

"He sutenly is a peart boy," she was saying. "De jedge done start him in plumb at de foot up at de 'cademy, an' dey tell me he's ketchin' up right along."

"Was n't it g-grand in Judge Hollis to send him to school?" said Annette. "Of course he's going to work for him b-between times. They say even Mrs. Hollis is glad he is going to stay."

"'Co'se she is," said Aunt Melvy; "dere nebber was nobody come it over Miss Sue lak he done."

"Father says he is very quick," ventured Martha Meech, a faint color coming to



Drawn by W. L. Jacobs. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

“‘I HAVE SEEN HIM SOMEWHERE, AND I CAN’T THINK WHERE’”

her dull cheek at this unusual opportunity of descanting upon such an absorbing subject. “Father told Judge Hollis he would help him with his lessons, and that he thought it would be only a little while before he was up with the other boys.”

“Dad says he’s a d-dandy,” cried Annette. “And is n’t it grand he’s going to be put on the ball team and the glee club!”

Ruth rose to break a branch laden with crimson maple-leaves. “Was he ever here before?” she asked in puzzled tones. “I have seen him somewhere, and I can’t think where.”

“Well, I’d never f-forget him,” said Annette. “He’s got the jolliest face I ever saw. M-Martha says he can jump that high fence b-back of the Hollises’ without touching it. I d-drove dad’s buggy clear up over the curbstone yesterday, so he would come to the r-rescue, and he swung on to old B-Baldy’s neck like he had been a race-horse.”

“But you don’t know him,” protested Ruth. “And, besides, he was—he was a peddler.”

“I don’t care if he was,” said Annette.

“And if I don’t know him, it’s no sign I am not g-going to.”

Aunt Melvy chuckled as she rose to encourage the fire with a pair of squeaking old bellows.

Martha looked about the room curiously. “Can you really tell what’s going to happen?” she asked timidly.

“Indeed she can,” said Annette. “She told Jane Lewis that she was g-going to have some g-good luck, and the v-very next week her aunt died and left her a tur-quoise-ring!”

“Yas, chile,” said Aunt Melvy, bending over the fire to light her pipe; “I been habin’ divisions for gwine on five year. Dat’s what made me think I wuz gwine git religion; but hit ain’t come yit—not yit. I’m a mourner an’ a seeker.” Her pipe dropped unheeded, and she gazed with fixed eyes out of the window.

“Tell us about your visions,” demanded Annette.

“Well,” said Aunt Melvy, “de fust I knowed about it wuz de lizards in my legs. I could feel ‘em jus’ as plain as day, dese here little green lizards a-runnin’ round

inside my legs. I tole de doctor 'bout hit, Miss Nettie; but he said 't war n't nothin' but de fidgets. I knowed better 'n he did dat time. Dat night I had a division, an' de dream say, 'Put on yer purple mournin'-dress an' set wid yer feet in a barrel ob b'ilin' water till de smoke comes down de chimbl'y.' An' so I done, a-settin' up dere on dat chist o' drawers all night, wid my purple mournin'-dress on an' my feet in de b'ilin' water, an' de lizards run away so fur dat dey ain't even stopped yit."

"Aunt Melvy, do you tell fortunes by palmistry?" asked Ruth.

"Yas, 'm; I reckon dat 's what you call hit. I tells by de tea-leaves. Lor', Miss Rufe, you sutenly put me in min' o' yer grandmaw! She kerried her haid up in de air jus' lak you do, an' she wuz jus' as putty as you is, too. We libed in de ole plantation what 's done burned down now, an' I lubed my missus—I sutenly did. When my ole man fust come here from de country I nebber seen sech a fool. He did n't know no more 'bout courtin' dan nothin'; but I wuz better qualified. I jus' tole ole miss how 't wuz, an' she fixed up de weddin'. I nebber will fergit de day we walk ober de plantation an' say we wuz married. George he had on a brand-new pair pants dat cost two hundred an' sixty-four dollars in Confederate money."

"Is n't de water b-boiling yet?" asked Annette, impatiently.

"So 't is, so 't is," said Aunt Melvy, lifting the kettle from the crane. She dropped a few tea-leaves in three china cups, and then with great solemnity and occasional guttural ejaculations poured the water over them.

Before the last cup was filled, Annette, with a wry face, had drained the contents of hers and held it out to Aunt Melvy.

"There are my leaves. If they don't tell about a lover with b-blue eyes and an Irish accent, I 'll never b-believe them."

Aunt Melvy bent over the cup, and her sides shook. "You gwine be a farmer's wife," she said, chuckling at the girl's grimace. "You gwine raise chickens an' chillun."

"Ugh!" said Annette as the other girls laughed; "are his eyes b-blue?"

Aunt Melvy pondered over the leaves. "Well, now, 'pears to me he 's sorter dark-complected an' fat, like Mr. Sid Gray," she said.

"Never!" declared Annette. "I loathe Sid."

"Tell my future!" cried Martha, pushing her cup forward eagerly.

"Dey ain't none!" cried Aunt Melvy, aghast, as she saw the few broken leaves in the bottom of the cup. "You done drank up yer fortune. Dat 's de sign ob early death. I gwine fix you a good-luck bag; dey say ef you carry it all de time, hit 's a cross-sign ag'in' death."

"But can't you tell me anything?" persisted Martha.

"Dey ain't nothin' to tell," repeated Aunt Melvy, "'cep'n to warn you to carry dat good-luck bag all de time."

"Now, mine," said Ruth, with an incredulous but curious smile.

For several moments Aunt Melvy bent over the cup in deep consideration, and then she rose and took it to the window, with fearsome, anxious looks at Ruth meanwhile. Once or twice she made a sign with her fingers, and frowned anxiously.

"What is it, Aunt Melvy?" Ruth demanded. "Am I going to be an old maid?"

"T ain't no time to joke, chile," whispered Aunt Melvy, all the superstition of her race embodied in her trembling figure. "What I see, I see. Hit 's de galluses what I see in de bottom ob yer cup!"

"Do you m-mean suspenders?" laughed Annette.

Aunt Melvy did not hear her; she was looking over the cup into space, swaying and moaning.

"To t'ink ob my ole missus' gran'chile bein' mixed up wif a gallus lak dey hang de niggers on! But hit 's dere, jus' as plain as day, de two poles an' de cross-beam."

Ruth laughed as she looked into the cup.

"Is it for me?"

"Don't know, honey; de signs don't p'int to no one person: but hit 's in yer life, an' de shadow rests ag'in' you."

By this time Martha was at the door, urging the others to hurry. Her face was pale and her eyes were troubled. Ruth saw her nervousness and slipped her arm about her. "It 's all in fun," she whispered.

"Of course," said Annette. "You m-must n't mind her foolishness. Besides, I g-got the worst of it. I 'd rather die young or be hanged, any day, than to m-marry Sid Gray."

Aunt Melvy followed them to the door, shaking her head. "I 'se gwine make you chillun some good-luck bags. De fust time de new moon holds water I 'se sholy gwine fix 'em. 'T ain't safe not to mind de signs; 't ain't safe."

And with muttered warnings she watched them until they were lost to view behind the hill.

IX

TRANSITION

THE change from the road to the school-room was not without many a struggle on Sandy's part. The new life, the new customs, and the strange language, were baffling.

The day after the accident in the road, Mrs. Hollis had sent him to inquire how old Mrs. Nelson was, and he had returned with the astonishing report that she was sixty-one.

"But you did n't ask her age?" cried Mrs. Hollis, horrified.

Sandy looked perplexed. "I said what ye bid me," he declared.

Everything he did, in fact, seemed to be wrong; and everything he said, to bring a smile. He confided many a woe to Aunt Melvy as he sat on the kitchen steps in the evenings.

"Hit 's de green rubbin' off," she assured him sympathetically. "De same ones dat laugh at you now will be takin' off dey hats to you some day."

"Oh, it ain't the guyin' I mind," said Sandy; "it's me wooden head. Them little shavers that can't see a hole in a ladder can beat me figurin'."

"You jus' keep on axin' questions," advised Aunt Melvy. "Dat 's what I always tole Rachael. Rachael 's dat yaller gal up to Mrs. Nelson's. I done raise her, an' she ain't a bit o'count. I use' ter say, 'You fool nigger, how you ebber gwine learn nothin' effen you don't ax questions?' An' she 'd stick out her mouth an' say, 'Umph, umph; you don't ketch me lettin' de white folks know how much sense I ain't got.' Den she 'd put on a white dress an' a white sunbonnet an' go switchin' up de street, lookin' jus' lak a fly in a glass ob butter-milk."

"It 's the mixed-up things that bother me," said Sandy. "Mr. Moseley was telling of us to-day how ye lost a day out of the week when ye went round the world

one way, and gained a day when ye went round the other."

Aunt Melvy paused with the tea-towel in her hand. "Lost a day outen de week? Where 'd he say you lost it at?"

Sandy shook his head in perplexity.

"Dat 's plumb foolishness," said Aunt Melvy, indignantly. "I 'se s'prised at Mr. Moseley, I sholy is. Dey sorter gits notions, dem teachers does. When dey tells you stuff lak dat, honey, don't you pay 'em no mind."

But Sandy did "pay 'em mind." He followed Aunt Melvy's advice about asking questions, and wrestled with each new proposition until he mastered it. It did not take him long, moreover, to distinguish the difference between himself and those about him. The words and phrases that had passed current on the street seemed to ring false here. He watched the judge covertly and took notes.

His progress at the academy was a singular succession of triumphs and failures. His natural quickness, together with an enthusiastic ambition to get on, enabled him soon to take his place among the boys of his own age. But a superabundance of high spirits and an inordinate love of fun caused many a dark entry on the debit side of his school ledger. There were many times when he exasperated the judge to the limit of endurance, for he was reckless and impulsive, charged to the exploding-point with vitality, and ever and always the victim of his last caprice; but when it came to the final issue, and the judge put a question fairly before him, the boy was always on the side of right, even though it proved him guilty.

At first Mrs. Hollis had been strongly opposed to his remaining on the farm, but she soon became silent on the subject. It was a heretofore unknown luxury to have the outside work promptly and efficiently attended to. He possessed "the easy grace that makes a joke of toil"; and when he despatched his various chores and did even more than was required of him, Mrs. Hollis capitulated.

It was something more, however, than his ability and service that won her. The affection of the world, which seemed to eddy around her, as a rule, found an exception in Sandy. His big, exuberant nature made no distinction: he swept over her, sharp edges and all; he teased her, coaxed

her, petted her, laughed at her, turned her tirades by a bit of blarney, and in the end won her in spite of herself.

"He 's ketchin' on," reported Aunt Melvy, confidently. "I heared him puttin' on airs in his talk. When dey stops talkin' nachel, den I knows dey are learnin' somethin'."

X

WATERLOO

It was not until three years had passed and Sandy had reached his junior year that his real achievement was put to the test.

After that harrowing experience in the Hollis driveway, he had seen Ruth Nelson but twice. She had spent the winters at boarding-school, and in the summers she traveled with her aunt. She was still the divinity for whom he shaped his end, the compass that always brought him back to the straight course. He looked upon her possible recognition and friendship as a man looks upon his reward in heaven. In the meantime he suffered himself to be consoled by less distant joys.

The greatest spur he had to study was Martha Meech. She thought he was a genius; and while he found it a bit irksome to live up to his reputation, he made an honest effort to deserve it.

One spring afternoon the two were under the apple-trees, with their books before them. The years that had lifted Sandy forward toward vigor and strength and manhood had swept over Martha relentlessly, beating out her frail strength, and leaving her weaker to combat each incoming tide. Her straight, straw-colored hair lay smooth about her delicate face, and in her eyes was the strained look of one who seeks but is destined never to attain.

"Let 's go over the Latin once more," she was saying patiently, "just to make sure you understand."

"Devil a bit more!" cried Sandy, jumping up from where he lay in the grass and tossing the book lightly from her hand; "it 's the sin and the shame to keep you poking in books, now the spring is here. Martha, do you mind the sound of the wind in the tree-tops?"

She nodded, and he went on:

"Does it put strange words in your heart that you can't even think out in your head? If I could be translating the wind

and the river, I 'd never be minding the Latin again."

Martha looked at him half timidly.

"Sometimes, do you know, I almost think you are a poet, Sandy; you are always thinking the things the poets write about."

"Do you, now, true?" he asked seriously, dropping down on the grass beside her. Then he laughed. "You 'll be having me writing rhymes, now, in a minute."

"Why not?" she urged.

"I must stick to my course," he said. "I 'd never be a real one. They work for the work's sake, and I work for the praise. If I win the scholarship, it 'll be because you want me to, Martha; if I come to be a lawyer, it 's because it 's the wish of the judge's heart; and if I win out in the end, it will be for the love of some one—some one who cares more for that than for anything else in the world."

She dropped her eyes, while he watched the flight of a song-bird as it wheeled about overhead. Presently she opened an old portfolio and took from it a little sketch.

"I have been trying to get up courage to show it to you all week," she said, with a deprecatory laugh.

"It 's the river," cried Sandy, "just at sundown, when the shadows are slipping away from the bank! Martha, why did n't ye tell me? Are there more?"

He ransacked the portfolio, drawing out sketch after sketch and exclaiming over each. They were crude little efforts, faulty in drawing and in color; but the spirit was there, and Sandy had a vague instinct for the essence of things.

"I believe you 're the real kind, Martha. They 're crooked a bit, but they 've got the feel of the woods in 'em, all right. I can just hear the water going over those stones."

Martha's eyes glowed at the praise. For a year she had reached forward blindly toward some outlet for her cramped, limited existence, and suddenly a way seemed open toward the light.

"I wanted to learn how before I showed you," she said. "I am never going to show them to any one but you and mother and father."

"But you must go somewhere to study," cried Sandy. "It 's a great artist you 'll be some day."

She shook her head. "It 's not for me,

Sandy. I'll always be like a little beggar girl that peeps through the fence into a beautiful garden. I know all the wonderful things are there, but I'll never get to them."

"But ye will," cried Sandy, hot with sympathy. "I'll be making money some day, and I'll send ye to the finest master in the country; and you will be getting well and strong, and we'll go—"

Mr. Meech, shuffling up the walk toward them, interrupted. "Studying for the examination, eh? That's right, my boy. The judge tells me that you have a good chance to win the scholarship."

"Did he, now?" said Sandy, with shameless pleasure; "and you, Mr. Meech, do ye think the same?"

"I certainly do," said Mr. Meech. "Anybody that can accomplish the work you do at home, and hold your record at the academy, stands an excellent chance."

Sandy thought so, too, but he tried to be modest. "If it'll be in me, it will come out," he said with suppressed triumph as he swung his books across his shoulder and started home.

Martha's eyes followed him wistfully, and she hoped for a backward look before he turned in at the door. But he was absorbed in sailing a broomstick across Aunt Melvy's pathway, causing her to drop her basket and start after him in hot pursuit.

That evening the judge glanced across the table with great satisfaction at Sandy, who was apparently buried in his Vergil. The boy, after all, was a student; he was justifying the money and time that had been spent upon him; he was proving a credit to his benefactor's judgment and to his knowledge of human nature.

"Would ye mind telling me a word that rhymes with lance?" broke in Sandy after an hour of absorbed concentration.

"Pants," suggested the judge. But he woke up in the night to wonder again what part of Vergil Sandy could have been studying.

"How about the scholarship?" he asked the next day of Mr. Moseley, the principal of the academy.

Mr. Moseley pursed his lips and considered the matter ponderously. He regarded it as ill befitting an instructor of youth to dispose of any subject in words of less than three syllables.

"Your protégé, Judge Hollis, is an am-

biguous proposition. He possesses invention and originality, but he is sadly lacking in sustained concentration."

"But if he studies," persisted the judge, "you think he may win it?"

Mr. Moseley wrinkled his brows and looked as if he were solving a problem in Euclid. "Probably," he admitted; "but there is a most insidious enemy with which he has to contend."

"An enemy?" repeated the judge, anxiously.

"My dear sir," said Mr. Moseley, sinking his voice to husky solemnity, "the boy is stung by the tarantula of athletics!"

It was all too true. The Ambiguous Proposition had found, soon after reaching Clayton, that base-ball was what he had been waiting for all his life. It was what he had been born for, what he had crossed the ocean for, and what he would gladly have died for.

There could have been no surer proof of his growing power of concentration than that he kept a firm grasp on his academy work during these trying days. It was a hand-to-hand fight with the great mass of knowledge that had been accumulating at such a cruel rate during the years he had spent out of school. He was making gallant progress when a catastrophe occurred.

The great ball game of the season, which was to be played in Lexington between the Clayton team and the Lexington nine, was set for June 2. And June 2 was the day which cruel fate—masked as the board of trustees—had set for the academy examinations. Sandy was the only member of the team who attended the academy, and upon him alone rested the full agony of renunciation. His disappointment was so utterly crushing that it affected the whole family.

"Could n't they postpone the game?" asked the judge.

"It was the second that was the only day the Lexingtons could play," said Sandy, in black despair. "And to think of me sitting in the bloomin' old school-room while Sid Gray loses the game in me place!"

For a week before the great event he lived in retirement. The one topic of conversation in town was the ball game, and he found the strain too great to be borne. The team was to go to Lexington on the noon train with a mighty company of loyal followers. Every boy and girl who could

meet the modest expenses was going, save the unfortunate victims of the junior class at the academy. Annette Fenton had even had a dress made in the Clayton colors.

As Sandy went into town on the important day, his heart was like a rock in his breast. There was glorious sunshine everywhere, and a cool little undercurrent of breezes stirred every leaf into a tiny banner of victory. Up in the square, Johnson's colored band was having a final rehearsal, while on the court-house steps the team, glorious in new uniforms, were excitedly discussing the plan of campaign. Little boys shouted, and old boys left their stores to come out and give a bit of advice or encouragement to the waiting warriors. Maidens in crisp lawn dresses and flying ribbons fluttered about in a tremor of anticipation.

Sandy Kilday, with his cap pulled over his eyes, went up Back street. If he could not make the devil get behind him, he at least could get behind the devil. Without a moment's hesitation he would have given ten years of sober middle-age life for that one glorious day of youth on the Lexington diamond, with the victory to be fought for, and the grand stand to be won.

He tried not to keep step with the music

— he even tried to think of quadratic equations — as he marched heroically on to the academy. His was the face of a Christian martyr relinquishing life for a good but hopeless cause.

Late that afternoon Judge Hollis left his office and walked around to the academy. He had sympathized fully with Sandy, and wanted, if possible, to find out the result of the examination before going home. The report of the scholarship won would reconcile him to his disappointment.

At the academy gate he met Mr. Moseley, who greeted him with a queer smile. They both asked the same question:

"Where 's Sandy?"

As if in answer, there came a mighty shout from the street leading down to the depot. Turning, they saw a cheering, hilarious crowd; bright-flowered hats flashed among college caps, while shrill girlish voices rang out with the manly ones. Carried high in the air on the shoulders of a dozen boys, radiant with praise and success, sat the delinquent Sandy, and the tumult below resolved itself into one mighty cheer:

"Kilday, Kilday!
Won the day.
Hooray!"

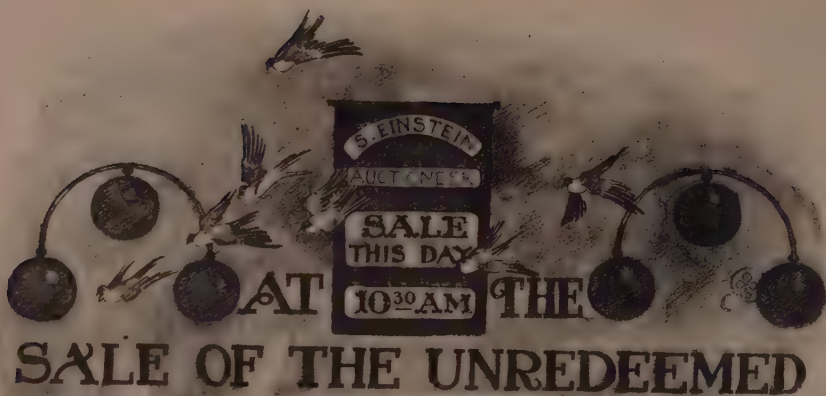
(To be continued)



FATE

BY MAUD WILDER GOODWIN

WHY should we strive when all things are decreed?
As well may planets tug against the sun,
Or rivers, by resolving, cease to run,
As we by striving rule our word or deed.
All Darwin's science and all Calvin's creed
Tell the same truth: that which is done is done,
And we, elect or damned ere life begun,
Foredoomed to be a flower or a weed.
Upon the plastic wax of infancy
A thousand years of habit set their seal:
Such as our fathers were, for woe or weal,
Strive we or shirk we, such we too must be.
Thus Reason speaks, and having talked her fill,
Something within us, answering, says: "*I will.*"



A decorative title graphic featuring a central sign with the text "S. EINSTEIN AUCTIONEER SALE THIS DAY 10:30 AM THE". The sign is flanked by two curved branches with dark, round fruits. Several birds are depicted in flight around the sign and branches. Below the sign, the words "AT" and "THE" are placed on either side of the time "10:30 AM".

SALE OF THE UNREDEEMED

A VISIT TO THE PAWNBROKER AUCTIONS OF
NEW YORK CITY

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

WITH PICTURES BY ORSON LOWELL

IN that strenuous neighborhood where Canal street joins the Bowery,—where elevated trains crash ceaselessly overhead, and, on the cobbles beneath, heavy teams, trolleys, push-carts, and humanity of all ages and nations mix and mingle in the endless traffic of the street,—there wave the red flags of sale that mark certain clearing-houses of insolvency, the million petty failures to redeem.

For it is provided by law that when any article left as a pledge shall remain unclaimed for the space of a year, the pawnbroker, to obtain his money, must offer it at public auction, the proceeds to apply on the sum loaned, the surplus, if any, to be returned to the owner—this being contrary to the general impression that an unredeemed pledge becomes the property of the pawnbroker, who may sell it as he chooses and wax fat on the profits. He may not sell as he chooses, except in so far as his selection of a licensed auction-room, and he may not wax fat. Indeed, he is not unlikely to wax lean on these sales; but of that later.

As above suggested, there is a group of down-town auction-rooms that make a busi-

ness of handling pawnbrokers' sales. There are four of these places, with an aggregate annual business of something over a million dollars. They appear to have grown up, during the last twenty-five years, close together, so that their buyers, who are small Hebrew dealers for the most part, may gravitate from one to the other without waste of time; and they are located on the lower Bowery because this is the neighborhood where the minor merchants of Israel do chiefly congregate.

They are not inviting places. The front shades are as likely to be down as not, and within the atmosphere is gloomy and barn-like. With the exception of the gems and finer jewelry, the goods to be sold are not carefully arranged for display; and we feel a sense of discipline, and converse in whispers, as we peer through a high railing at the table of miscellaneous wares, glance up at the shelves containing the bundles of clothing, or peek into a show-case at the diamonds.

There are two or more rooms, and sales are carried on simultaneously. Jewelry and miscellaneous goods, such as clocks, silverware, and musical instruments, are sold in one room, while the importance of the old-

clothing industry gives it a room to itself. At one place two rooms are allotted to the sale of clothing—one for men's garments only, and one for the belongings of women and children. The manager of this establishment treated us cordially, and it being about the center of the group, we decided to make his place headquarters from which to drop into those on each side after the sales began.

We are ready early. The selling begins at half-past ten, and goods for the day's sale are still arriving. A dray-load of clothing from a pawn-shop on Third Avenue is being carried up to the men's room, and another, a mass of nondescript rolls and bundles, is being distributed on the shelves reserved for the garments of women and children. A number of customers are drifting in and out—rusty-looking Hebrews for the most part, with a fair sprinkling of women. The jewelry and a miscellaneous consignment from a shop well up-town are already displayed, and about them buyers collect.

We elbow our way in. The show-case is crowded with gold and silver ornaments, and one end of it glitters with diamonds. Then we take a more careful look at the people collected about us. They are a trifle less shabby than those gathered about a case of cheaper trinkets up the street,—wedding-rings and gaudy plated stuff from Avenue A,—but they do not impress us as capitalists, or even as fairly prosperous tradesmen. We should not like to risk ten cents on one of them except as a gift. Perhaps the real buyers have not come yet.

Yet a curious thing happens. One particularly dingy-looking little man at the end beckons to a smartly dressed young fellow who seems to be in charge, and says something to him in an unknown tongue.

Taking out a key, the young man opens the case and hands out to the dingy man a ring—a rich gold affair, set with a diamond weighing no less than two carats.

I hold my breath. The dingy little man will probably make off with the ring, and the clerk will have to pay for it. But behold! the dingy man has whisked out a small magnifying-glass, such as jewelers use, and is squinting at the diamond, as if he were really interested in its value. And the clerk—the clerk is not even watching him! Only when the dingy man passes it to a dingy neighbor does he object.

"Don't pass no goods! Hand 'em back to me!" he growls.

So the ring goes into the case again, and while the case is open two or three quite disreputable hands reach in and take out gems at will, and the clerk merely berates them for bothering him, and seemingly takes slight interest in the fact that a thousand dollars' worth of precious stones is in the hands of men whose combined outward effects would hardly bring two dollars. We cannot help thinking that the clerk ought to be more careful.

There is a movement in the outer edge of the crowd, and we notice that the manager, a handsome, pleasant-faced He-

brew, has entered the room.

"Come, boys," he says cheerfully; "time! Let's get at it. Come, Gutstein! Come, Rowsky! Business, now!"

There is a raised platform a little way from the show-case, and upon it are a few chairs. Below, between the platform and the case, are other chairs. The manager mounts the platform and occupies the center. Half a dozen of the group ascend with him and range themselves on each side and behind. Others sit on the platform at his feet or occupy the chairs below,



CHARACTERISTIC BUYERS

and behind these are still others. There is no scramble for place. Each assumes his position as if by some seniority of right or tenure. An avenue between the platform and the show-case is kept open, and at the end of it sits a middle-aged Hebrew with the key of the case and an unmistakable eye for value. Over against the wall is a sort of raised box like a pulpit, and in it are three men with account-books. One of them is the pawnbroker whose sale it is. The others are clerks.

They begin with the chains. The man at the case takes out a heavy gold affair—probably the pledge of some bartender—and calls rather slowly:

"One fine golt chain. Weight t'irty-eight pennyweights."

"Fine golt chain—t'irty-eight pennyweights," echoes the auctioneer. "Let the fine golt chain come this way."

It is already coming. The announcements are the only slow thing about the transaction. Scarcely are the words out of the caller's mouth when a soiled hand—the hand of the man next him—has snatched it, clung to it a brief second, yielded it to the man across the avenue, from whom it is tugged by the man beyond, gripped in turn by another, plucked by another, whipped away by another, barely touched by the next, held for a brief second by the dingy little man whose place is at the auctioneer's feet, and sooner than I have put down the words the "fine golt chain" has run the gantlet of appraisal, is jerked into the auctioneer's hands, and is going so fast that only a phonograph could keep pace with the verbal record.

There is not an instant's delay. In that fleeting glimpse every man has fixed the value of the piece and has his bid ready, if he means to bid at all. The auctioneer knows the value, too, and begins with a figure not much above, dropping rapidly to meet the first offer. It comes swiftly, with two or three more on top of it, and the article is gone,—gone as a rocket goes, with a sputter, a flash, and an explosion,—and the dingy little man has paid about the price of old gold for a chain the workmanship of which originally cost as much as the metal. There is no lingering "Twenty-five, twenty-five—do I hear the thirty?"—no "Last call, are you all done?"—no "Once, twice, three times, and—" the customary

long pause for a last belated bid. There are no pauses; the bids are never belated. Just a swift flight of figures, and then all is over.

But what interested me most was the manner of bidding. In fact, there was no bidding at all that I could see, watch as closely as I would. Then, at last, I noticed that the buyers behind the auctioneer had their hands resting on the back of his chair. Those at the side rested their hands on his knees. Other hands were beneath his coat. The little man at his feet sat with one hand touching the auctioneer's shoe. Those along the avenue doubtless had other ways of making their bids known—a movement of the hand, a twitch of the eye, a scarcely perceptible lifting of the chin. Yet, after realizing these things, there was not one sale in twenty where I could see a single bid made by one of these alert buyers. How the auctioneer could distinguish them, or respond so accurately to the various anatomical signal-codes, calling without an error the name of a buyer he could not see, I shall never be able to comprehend. Even the fact that, as he told me later, he had been sitting there for a quarter of a century does not fully clear up the mystery to these duller brains of mine.

Farther down the street, where the auctioneer is a resolute Celt with powerful teeth and a jaw grown firm with exercise, they are selling watches. The caller at the case has a decidedly nasal intonation.

"Noomer hundert und sechsy. Von fine golt vatch—Schviss mofement."

"That 's it! Right this way with the Swiss movement! Come, gentlemen!" And the beautiful timepiece slides through the outstretched hands so swiftly and vigorously that we fear for its safety. The Celt takes one hasty glance at it, then:

"Thirty-four dollars," he says, biting out the words with those powerful teeth. "Thirty-four—I 've got it; thirty-five, thirty-six, thirty-seven,—half,—sold to Mr. Bountogetter for thirty-seven-fifty."

The entire operation has required perhaps ten seconds. At an ordinary auction it would have consumed almost as many minutes, with a lot of importuning and old jokes in the bargain. Not that jokes are barred here. A bit of pleasantry is likely to slip in at any time. They were selling diamonds later, when the man at the case called:

"Von fine gluster ring. Diamonts mit a green shtone in der center."

"What is the green stone, Sam?" This from the auctioneer.

"Id loogs like an emeral't."

"But *is* it an emerald, Sam? Every eye is upon you."

"Then let ef'ry eye rest on dot shtone, und he vill know."

could possibly be misled as to its true character.

It is a good-natured crowd, and likes to have its fun when the Celt will permit. This is not often. He is there for business, and part of his business is to keep them in order and curb any tendency to unprofitable diversions.

"No, Myers, you cannot talk here!



A GROUP ABOUT THE SHOW-CASE BEFORE THE SALE

I may say here that there is no deception in these places. Goods are correctly called, and if there are any defects, they are noted. There seems no desire to mislead, and any attempt to do so would be worse than useless. Among this little knot of buyers are probably the best snap-shot judges of gems in the world, and the diamond that flashes from hand to hand, perhaps held for an instant next another stone on the bidder's finger, is compared and appraised in that instant, and among the valuations there is rarely a range of more than two or three dollars. "Id loogs like an emeral't" was Sam's little joke. Let every eye rest on that stone, and not a soul in the crowd

Every day I have to tell you about that talking! What are you doing, anyway? Telling Mossburg's fortune? Mossburg, if you want your fortune told, there 's a place across the street. We don't tell fortunes here—we make them."

Myers and Mossburg look humble and sorry, like school-boys, and the sale proceeds. The Celt's face is immobile. I have never seen it lose its judicial calm. Diamonds have marred the heavy plate-glass of the show-case, but the passing of many brilliants has left no mark on the smooth, firm cheek of the auctioneer.

Farther up the street the sale of cheap jewelry is in progress, and we note a de-



BIDDING FOR JEWELRY

cided difference in the group of buyers, compared with which those of the other places seem fairly aristocratic. These goods are gaudy ornaments, such as the poorer-class Italians buy, and a fair percentage of the purchasers are of the same nationality. Here, too, discipline is necessary, and is administered with directness and vigor by the auctioneer.

"Shtop dot visting!" he yells at a slen-

der son of Italy who is inclined to be musical in his contemplation. "Dis iss no free concert. Gazzo, t'row dot cigar away! It would kill dogs." And a moment later, to a tall Spanish-looking person who is inclined to demur at the loss of some desired article: "Shut up! Shut up, I tell you! Vat you fellows take dis place for, anyway?"

At times he admonishes them in lan-

guage that no self-respecting magazine could print—language which, under other conditions, could be wiped out only with blood. But the auctioneer is imperial and can do no wrong. Also, his person is sacred.

We find that shillings are still current money in this trade—eight shillings to the dollar, a single shilling being thirteen cents. When bids are running in fractions of a dollar the advances are made in shillings unless the amount is lower than a dollar, when five-cent advances are the rule. We also note certain peculiarities of English. A mandolin is a "mandoleen," a violin a "violeen," silk is properly pronounced "sillik," and a dollar is usually a "dol'," likely to be pronounced "dah."

The clothing sale is going on up-stairs when we return to our headquarters. The auctioneer, a rosy-faced boy, stands on a long table, on each side of which are raised benches for the customers. His method of calling suggests the triumphant cackle of a hen who has just contributed to the world's food-supply. Taking a garment in his hands, he steps briskly down the length of the table; then spreading it out in front of him, he steps as briskly backward, announcing the nature and quality of the piece, while a dozen or more hands are stretched out for a grasp as it whisks by, reaching instinctively for the portions most likely to be affected by wear. Then:

"Cut, cut, cut, cut, cadarker!" calls he of the rosy face, and the garment has changed hands to be added to Liebermann's, Galotto's, O'Brien's, or Finsky's pile, each of which has its place on the floor behind.

If I do not seem to have conveyed this sale clearly, it may be because nothing but a kineto-phonographic report could present it properly. Of one thing I am certain. I have not shortened the action of it, and I know that the cry of the auctioneer is as closely related to that of the happy hen as it is to anything I have ever heard in English.

We are surprised at the prices obtained for cast-off clothing. We recall certain suits exchanged with itinerant old-clothes men for kitchen utensils, and wish we had them back to offer here. We realize that old clothes, like old gold and diamonds, are staple, and have their market value. Suits

that I would not have given three dollars for when new, bring, in a decidedly cast-off condition, as much as three-fifty. Each maker's name is called, the piece is fairly shown, and if moth-eaten, the fact is stated.

We return to the clothing auction again and again, perhaps to calculate how much we have lost by not hoarding our garments of the past—perhaps because we like to study the faces of those grouped about the long table and to hear the red-cheeked boy shout, "Cut, cut, cut, cut, cadarker!" Once the manager from the floor below, when he had finished with the gold chains and gems, came up with us, and himself mounted the table to show us how he had once sold and could still sell old clothing as well as precious metals and diamonds.

This was a good joke to the buyers. They greeted him with a cordial laugh, many of them being the same he had sold to long ago, though there were new faces here and there, and now and then he had to ask a name.

"What do you call yourself?" to a young fellow, the purchaser of a waist-coat.

"Wiener."

"Oh, Wiener—Wienerschnitzel, eh?" And again the crowd laughed, and was happy at having back its old salesman, with his friendliness and his jokes.

To show the importance of the clothing industry, I may add that in one establishment the proprietor himself attends to this part of the auctioneering, leaving the gems and miscellaneous goods to attachés. He does not walk up and down a long table, as is the custom elsewhere, perhaps because he has grown old in the business and is entitled to the comfort of a chair. He wears a linen yachting-cap and glasses, and has a keen sense of humor, too, which he is likely to mix with the liberal ratio of severity necessary to control the motley crowd. The open space in front of him he insists on keeping clear, that the piece he is selling may be properly shown; and woe to the unfortunate one who steps out into this way of wrath. It is as dangerous as a cyclone-belt.

He is selling a very poor lot this time—articles that may bring as little as five and ten cents. A sort of credit seems to be the rule, but many articles are called "Cash on the left," or "right," or "way out," and a collector is kept busy gathering these

bits of change. Sometimes a purchaser argues for credit instead.

"Here, you, Schnaufbaum, gif dot vest back! Trust nodding! I ain' forgot dot ten cends you did n' pay last year. Dis pusiness may be healthy, but dot iss not v'y

different and calls the figures dreamily, as if in fancy he drifted through vanished summers.

And now we are at a sale of miscellaneous odds and ends, a mass of flotsam and jetsam from homes, shops, offices, and

places of amusement. Silverware, queen's-ware, and sewing-machines; tools and apparatus of every profession and trade, fairly given away. Razors, tied up in bunches like asparagus, at less for the bunch than the cost of a single piece; chafing-dishes, telling of good times, for a few cents; large family Bibles that somebody has paid for in wearisome instalments, going now for the price of one; a box of tools, left by some carpenter to obtain bread for his little ones, or perhaps liquor for himself, twenty cents; a good guitar, thirty-five cents; a violin and bow for half a dollar; a bunch of umbrellas of the department-store brand, but in good condition, at ninety cents for the bunch. There is no premium on dishonesty at these rates. One can afford even to be forgetful when he can get six umbrellas for ninety cents.

We get excited presently and determine to

buy something. But we are never quick enough. The articles are sold before we begin to make up our mind whether we want them or not. I did get a match-box at last, perhaps because it was the only thing that nobody else cared for. I did not care for it, either; but I was bound to have something. As for the artist, he got nothing but a scolding for making a sketch and attracting the crowd's attention.

I fear the auctioneer at this place was not a perfect gentleman. At least he did not speak like one. He addressed the artist as "my friend," and said he 'd been



THE COMPETITION FOR WATCHES

I'm in id. Here, hand up dot vest! I sell him again!"

The vest is dragged away from Schnaufbaum, and a moment later passes to other hands.

"That is a very fine suit," calls the pawnbroker from his lookout, as a tuxedo which in some manner has fallen into disreputable company is brought to the block of execution.

"Don'd you denk I know id? I alwis veear a coat efenings like dot."

At other times, because he is getting old, perhaps, and rather weary, he seems in-



SALE OF WOMEN'S AND CHILDREN'S CLOTHING



A CONTEST FOR MEN'S CLOTHING

watching him "about 'steen minutes." He also demanded his business in a most peremptory and disturbing manner. When the artist explained that we were quite harmless and would carry off nothing but a sketch, he frothed at the mouth, while his nose, which was of a horticultural variety, became quite purple. After which he stated that if we wanted a photograph of himself we might have it. Whereupon, it being noon, we fled to Chinatown, and had a bowl of chop-suey and some strong tea.

The sales, however, do not stop for luncheon. Buyers who eat bring something in their pockets, or have it brought to them. At one of the gem sales a boy came from a near-by restaurant and served sandwiches and coffee or milk. The sandwiches were rather solid in appearance, but they in no wise clogged the wheels of trade. Customers held them in one hand and transacted business with the other, thus skilfully combining refreshment with industry.

The women's sale comes in the afternoon. The arrangement of the long table and the bench seats is similar to that of the men's room up-stairs, but above the heads of the auctioneer and bidders,

ranked along the walls, are slatted bins, each bearing the name of some regular customer. These bins are within convenient throwing-distance, and are necessary, for the reason that many of the goods are in assorted lots of small articles. To deliver them, or to arrange them in piles, would result in confusion. There is a far larger percentage of men here, but they are not much in evidence. Women have all the front seats.

They are mostly middle-aged, dingy women, some rather gaudily so, perhaps because their wardrobes are made up of certain showy selections from the sales. Some look weary and pale, careworn with the effort of maintaining a family out of the profits of petty trade. Some are thin and shrewd; some stout and aggressive, almost offensively prosperous; some with faces showing the ravages of dissipation, but all with an eye for the main chance, and a quick judgment of the value of "three articles of underwear, a faded dress, and a pair of baby shoes" at the length of the table.

The selling is as rapid as elsewhere. It would be worth while for certain women shoppers to look in on the sales at this bargain-counter. No dawdling, no hesita-

tion; it is touch and go, or touch and gone, rather, for the bundles are no sooner unrolled than they are bid for, no sooner bid for than sold, re-rolled, and tossed into one of the bins above their heads. And I may say here that the auctioneer has an accuracy of aim which is really wonderful. Watching him for an hour, I did not see him miss a bin with a single bundle, though the distance is several feet and the openings are not large. Now and then some one buys who has no bin,—a new customer, probably,—and the bundle is tossed directly to the purchaser, which creates a diversion when there is a failure to catch and the buyer is deluged with a shower of assorted garments. We saw one man hit on the head with a large bundle which broke and fairly covered him with striped hose, lingerie, and summer neckties. He took it

good-naturedly and laughed with the rest. And so the bundles go flying from the auctioneer's deft hands to bins at the right of him, bins at the left of him, bins at the back of him, and to odd customers "way out": bundles at fifteen cents, at twenty-five, even at a dollar—this amount for two pairs of lace curtains and some pillowshams. Then breathlessly we see a dollar and a half paid for a black, silk-lined skirt—property of Mrs. Vandervesent of Fifth Avenue, so the auctioneer says. A very gorgeous lady at the end of the table buys it. It is evidently her habit to buy only the real thing, for as each good piece develops the auctioneer calls her attention to it.

"Ah, Mrs. Goldberg, this is for you. This beautiful cape, mit passanterie trimming. You can get ten dollars for this cape."

Mrs. Goldberg, with the others, gets a fleeting consideration of the garment as it whisks by. Then she looks down at the table: the cape does not interest her. It goes to the Italian lady beyond for ninety cents, and the auctioneer again woos Mrs. Goldberg, this time with a silk waist. But she shakes her head.

"What is the matter to-day? Nothing good enough, eh? Well, to-morrow we have a fine lot from Sixth Avenue."

Only the single garments are paraded for inspection. The bundle goods are opened and run over hastily by the auctioneer, but it would not be possible to offer them for closer inspection.

Some of the bundles awaken pity. Children's things, mostly—pretty little Sunday dresses that have gone for food or drink, tiny shoes, and even underwear. Then there are the sheets and blankets and pillows. These things are not sold without need. Even Margery Daw does not dispose of her bedding from choice. Ah, me! Necessity may have been mother to Invention also, but Sacrifice was her first-born.

There are remarkable faces at these sales—men bearded and patriarchal: they would fit into canvases we have seen of Moscow, Warsaw, or Jerusalem. I have already spoken of the women, who are of less pronounced racial type, but strongly marked with the characteristics of eager barter, the tension of a nerve-destroying trade which becomes a mania with the passing years. We were especially inter-



NOON—THE SANDWICH AND THE DIAMOND

ested in one old face, the tense, drawn face of a woman nearing ninety, her eyes grown dim and milky with age, but still eager and alert. Her elbows rested on the long table, and at times one lean arm, and a

told us. "She buys very little now, but she cannot stay away. She owns her own home, and has money to live on. Sometimes she comes in a carriage. She cannot resist the excitement of her old trade.



A SALE OF MISCELLANEOUS GOODS

hand knotted and dark, like a claw, half supported her head. She rarely bought, but never once did she lose sight of the auctioneer's lips, or of the lot that was being sold.

"She has been sitting there for twenty-five years, to my knowledge," the manager

The others are the same. Once an auction dealer, always an auction dealer. That woman with a little baby stayed away for a year. When she came back she said: 'I can't give it up. I've tried, and I can't. I'm not happy unless I come here.'

"Yes, they make money, but very little

on each piece. Few of them have stores, but sell at their homes. Some make a living, some get rich. That fat woman is worth fifty thousand. I credit her for whatever she wishes. We credit most of the others, too, men and women—some for a good deal, some for very little. They pay very well. We seldom lose.

"It is the same with the other lines—men's clothes, odds and ends, jewelry: the profits are not large on any of them, but the buyers handle a good many articles and make something on each. You saw the little fellow who sat close to my feet this morning. He buys mostly watches and chains. He will sell you a watch that cost him five dollars for five dollars and three cents, and show you the bill of what he paid. The bill sells the article. Almost any dealer who has a shop would rather pay a few cents' profit to one of these men than to come here himself. A good many pawn-brokers buy from them, and sometimes buy back their own pledges. Some dealers come every morning and pick out what they want, and leave an order with an auction buyer. Few outsiders buy: it goes too quick for them.

"There is another traffic that goes on here, too—that of buying and selling pawn-tickets. A pawn-ticket will usually bring from five cents to a dollar more than the amount of the loan, and there are men who do nothing else but buy them up as a speculation. Some of them they sell again. When they can't sell, they sometimes take out the goods, but generally they let them go. A ticket for a watch or a valuable ring often changes hands several times. Of course if a fellow has an article up and can't take it out, he'll sell his ticket for very little, and speculators buy them as a gamble. There are all sorts of ways to live,

and to scheme to make a dollar," added the manager.

The little dingy man came by just then with his package.

"Well, how many watches to-day?" asked the manager.

The reply was in that peculiar mixed Yiddish which I cannot hope to give faithfully.

"I denk 'bout fefty."

"Fifty! Pretty good for one day. What do they come to?"

"Oh, vell, mebbe eight hunder."

"How much profit to you?"

Two Hebrew hands would have gone up but for the package. As it was, one waved excitedly.

"No profit. I make noddin—no more! I gif my whole profit to-day for fefty cend. I gif you fefty cend to take my buys."

He held out the package to the manager, who laughed.

"Ike has been losing money like that for five years, but he keeps right on buying. How many watches on hand, Ike, at home?"

"I denk 'bout t'ree hunder."

"Silver watches?"

"Um—yeh; silver, fill' gol'—all kind."

"Any chains?"

"'Bout two hunder."

"How do you keep them safe?"

"Safe? Yes. Big new safe."

The little man had grown restive under this examination, and now hastened over to a corner where some of his confrères were buying, selling, exchanging, and otherwise adjusting the day's distributions.

"Ike began with forty dollars," commented the manager. "I credit him for about a hundred times that much now every week. The stout man who sat at my right buys only very fine goods, mostly diamonds. He began not many years ago with a few hundred dollars. He is said to be worth a quarter of a million to-day. He



AFTER THE SALE—A REGULAR BUYER
WAITING TO SELL A DIAMOND AT
A VERY SLIGHT ADVANCE

sells diamonds to dealers all over the city. Diamonds are diamonds, of course, no matter where they come from."

We asked if such goods brought anything near their value.

"Diamonds? Yes. That is, they bring within a little of their wholesale market value, but the settings usually go for nothing. Gold and silver goods bring about the price of the old metal. Antiques bring good prices, especially antique settings and ornaments. Speaking of diamonds, we get some very fine ones here. I remember a two-carat blue stone that brought eight hundred and fifty dollars. Of course blue is the thing, next white, and then the yellow stones. Our buyers know the value of diamonds, and you can learn a good deal about prices if you watch them a few times.

"Miscellaneous articles go for nothing, and bundle goods, such as they are selling in there now. That is a poor lot to-day, from a very poor quarter. The pawnbroker will lose on them."

The pawnbroker joined us a little later, and we were presented. He was a pleasant-spoken, rather bustling fellow.

"Yes, I always lose on my sales," he said. "I'm in a poor part of town, and the things that come to me bring nothing at auction. I have about three sales a year like this, and I lose from two to three hundred dollars each time."

He opened his book and showed me where the goods, sold to-day for five hundred and sixty-five dollars, had cost him over eight hundred dollars in loans.

"Of course we count on nine tenths of our pledges being redeemed," he explained; "and we run about two hundred and fifty pledges a day, so that we manage to keep going. The good days of pawnbroking are over, though. The competition is too hard, and we have to lend too much on the goods. The man who makes the biggest loans gets the business, but he takes the most risk, too. He's all right when the things are taken out; but when they're not he's apt to lose, especially on cheap jewelry and bundle goods. A good many people condemn pawnbrokers, but they don't realize that if it was n't for the pawnbroker a lot of folks every day would go hungry. The Provident Loan Society is recognized by the State as a charitable institution. They charge one per cent. a month, and it is a good thing; but it's

mostly patronized by the better class, and the really poor who want a few cents come to the pawnbroker to get it. I've lent many a woman a dollar on a few little things so she could feed her children, and many a time I've got fifteen cents for the same things here at auction. I never get what I lend on bundle goods unless they take them out."

"And if they do?"

"I get three cents. For that I have to make out the tickets and take care of the goods. People pawn the same things over and over, and we get to lending more on them, and then at last the stuff is left on our hands. Some pawn things with no intention of taking them out—articles they don't want and can't sell. They come with a hard-luck story, and we take the things, and then we can't sell them, either. Some of these people that buy here pawn the things again. They take them home and wash and clean them, and pawn them for more than they paid. They generally get some one to do it for them—some customer of ours if they can. They have all kinds of ways to do the pawnbroker, and if the pawnbroker gets hardened, it's because they harden him."

We suggested that men's clothes brought fairly good prices.

"Yes, but we lend too much on them. The competition on clothing is very swift." He leaned over and took me by the lapel, running his eye up and down my wardrobe. "On that suit of yours, for instance, I would have to lend five dollars; and you know yourself you would n't give that for it at auction."

I agreed that I would not. I said also that I would be willing to let him have it as security for the five, if there were any convenient and safe way of getting home without it. Whereupon he left me his address and went his way.

It is near six, and the motley crowd of purchasers, with their bags and their bundles, have departed. Up-stairs and down, the rooms are empty; the voice of the auctioneer is stilled. Perhaps a thousand petty accounts—accounts that are histories—have passed through the clearing-house since morning. Misfortune, need, sacrifice—this is the usual record; then failure. And the balance-lines are drawn and the word "Finis" is written with each bit or

bundle that passes into other histories and other hands at the sale of the unredeemed.

THE Provident Loan Society of New York was incorporated, in 1894, "for the purpose of aiding such persons as the society shall deem in need of pecuniary assistance, by loans of money at interest, upon the pledge of personal property." It was organized by a number of New York city's leading citizens, including James Speyer, Seth Low, Abram S. Hewitt, Otto T. Bannard, and Solomon Loeb. It charges one per cent. interest per month on loans of less than two hundred and fifty dollars, or at the rate of ten per cent. per annum on loans exceeding that amount; and these rates are recognized as somewhat philanthropical considering the class of securities offered, many of which, such as furs, being likely to deteriorate in value unless cared for at considerable expense.

It is true that the patrons of the Provident Loan have been mainly of the better class, the loans averaging about thirty dollars each; but it is the society's plan to "extend its usefulness to less profitable business in poorer sections of the city, making more loans on clothing and less desirable pledges. We must not forget," he adds, "that the purpose of our incorporation is philanthropical so far as is consistent with the full measure of strength and safety."

By the treasurer's report it appears that 168,272 pledges were received in 1903, on which \$5,576,091 was the amount advanced. The report further shows that the funds employed at the end of 1903 amounted to \$2,647,121.18, and it may

be said in a general way that the capital in actual use is equal to about one half the annual sum total of business. The gross earnings average about twelve per cent., out of which, interest on the society's bonds, certificates of contribution, and temporary loans from the banks and trust companies, as well as the general running expenses of the society, are paid. It should be said here that the society is not permitted to pay more than the legal rate of interest to any investor in either its bonds or certificates, or for the use of any funds whatever, all surplus at the end of the year becoming a part of the general fund, which has increased \$233,621.18 since the institution was founded, by which it will be seen that philanthropy is not necessarily administered at a loss. There are also certain benefits of the Provident Loan which cannot be regarded in the light of philanthropy. Numerous well-to-do persons take advantage of the fact that no storage charges are made, and during the early summer pawn thousands of dollars' worth of furs, overcoats, and silverware for ridiculously small sums, thereby obtaining for a few cents safe and careful storage, besides the use of the money borrowed. Thus a fine fur coat pawned for two dollars in June is stored and cared for until November for the absurd sum of ten cents.

The "unredeemed pledge" sales of the Provident Loan are held at an auction-room on upper Fifth Avenue, and usually leave a balance in favor of the pledgers, comparatively few of whom ever call for it, so that there is a constantly growing fund resulting from the residue of these sales.



AFTER THE SALE—EXPRESSIVE BACKS



Drawn by Martin Justice. Half-tone plate engraved by Robert Varley

"'ALL RIGHT,' HE THREATENED; 'I 'LL SEE TO YOU, TOO!'" (SEE PAGE 370)

CAPTAIN KEIGHLEY'S MEN

BY HARVEY J. O'HIGGINS

WITH PICTURES BY MARTIN JUSTICE



HE foreman of the "forward-hold gang" of freight-handlers still maintains that the fire in the cargo-room of the *Flamisch* started in a clay pipe, in the "heel 'f a longshoreman's cutty." "Don't I know that smell?" he said. "Man alive, I c'u'd tell it wit' my snoot cut off. I c'u'd taste it. I c'u'd so." The steamship's officers have described the same fire to the newspaper men as "a case of spontaneous combustion," and the newspapers have so reported it to the public. But when the fire-boat *Manhattan*, then just two weeks in commission, slid under the starboard quarter of the big *Flamisch*, Captain Keighley looked up to see scowling down on him, over the steamship's bulwarks, the dark face of a man whom he had helped to discharge from the service of the fire

department one week before. And the presence of that man was at that moment as ominous to him as it subsequently became significant.

Captain Keighley was standing on the cement roof of the *Manhattan's* wheel-house, beside a monitor nozzle that could drive a hole through a warehouse wall with a stream as stiff as a steel bar. The fact that he stood in that place of command, by virtue of his own cunning, in the face of intrigue in the department and treachery in his own crew, did not show in the look which he lifted to his enemy overhead. At most, he showed only a cool reliance on the streams of the *Manhattan* to cope with any mischief which there might be in hand; for she had a battery of four sets of duplex pumps that could force out of her pipes as much water in a minute

as twenty shore engines in a spouting row, and he was eager for a proper fire on which to test her powers.

"Cotton in the forrard hold!" the longshoremen bawled at him from the deck of the *Flamisch*. "Cottonafire! Cottonafire!"

The *Manhattan* swept into the slip, riding the ridges of her own swell, her keel all but naked amidships, and reversed with a suddenness that shook her to the stack. Captain Keighley struck at the whistle-rope and blew for tugs.

"Get a lighter alongside," he ordered his lieutenant, "an' wet down the cotton as I send her out. Tell the men to couple up two lines. Get the cotton-spray."

It is the way of the expert in handling such cotton fires to extinguish the worst of the flames in the hold and then to hook out the smoldering bales, hoist them to the open air, lower them to a lighter, and play on them there, separately and at ease. Captain Keighley, in pursuing that plan, gathered quickly into a squad all the men of his company who were "Brownies," as the members of the new "benevolent association" of the fire department were called; and these men he ordered up scaling-ladders to the deck of the *Flamisch* with two lines of hose. He left in charge of the *Manhattan* his lieutenant, Moore, who was the "financial secretary" of those same "Brownies"; and he went himself to take charge of operations in the burning hold of the *Flamisch*.

By so doing, he kept all the disaffected men of his company under his own eye, and he left their leader behind them in charge of the men who did not need to be watched.

Lieutenant Moore understood the tactics and smiled sourly. There was another man who smiled, but to more purpose. He was the longshoreman who had been scowling at Captain Keighley over the rail. And five minutes later, independently, unexpectedly, and from no known cause whatever, a blaze burst out in the cotton on the pier.

Now the pier-house, though covered with corrugated sheet-iron, was wooden, its beams sifted over with the fine dust of innumerable cargoes of grain and flour, and its whole length unprotected by a single hose-hydrant or fire-extinguisher. The result was a spread of flames so sudden that before the freight-handlers had ceased running and shouting for buckets, the fire had leaped into the roof timbers of the shed

and begun to sing there busily; and the longshoreman who had smiled at Captain Keighley's tactics was in such danger that he barely escaped from the end of the pier by diving into the slip.

At first Lieutenant Moore was not quick to seize his opportunity; he remained stubbornly aboard the *Manhattan*, waiting for further orders. But when the shouts on the burning pier drew him to the deck of the *Flamisch*, he found that Captain Keighley and his men were still deep in the hold with the steamship's crew; and then he understood, foresaw, and made ready.

"Fine management," he grumbled, "to go down there an' leave a blaze like this behind him! Get another line up here, you men!"

The men obeyed with alacrity, but by the time they got water, they had only a squirt-gun stream to use against the fire that was developing. Unfortunately, they could not see the extent of that fire; and Lieutenant Moore, grumbling and complaining, did not appreciate the fact that in the flames which began to strike out from the windows of the pier-house through the smoke there was more than the disgrace of Captain Keighley for blundering in his conduct of the attack.

Deuce of a fine captain *he* was! If it was n't for the shore companies, now, that part of the water-front *would* get singed!

The sparks began to blow over on the *Flamisch*. He ran back to order up another line of hose, and called to the men on the *Manhattan* to train a stream from the monitor nozzle over the deck of the *Flamisch* to the roof of the pier-buildings. He was promptly obeyed; but the stream was so strong that when it was raised to clear the bulwarks of the *Flamisch* it shot over the pier, and there was nothing to be done but to train it still higher, to let the water drop on the buildings, sprinkling them instead of tearing them to pieces.

Fire caught the awnings of the *Flamisch*; the firemen drenched them. A puff of blaze reached her house-work; they fought it off. Moore ordered here, cursed and complained there, and ran around futilely; and, at last, realizing what a fire he was at such close quarters with, he cried out frantically to cast off the hawsers and tow the *Flamisch* to midstream. There was no one left on the pier to cast off. The firemen had to get their axes and chop through the wire ropes. The steel strands resisted long enough to complete the disaster, and

when the last thread parted under the ax-blade, the current still held the *Flamisch* hard against the wharf.

A stewardess ran out from the cabins, screaming that the after house-work was afire.

The whole catastrophe had developed so quickly that the thought uppermost in Lieutenant Moore's mind was still that first one of Captain Keighley's disgrace; and when he lost his head and began to shout at the men, like an officer in the panic of a retreat, it was abuse of Captain Keighley that he shouted.

"What the —— did he want to go down in the hold for, with a fire like this up here? He's a —— of a fine captain, he is! He's a —— of a captain!"

One of the pipemen, without turning his head, growled under his helmet: "Why did n't you haul her out of here long ago?"

"Why don't she come out now?" Moore cried. "That's why I did n't. 'Cause she won't! That's why! 'Cause she can't!"

The tugs, whistling and panting around her, got their lines on the after bitts and pulled and shouldered and struggled noisily. But by the time they got her under way, the crew of the *Flamisch*, alarmed by the screams of the stewardess, were diving overboard with their clothes smoking, and Lieutenant Moore's men were retiring from a blaze that seemed to spit back their streams on them in spurts of steam.

Moore ordered one of them to go below decks and warn Captain Keighley and the squad in the hold. The man glanced at his fellows, and they shook their heads. They were all partizans of the captain; they had been chafing under Moore's attacks on him, and they were contemptuous of the lieutenant for the way he had handled the pier-house blaze. Moreover, there were only four of them to two lines of hose; the one unnecessary man there, as they saw the situation, was Moore. Let him go himself.

The lieutenant repeated his orders. The man sulkily remained where he was. And what with "Brownies" and "anti-Brownies," the influence of the fire commissioner and the influence of the chief, the party of Captain Keighley and the followers of Lieutenant Moore, discipline on the *Manhattan* had come to such a pass that Moore had no redress against a subordinate who refused to obey his orders.

"All right," he threatened; "I'll see to you, too!" and turned to run for the hatch.

The men shrugged their shoulders and laughed. The *Manhattan*, trying to bring its monitor to bear on the burning woodwork of the *Flamisch*, shot a terrific stream, roaring and threshing, over their heads. One of them said: "That darn fool 'll be sweepin' us off here in a minute. We'd better get inside out o' this an' help in there."

They retreated aft for shelter, dragging their hose, and left the forward deck to the flames that were blown over the *Flamisch* in a steady breeze.

II

MEANWHILE, Lieutenant Moore had found Captain Keighley and the "Brownies," with their two lines, working busily in the choke of cotton smoke, playing one pipe on the heart of the fire and with the other sprinkling the steaming bales about it. And Captain Keighley, with his helmet awry on his head and a smile of contempt slanting his mouth, feeling the *Manhattan's* eight pumps behind him, was playing with that fire as a matador plays with a bull. The screeches of the stewardess and the flight of the ship's crew had not alarmed him. He was used to the sight of blind fright; he saw the flames before him confined and beaten back; and he knew that for any fire that might develop behind him, the *Manhattan* was a park of cannon drawn up in reserve. He did not consider that the *Manhattan*, drawn up under the high side of the *Flamisch*, was a park of cannon in a hole in the ground.

Lieutenant Moore, explaining in the manner of a man with a grievance, took a valuable minute to make the situation plain. He made it plainer than he knew. Keighley narrowed his old eyes and nodded. "Back out, boys!" he called. "Leave yer lines. We'll pick 'em up from the deck."

The men dropped the squirming hose and climbed up the ladders; and as soon as they passed the orlop deck it was evident that they were in a trap. Flames were blowing across the hatch above them, as if the very air had suddenly become inflammable and taken fire from the fierce heat of the July sun. Captain Keighley led up the ladder until he was almost at the top, and then dropped down, singed and satisfied. There was no escape by that way.

"We 'll have to go aft between decks," he said.

An officer of the *Flamisch*, who had remained with them fighting the fire, replied in broken English that the forward hold was shut off from the after part of the boat by two "bookheads" and a "cross-bunker."

Captain Keighley said: "Here, you know yer own boat. Take us out o' here."

The German shook his big, blond head, thought a moment, shook it again, and then made a pass with his hand and nodded. He dropped down the ladder, past the burning cotton, and they followed him, scorched, to the deep hold. He groped his way aft, beside the first pile of grain-sacks, to the partition of steel plates which makes the after wall of the cargo-room, and there he stopped. They heard him beating on the plates with the dull blows of a fat fist. One of the firemen passed him a belt-hatchet. He rang it on the bulkhead. There was no answer. Captain Keighley seized it and rapped like a miner signaling for aid.

The German said resignedly: "He haf gone."

But he was not gone. There was an answering tap from the other side of the metal, a bolt squeaked and grated, and then the bulkhead door swung back on the empty bunker and the faint glow of a furnace in the stoke-hole.

They crawled through the narrow opening into an atmosphere that was cool by comparison with that of the burning cargo-room, and they drew long breaths of relief there, looking around the well of steel at the bottom of which they stood, waiting for the two stokers to screw the bolts of the door in place again. The officer took a little tin lamp—the shape of a miniature watering-pot with a flame in the spout—and held it to give light on the work. One of the stokers looked back over his shoulder, surprised at this condescension. The officer said nothing till both doors were fast. Then he growled at them gutturally, and on the word they dropped their tools and ran, with the whole party at their heels, between hot boilers, through dark furnace-rooms, between more boilers, through the doors of other bulkheads, and finally into the grated galleries of the engine-room, where they found two engineers still standing before their levers, waiting for further orders from the bridge.

Now Captain Keighley, thus far, had moved with a certain swift calmness, speaking in a low voice, and using his eyes, as he used his hands, deliberately, without any darting glances or quick turns. But when he looked up the railed ladders that rose from tier to tier of machinery in the engine-room, he heard a sound above him which he had not expected, and he started up those ladders at the double quick. The crackle of the fire grew louder as he climbed. He heard cries and shouting in the cabins. He smelt smoke again. A puff of heat swirled down on him in a fierce blast. And when he reached the sliding door that gave on the deck, the passageway was filled with flames.

He stepped back from the rush of the four firemen who had refused to obey Lieutenant Moore and who were caught here in the burning house-work. And then, grasping the greasy railing of the ladder, he slid down after them on the "Brownies" who had been following him up. "Get further aft!" he cried.

They dropped into the engine-room as lightly as they would have dropped down the sliding-poles of their "house," and they called to the German officer to show them another stairway farther aft. That officer did not need to be told what they had found above them. He jumped down among the dynamos, stumbled past the ice-engine, dived through the open door of the shaft-tunnel, and swinging himself to the ladder that went up the inside of a ventilator shaft, he led them up that narrow flue hand over hand.

They were 'not half-way up it before they met what they had met above the engine-room—a suffocating heat and smother. The firemen heard the German growling and coughing above them, as big and clumsy as a bear that is being smoked out of a hollow tree. Captain Keighley caught up to him and shouted to him to go on. He answered nothing intelligible and tried to back down. Keighley ordered him to hold fast, and went up over him like a cat.

The others waited, head to heels. "Can't make it," they heard the captain call at last. "Back down, men! Back down!"

They went down to the shaft-tunnel without a word. "We got to wait here till they get that blaze out," he said curtly. "She's afire up there from end to end. I've shut the ventilator cover to keep out

the smoke. We'll be better down below here till they get some water on her."

They were in a corridor of steel plates, seven feet high, five feet wide, and more than thirty feet long. From end to end of it, the big shaft that spins the starboard propeller lay, shining like a steel python, stretched and bound in its bearings. At one end was the wall through which the shaft passed out to the after-peak and the screw; at the other was the entrance from the engine-room, already blue with smoke; above them was the throat of the closed ventilator. They were in a metal vault, far below the surface of the river, with every avenue of escape cut off by the fire above them.

Captain Keighley leaned back against the shaft and took off his helmet.

The men stood waiting. They had depended on him to show them the way out of the danger into which he had led them. One of the "Brownies" demanded: "How are we goin' to get up?"

"Well," Keighley said contemptuously, "I'm not keepin' yuh, am I? 'Get up any way yuh like.'"

III

THE words were Captain Keighley's challenge—a challenge to one of those combats of mind against mind by which the trained leader, turning on his rebellious followers, seems to use the hand of chance and circumstance to whip them into line—a challenge that struck the men before him with a little instinctive start that passed over the group like a shudder.

They stared at him. Some of them were pale, with lips parted. One of the captain's own faction had an odd expression of hurt surprise and reproach. Another was frowning. The man who had spoken said angrily: "*You* brought us down here. Why the — don't yuh take us up?"

The captain smiled. He was clean-shaven, lean-cheeked, thin-lipped, and his smile was not sweet; for he knew that he had been beaten by the fire, and he knew that he could have been so beaten only because of the treachery of his lieutenant and the "Brownies."

"Moore," he said, "take yer friends back to the *Manhattan*. It's goin' to be cooler out there."

The lieutenant blinked at him. It was the first time Keighley had ever openly

shown his quiet understanding of the intrigues among the crew, and the change in his manner was a sufficient menace without the sarcastic implication of his words. What that implication was, Moore was trying not to let himself consider. Fires had been to him what battles are to the general who has political ambitions. That the issue of any of them might endanger his career had been possible; that it might end his life had never seriously occurred to him. And the Adam's apple in his throat worked like a feed-pump gone dry as he swallowed and swallowed this fear.

The men looked at him, and it was evident that he was in no condition to think for them. They looked at the captain, and Keighley's hard eyes were glittering as they shifted down the line from face to face.

"I saw yer frien' Doherty on deck," he said. "I guess yer benev'lent association had something to do with this business, eh?"

They did not answer.

"Well," he said, "I hope it's good fer it. It's goin' to be a heavy call on the treasurer—five of yuh in a bunch."

That was more than they could bear. The man who had acted as their spokesman turned with an oath and ran out to the engine-room. The others broke and followed him, and Captain Keighley remained alone with his lieutenant.

Now the old captain had been a fireman since the days when the Sunday fights between the volunteer hose companies in Philadelphia had been "the only mode of public worship on the Sabbath" there. When those fights had culminated in riot, bloodshed, and the burning of churches, he had come to New York, and run with the "goose-necks" and defied the "leather-heads" until the paid brigade was formed and he took service with it. He had been living among men and politicians ever since; and to the natural cunning of the north of Ireland "sharp-nose" he had added a cynical experience that filled him to the full with the sort of wisdom which comes of such a life. Lieutenant Moore had been so simple to him that the "boy's" attempts to supplant him, with the aid of the chief and the "Brownies," had amused him like a game. He looked at Moore now with an almost kindly contempt and pity.

"You youngsters in the department," he said, "yuh're great politicians. But what

yuh don't know about a fire 's enough to keep yuh from tryin' to play tricks with one—er it ought to be."

Moore stared at him stupidly.

"Yuh 're goin' to get yer fingers burned now. An' it serves yuh —— well right."



"'IT 'S GOIN' TO BE A HEAVY CALL ON THE TREASURER'"

Moore turned away from him in a daze, and stumbled out to the engine-room; and Captain Keighley, having watched him go, proceeded to examine the shaft-tunnel at his leisure. He found nothing but a ball of cotton waste, which he stuffed into his pocket. Then he leaned back calmly and waited for his crew to return.

They were standing in the thickening smoke of the engine-room, waiting for nothing with the quietness of disgusted despair. Sparks were beginning to fall through the gratings. Little splashes of hot water sprinkled down on them. They looked up at the reflection of the flames that were

purring overhead. They spoke in low voices to one another, and every now and then a man who had gone forward toward the stoke-hole or been down on his face crawling below the machinery came back to them from a vain attempt to find a safer spot, and made a gesture of despair. A young German stoker was biting his lips and whining like a frightened animal. No one spoke to Moore.

The last slow pulse of the engines stopped, the electric lights died out, and the glare of the fire reddened the shining metal of columns, cylinders, and piston-rods. No one moved. They watched, as if fascinated, the approach of this blind horror that seemed to be fighting its way down to them through the bars of the gratings, snarling.

At last an engineer joined them with a lamp from the stoke-hole, and they followed him irresolutely back to the dark shaft-tunnel. He passed them all through, and slid over the steel door until there was only a narrow aperture left unclosed. He squeezed himself through that slit, and then with hammer and chisel drove the door home until the opening was merely a crack wide enough to admit the finger-ends. They plugged that crack with their coats and woolen shirts. He put the lamp on top of a shaft-bearing. They sat down on the floor of the tunnel, with their backs against the plates of the after hold. Captain Keighley stood beside the shaft.

"Don't do that," he said to one of the firemen who had begun to strip. "Yuh 'll want all yuh can get between you an' the metal as soon 's that after cargo gets goin'."

The man grumbled: "We 'll be sittin' on top of a red-hot stove in a minute."

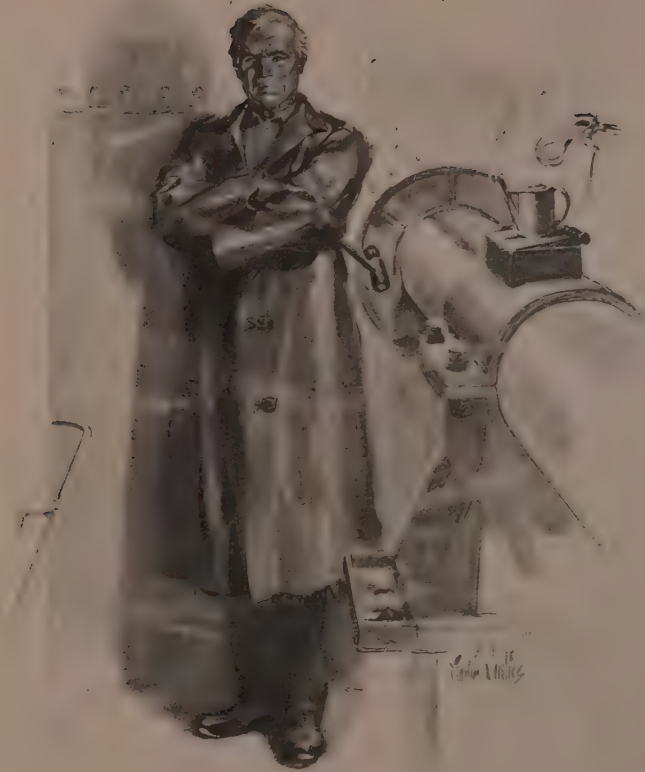
Captain Keighley replied: "Yuh can go outside an' sit *in* one, if yuh want to."

Lieutenant Moore took a quivering breath through dry nostrils, and shut his teeth on the trembling of his jaws. He could hear a low murmur from the fire that was roaring above them. The little lamp flared dully on the bearing. For the rest, there was nothing but darkness and silence and the heat that choked.

"Well?" Captain Keighley said.

No one answered.

"I guess yuh got what yuh been workin' fer, ain't yuh? Yuh got me into trouble. Yuh been tryin' hard enough to push me into a hole ever since I broke Doherty."



Drawn by Martin Justice. Halftone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"I 'LL BRAIN ANY MAN THAT TRIES TO OPEN THIS BEFORE I GIVE THE WORD"

"Look here, sir," one of the men spoke up, "we 're all in this together. There 's no use jawin'."

"That 's right," another added plaintively.

Captain Keighley leaned forward eagerly. "*Now*," he said—"now yuh 're talkin'. If yuh 'd been all together from the first, we would n't be here, d' yuh see? I got to run my company my own way. An' when *you* try to interfere with me, here 's where we get."

Several of the men answered: " 'T was n't our fault." They looked at the lieutenant, who had dropped his head and was gazing, empty-eyed, at his feet.

"No," the captain said suavely; "that 's

right, too. An' it was n't *mine*, either. I never had anything against you boys, an' never *did* anything against yuh."

No one spoke until one of the men asked weakly: "Can't yuh get us out, sir?"

"Yes," he said—"yes. If yuh live long enough, an' *I* do, I 'll get yuh *all* out—ev'ry man Jack of yuh that 's breathin'. An' I won't leave here myself until I do. We got to wait here until that fire burns down, that 's all."

The young German had begun to sob. Lieutenant Moore opened his parched lips to speak, but his tongue, swollen and dry, like a piece of flannel in his mouth, was too thick to turn a word.

The sound of the flames rose suddenly to a muffled grumble. Captain Keighley said: "Here's some cotton waste I hunted up. Pull a wad off to plug yer noses, an' put some in yer mouths. We 'll be breathin' scorch in a minute."

He tore off a greasy ball and passed the roll to Moore. It traveled down the line from hand to hand, as if for a sign of union and peace among them, like a pax.

"Now," he ordered, "get away from the sides of that cargo-room. Lay yerselves out flat 's yuh can."

They obeyed him meekly.

"That 's right," he said. "Stay there,

now. It 's goin' to be so hot in here, some of yuh 'll be goin' off yer heads. Yuh don't want to do that. Yuh want to hang on, understand? Keep still an' hang on. And if yuh feel yerself goin' looney, get a hold of the floor, anyway, an' don't let go. See?"

He took up the engineer's hammer, stepped down to the door, and put his back against it. "I 'll brain any man that tries to open this before I give the word," he said.

The men lay quiet, some flat on their backs, staring glassily at the steel beams overhead, panting with convulsive chests; some on their faces, with their heads on



Drawn by Martin Justice. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"THEY CLIMBED THE LADDERS TO A COAL-PORT"

their arms, gagged and stifling; some drawn up in strained and twisted attitudes, as if in pain. There was a long silence. In their swollen eyeballs sudden lights darted and burst. Above the noise of the blood in their ears they heard a sound of moaning, and did not know it was themselves who moaned. A choked voice struggled in the first wanderings of delirium.

"Steady, there! Steady!" Captain Keighley said. He was standing up, his arms crossed, his face drenched with perspiration, the figure of authority in absolute and unquestioned command at last.

He was still standing there when the lamp burned low, flickered, and went out.

IV

WHAT followed in that shaft-tunnel there is no one who can tell. The men themselves were never able to remember any more than a convalescent can remember of the delirium of his fever. For eight hours they were compelled to endure the blistering, choking, maddening heat of a metal oven; and those who kept their wits the longest recall a scene too horrible to be described.

How, finally, when the fire had burned down, they made their way forward from the tunnel, through the engine-room and the stoke-holes, to an empty bunker; how they climbed the ladders to a coal-port, and found the steel shutter of it open; who led them, or how he knew the way—all this is as unknown to any of them as if it were a dream that had been forgotten when they woke. But this is certain: At nightfall, when the *Flamisch*—beached on the Jersey mud-flats, with her paint peeled off her sides, her funnel blackened, her upper works a skeleton of blistered metal—lay like a smoking fire-log, gray, and hot, and steaming where the streams of tugs and fire-boats struck her, the battalion chief in charge of the *Manhattan* heard a noise of hammering that seemed to come from the *Flamisch's* ashen sides, and thought it was the sound of a pump set going by some crazy accident of the fire. He was sheltering himself behind the wheel-house from the radiated heat of the smoldering hulk. At a shout from a fireman on the other side of the boat, he ran out to the bows. "I saw a light," the man said. "There!"

The spark of a lantern was swinging

from side to side amidships. They howled excitedly: "Hi! Hi! Hullo! All right! All right! Hol' on!"

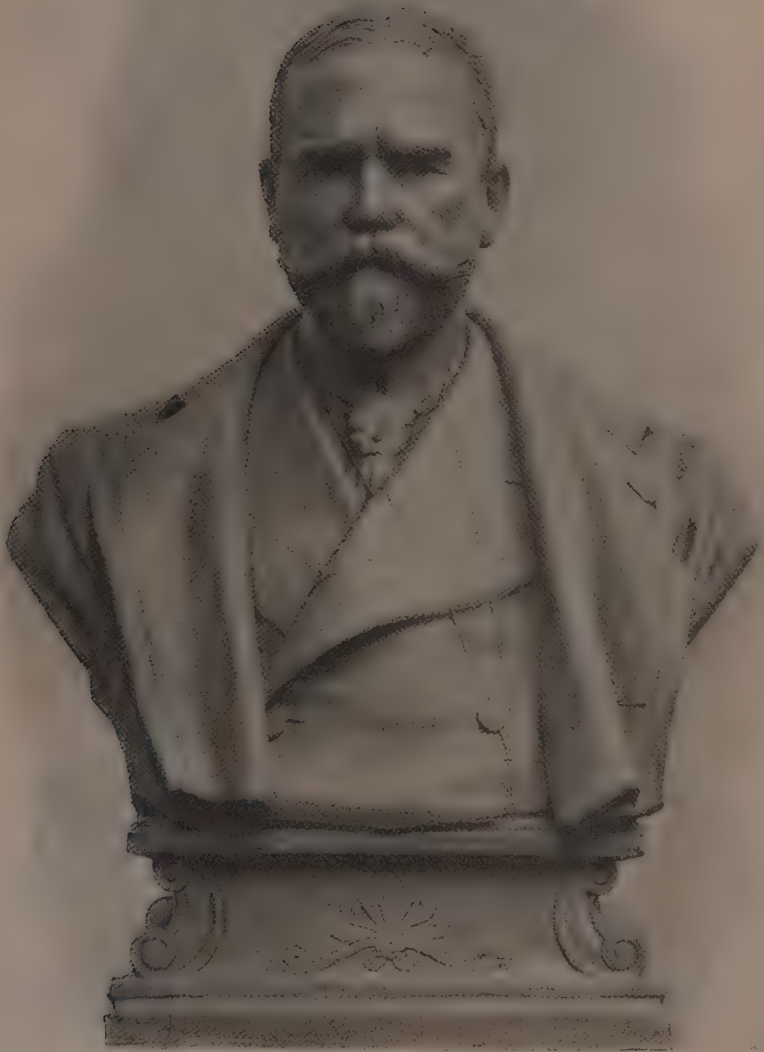
"Turn the spray on the deck here," the battalion chief ordered. "Half speed ahead. There's some one alive on her. Gawd!"

The heat, as they crept in, dried their eyes till they were blinded by a gush of tears. Blurred by these, the light swung big in the darkness. "Who is it? Who is it?" they called.

A weak hail answered them. The dripping fender of hemp on the nose of the *Manhattan* touched the side of the *Flamisch* and hissed on the hot metal in a cloud of steam. Erect in the bows, drenched with the spray of the hose, the chief cried in a voice of suffocation: "Jump!"

From the coal-port above him a half-naked figure squirmed out, hung kicking, and fell into his arms. Another and another followed, the chief and his men catching them as they came, and shouting encouragement through the steam that rose on all sides with the smell of blistered paint. Some came head first, at the risk of their lives. One, in the struggle at the narrow opening, was thrown into the water and had to be dragged out with a boat-hook. Others fell on their feet, and throwing themselves on the deck with hoarse cries, began to roll around in the spray. Lieutenant Moore came down unconscious, stiff and contorted, and lay still; and Captain Keighley, falling beside him, crawled, with his mouth open, to the nozzle of the hose. "All off!" he gasped. "Start—start yer water. Water!"

AND that was the end of the dissensions among Captain Keighley's men. They forgot the tortures of their eight hours in the shaft-tunnel; they never forgot the fear and respect with which he had inspired them there. His manner toward them continued the same as it had been before the fire on the *Flamisch*, but they had learned what might hide behind it; and, old, cold, and silent, he commanded them, thereafter, almost with his eyes—from Lieutenant Moore, who never remained alone in their office with him, down to the latest "probationer" on trial with the *Manhattan* and awed by the awkward reverence of the crew.



EXAMPLES OF AMERICAN PORTRAITURE, XII:


BUST OF JOHN HAY BY AUGUSTUS SAINT GAUDENS



CHAPTERS FROM MY DIPLOMATIC LIFE

EMBASSY AT BERLIN (1897-1902): II

BY ANDREW D. WHITE

N interesting event of my ambassadorship to Germany was the appearance in Berlin of ex-President and Mrs. Harrison. He had but recently finished his long and wearisome work before the Venezuelan Arbitration Tribunal at Paris; and was happy in the consciousness of duty accomplished and liberty obtained. Marks of high distinction were shown them. The sovereigns invited them to attend the festivities at Potsdam in honor of the Queen and Queen Mother of Holland, who were then staying there, and treated them not only with respect, but with cordiality.

The Emperor conversed long with Mr. Harrison on various public matters of interest: on noted Americans whom he had met, on the growth of our fleet, on recent events in our history, and the like, characteristically ending with a discussion of the superb music which we had been hearing; and, at the supper which followed, insisted that the ex-President should sit at his side, the Empress giving a similar invitation to Mrs. Harrison.

At a later period a dinner was given to the ex-President by the Chancellor of the Empire, Prince Hohenlohe, at which a number of the leading personages in the empire were present; and it was a pleasure to show my own respect for the former Chief Magistrate by a reception which was attended by about two hundred of our American colony, and a dinner at which he and Mrs. Harrison made the acquaintance of leading representative Germans in various fields.

In another place I speak of President

Harrison as of abrupt and, at times, repellent manners; but the absence of these characteristics during his stay in Berlin, and afterward in New York, made it clear to me that the cold exterior which I had noted in him at Washington, especially when Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Lodge, and sundry others of us urged upon him an extension of the classified civil service, was adopted as a means of preventing encroachments upon the time necessary for his daily duties. He now appeared in a very different light, his discussion of men and events showing not only earnest thought and deep penetration, but a rich vein of humor; and his whole bearing, simple, dignified, kindly, being all that could be desired.

AN EMBASSY WITHOUT A PERMANENT HOME

DURING the winter of 1899-1900 came an addition to my experiences of what American representatives abroad have to expect under our present happy-go-lucky provision for the diplomatic service. As stated in the previous article, on arriving in Berlin I had great difficulty in obtaining any fitting quarters, but at last secured a large and suitable apartment in an excellent part of the city, its only disadvantage being that my guests had to plod up seventy-five steps in order to reach it. Having been obliged to make large outlays for fittings, repairs, and furniture, I found that more than the entire salary of my first year had been thus sunk; but I congratulated myself that I had at least obtained a residence



From a photograph by Mayall, taken at London in 1861, owned by Robert Coster.
Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

EMPERESS FREDERICK AS THE CROWN PRINCESS OF PRUSSIA
(PRINCESS ROYAL OF ENGLAND)

comfortable and suitable. To be sure, it was inferior to that of any other ambassador,—inferior, indeed, to those of many ministers of smaller states,—but I had fitted it up so that it was considered creditable. Suddenly, about eighteen months afterward, without a word of warning, came notice from the proprietor that my lease was void, that he had sold the house and that I must leave it, so that it looked as if the American embassy would at an early day be turned into the street. This was trying indeed: it was at the beginning of the social season, and interfered greatly

with my duties of every sort; and there cropped out a feeling, among all conversant with the case, which I cannot say was conducive to respect for the wisdom of those who give laws to our country.

But, happily, I had insisted on inserting in the lease a clause which seemed to make it doubtful whether the proprietor could turn me out so easily and speedily. Under German law it was a very precarious reliance, but on this I took my stand, and at last, thanks mainly to the kindness of my colleague who succeeded me in the apartment, a compromise was made under

which I was enabled to retain it for a year longer.

It may be interesting for an American who has a proper feeling regarding the position of his country abroad to know that

others connected with its legation in the German capital.

On the theory of line upon line and precept upon precept, I again call attention, not to the wrong done me by this



From a photograph by C. Pietzner

FRANCIS JOSEPH, EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA

the purchaser of the entire house—not only of the floor which I had occupied, but of the similar apartment beneath, as well as that on the ground floor—was the little grand duchy of Baden, which in this way provided for its minister, secretaries, and

American policy, or rather want of policy, for I knew in coming what I had to expect, but to the injury thus done to the *proper standing of our country before the other nations of the world*. Again I insist that, in its own interest, a government like ours

ought, in every capital where it is represented, to possess or to hold on long lease a house or apartment suitable to its representative and creditable to itself.

IN HONOR OF SCIENCE

EARLY in the spring of 1900 came an event of some historical interest. On the 19th of March and the two days following was celebrated the two-hundredth anniversary of the founding of the Royal Academy of Sciences. The Emperor as well as the academy had determined to make it a great occasion, and the result was a series of very brilliant pageants. The Emperor's speech was characteristic. It showed that his heart was in the matter; that he felt a just pride in the achievements of German science, and was determined that no efforts of his should be wanting to increase and extend them. After the close of the function, which was made in the same stately way as its beginning, an American professor said to me: "Well, I am an American and a Republican; but when I am in a monarchy I like to see a thing of this kind done in the most magnificent way possible, as it was this morning." A day or two afterward, at the dinner given to the ambassadors by the Emperor, I told him this story. He laughed heartily and then said: "Your friend is right: if a man is to be a monarch, let him be a monarch; Dom Pedro of Brazil tried to be something else, and it did not turn out well."

AT THE COMING OF AGE OF THE CROWN PRINCE

IMPRESSIVE in a different way were the ceremonies attendant upon the coming of age of the German crown prince on the 6th of May, 1900. To do honor to the occasion, the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria-Hungary had sent word that he would be present, and for many days the whole city seemed mainly devoted to decorating its buildings and streets for his visit; the culmination of the whole being at the Pariser Platz, in front of the Brandenburg Gate, where a triumphal arch and obelisks were erected, with other decorations, patriotic and complimentary. On the morning of the 4th he arrived, and, entering the city at the side of the German Emperor, each in the uniform of the other, was received

by the burgomaster and town council of Berlin; and then passing on through the Linden, which was showily decorated, he was enthusiastically greeted everywhere. No doubt this greeting was thoroughly sincere, since all good Germans look upon Francis Joseph as their truest ally.

Next evening there was a gala performance at the Royal Opera, the play presented being, of all things in the world, Auber's "Bronze Horse," which is a farcical Chinese fairy-tale set to very light and pleasing music. The stage settings were gorgeous, but the audience was still more so, delegates from all the greater powers of the world being present, including the heirs to the British and Italian thrones, the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia, and a multitude of other scions of royalty. One feature was comical. Near me sat his excellency the Chinese minister, surrounded by his secretaries and attachés, all apparently delighted; and on my asking him, through his interpreter, how he liked it, he said: "Very much. This shows the Europeans that in China we know how to amuse ourselves." Of the fact that it was a rather highly charged caricature of Chinese officialdom, he seemed either really or diplomatically unconscious.

On the following morning I was received in audience by the German Emperor, bringing to him a message of congratulation from President McKinley; and when his Majesty had replied very cordially, he introduced me to the crown prince, standing at his side, to whom I gave the President's best wishes. Then came, in the chapel of the palace, an impressive religious service, the address by Dr. Dryander being eloquent, and the music, by the cathedral choir and, at times, by a great military orchestra, both far above us in the dome, beautiful. At its close the crown prince came forward, stood before the altar, where I had seen his parents married twenty years before, and the oath of allegiance, which was quite long, having been read to him by the colonel of his regiment, he repeated it word for word and made his solemn pledge, lifting one hand and grasping the imperial standard with the other. Then, after receiving affectionate embraces from his father and mother, he was congratulated by the sovereigns and royal personages. The ambassadors and ministers having been then received by the Emperor

and Empress, the young prince came along the line and spoke to each of us in a very unaffected and manly way. He was at that time somewhat taller than his father, with an intelligent and pleasant face; and is likely, I should say, to do well in his great position, though not possessing, probably, anything like his father's varied gifts and graces.

THE SORROWS OF FRANCIS JOSEPH

THE Emperor Francis Joseph is probably as thoroughly beloved by his subjects as any sovereign in history has ever been. His great misfortunes—fearful defeats in the wars with France and Germany, the suicide of his only son, the assassination of his wife, and family troubles in more recent times—have thrown about him an atmosphere of romantic sympathy; while liking for his kindly qualities is mingled with respect for his plain common sense. During his stay in Berlin I met him a second time. At my first presentation at Dresden, two years before, there was little opportunity for extended conversation; but he now spoke at length and in a manner which showed him to be observant of the world's affairs even in remote regions. He discussed the recent increase of our army, the progress of our war in the Philippines, and the extension of American enterprise in various parts of the world, in a way which was not at all perfunctory, but evidently the result of large information and careful observation. His empire, which is a seething caldron of hates, racial, religious, political, and local, is held together by love and respect for him; but when he dies this personal tie which unites all these different races, parties, and localities will disappear, and in place of it will come the man who by force of untoward circumstances is to be his successor, and this is anything but a pleasing prospect to an Austro-Hungarian, or indeed to any thoughtful observer of human affairs.

GERMAN AND AMERICAN TIES

INTERESTING to me at this period was a visit from representatives of the "Kriegerverein"—German-Americans who had formerly fought in the war between Germany and France, who had since become American citizens, and who were now revisiting

their native land. They were a very manly body, evidently taking pride in the American flag they bore, and also in the part they had played in Germany. Replying to a friendly address by their commanding officer, I took up some current American fallacies regarding Germany and Germans, encouraged my hearers to stand firm against sensational efforts to make trouble between the two countries, and urged them to keep their children in knowledge of the German language and in touch with German civilization, while bringing them up as thoroughly loyal Americans, reminding them that every American who is interested in German history or literature or science or art is an additional link in the chain which binds together the two nations. The speech was of a very offhand sort, but it seemed to strike deep and speed far, for it evoked most kindly letters of congratulation and thanks from various parts of Germany and the United States.

AMERICAN PRESTIGE IN REGARD TO CHINA

THE most striking episode in the history of the world during these years was the revolution in China. The first event which startled mankind was the murder of Baron von Ketteler, the German minister at Peking, a man of remarkable abilities and accomplishments, who was thought sure to rise high among diplomats, and who had especially attracted American friendships by his marriage with an American lady. The impression created by this calamity was made all the greater by the fact that, in the absence of further news from the Chinese capital, there was reason to fear that the whole diplomatic corps, with their families, might be murdered. American action in the entanglements which followed was prompt and successful: thinking men everywhere soon saw it to be so. Toward the end of July, 1900, being about to go to America for the summer, I took leave of Count von Bülow at the Foreign Office, and, on coming out, met one of my colleagues, who, though representing one of the lesser European powers, was well known as shrewd and far-sighted. He said: "I congratulate you on the course pursued by your government during this fearful Chinese imbroglio. Other powers have made haste to jump into war: your admiral at

Tientsin seems the only one who has kept his head; other governments have treated representatives of the Chinese Empire as hostile, and in doing so have cut themselves off from all direct influence on the Peking government: your government at Washington has taken an opposite course, has considered the troubles as, *prima facie*, the work of insurrectionists, has insisted on claiming friendship with the constituted authorities in China, and, in view of this friendship, has insisted on being kept in communication with its representative at the Chinese capital, the result being that your government has been allowed to communicate with its representative, and has thereby gained the information and issued the orders which have saved the entire diplomatic corps, as well as the forces of the different powers now in Peking."

It was one of those contemporary testimonies to the skill of Mr. McKinley and Secretary Hay which indicate the verdict of history.

Our later policy was equally sound. It was to prevent any further territorial encroachments on China by foreign powers, and to secure the opening of the empire, on equal terms, to the commerce of the entire world. On the other hand, the German government, exasperated by the murder of its minister at Peking, was at first inclined to go beyond this; and a speech of the Emperor to his troops as they were leaving Germany for the seat of war was hastily construed to mean that they were to carry out a policy of extermination and confiscation. Even after the first natural outburst of indignation against the Chinese, it looked as if the ultimatum presented by the powers would include demands which could never be met, and would entangle all the powers in a long and tedious war, leading, perhaps, to a worse catastrophe. Quietly but vigorously, from first to last, the American policy was urged by Mr. Conger, American minister at Peking, and by other representatives of our government abroad; and it was a happy morning for me when I received, at the Berlin Foreign Office, the assurance that Germany would not consider the earlier conditions presented by the powers to the Chinese government as "irrevocable." My constant contention, during interviews at the Foreign Office, was that the United States desired as anxiously to see the main miscreants punished

as did any other nation, but that it was of no use to demand, upon members of the imperial family and upon generals in command of great armies, extreme penalties which the Chinese government was not strong enough to inflict, or enormous indemnities which it was not rich enough to pay; that our aim was not quixotic, but practical, and that, in advocating steadily the "open-door" policy, we were laboring quite as much for other powers as for ourselves. Of course we were charged in various quarters with cold-bloodedness and with merely seeking to promote our own interest in trade; but the Japanese, who could understand the question better than the Western powers, steadily adhered to our policy, and more and more, in its main lines, it proved to be correct.

On the Fourth of July, 1900, came the celebration of our national independence at Leipsic, and being asked to respond to the first regular toast, and having at my former visit dwelt especially upon the Presidency, my theme now became the character and services of the President himself; and it was a pleasure to find that my statement was received by the German press in a way showing a reaction from previous injustice.

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY'S POISE

DURING August and September preceding the political campaign which resulted in Mr. McKinley's reelection, I was in the United States. It was the hottest summer in very many years, and certainly, within my whole experience, there had been no torrid heat like that during my visits to Washington. Nearly every one seemed prostrated by it. Going to the White House to pay my respects to the President, I found him the one man in Washington perfectly cool, serene, and unaffected by the burning heat or by the pressure of public affairs. Although matters in Cuba, in Porto Rico, in the Philippines, in China, and in the political campaign then going on must have been constantly in his mind, he had plenty of time, seemed to take trouble about nothing, and kept me in his office for a full hour, discussing calmly the various phases of the situation as they were affected by matters in Germany.

His discussion of public affairs showed the same quiet insight and strength which

I had recognized in him when we first met, in 1884, as delegates at the Chicago National Convention. One thing during this Washington interview struck me especially: I asked him if he was to make any addresses during the campaign. He answered: "No; several of my friends have urged me to do so, but I shall not. I intend to return to what seems to me the better policy of the earlier Presidents. The American people have my administration before them; they have ample material for judging it, and with them I shall silently leave the whole matter." He said this in a perfectly simple, quiet way, which showed that he meant what he said. At the time I regretted his decision; but it soon became clear that he was right.

A WITTICISM OF THE FRENCH
AMBASSADOR

AT the beginning of the year 1901 came the two-hundredth anniversary of the founding of the Prussian kingdom. Representatives of the other governments of the world appeared at court in full force; and, under instructions from the President, I tendered his congratulations and best wishes to the monarch, who spoke heartily in reply.

The religious ceremonies in the palace chapel, with magnificent music; the great banquet, which included a pertinent speech from the monarch; and the gala representation at the opera, all passed off well: but, perhaps, that which will dwell longest in my memory took place at the latter. The performance consisted of two pieces—one a poem glorifying Prussia, recited with music; the other a play in four acts, with long musical interludes, deifying the Great Elector and the house of Hohenzollern. Though splendid in scenic setting and brilliant in presentation, it was very long, and the ambassadors' box was crowded and hot. In the midst of it all, the French ambassador, the Marquis de Noailles, one of the most suave, courteous, and placid of men, quietly remarked, with inimitable gravity, "What a bore this must be to those who understand German!" ("Comme ça doit être ennuyeux à ceux qui comprennent l'Allemand!") This sudden revelation of a lower depth of boredom, from one who could not understand a word of the play, was worthy of his ancestors in the days of Saint-Simon and Dangeau.

ANECDOTES OF THE EMPRESS FREDERICK

THEN came the death of the Empress Frederick. Even during her tragic struggle with Bismarck and the unpopularity which beset her at the time of my former official term at Berlin, she had been kind to me and mine. At my presentation to her in those days at Potsdam, when she stood by the side of her husband,—afterward the most beloved of emperors since Marcus Aurelius,—she evidently exerted herself to make the interview pleasant to me. She talked of American art and the Colorado pictures of Moran, which she had seen and admired; of German art and the Madonna painted by Knaus for the Russian Empress, which Miss Wolfe had given to the Metropolitan Museum at New York; and in reply to my congratulations upon a recent successful public speech of her eldest son, then a student at Bonn, she had dwelt, in a motherly way, upon the difficulties which environ a future sovereign at a great university. In more recent days, and especially during the years before her death, she had been, at her table in Berlin and at her castle of Kronberg, especially courteous.

There comes back to me pleasantly a kindly retort of hers. I had spoken to her of a portrait of George III which had interested me at the old castle of Homburg nearly forty years before. It had been sent to his daughter, the Landgravine of Hesse-Homburg, who had evidently wished to see her father's face as it had really become; for it represented the King, not in the gold-laced uniform, not in the trim wig, not in the jauntily tied queue of his official portraits and statues, but as he was: in confinement; wretched and demented; in a slouching gown; with a face sad beyond expression, his long white hair falling about it and over it; of all portraits in the world, save that, at Florence, of Charles V in his old age, the saddest. So, the conversation drifting upon George III and upon the old feeling between the United States and Great Britain, now so happily changed, I happened to say: "It is a remembrance of mine, now hard to realize, that I was brought up to abhor the memory of George III." At this she smiled and answered: "That was very unjust, for I was brought up to adore the memory of Washington."

Then she spoke at length regarding the feeling of her father and mother toward the United States during our Civil War, saying that again and again she had heard her father argue with her mother, Queen Victoria, for the Union and against slavery. She discussed current matters of world politics with the strength of a statesman; yet no one could be more womanly in the highest sense. On my saying that I hoped to see the day when Germany, Great Britain, and the United States would stand together in guarding the peace of the world, she threw up her hands and replied: "Heaven grant it! But you forget Japan."

The funeral at Potsdam dwells in my memory as worthy of her. Pomp and splendor there were, but subdued, as was befitting; and while the foreign representatives stood beside the coffin, the Emperor spoke to me, very simply and kindly, of his sorrow and of mine. Then, to the sound of funeral music and muffled church bells, he and the King of Great Britain, with members of their immediate families, accompanied by the ambassadors and followed by a long procession, walked slowly along the broad avenue through that beautiful forest, until, in the Church of Peace, the Empress Frederick was laid by the side of her husband, Emperor Frederick the Noble.

GERMAN RESPECT FOR PRESIDENT McKINLEY

DARKEST of all hours during my embassy was that which brought news of the assassination of President McKinley. It was on the very day after his speech at Buffalo had won for him the admiration and good will of the world. Then came a week of anxiety, of hope alternating with fear; I not hopeful, for there came back to me memories of President Garfield's assassination during my former official stay in Berlin, and of our hope against hope during his struggle for life—all brought to naught. Late in the evening of September 13 came news of the President's death, opening a new depth of sadness, for I had come not merely to revere him as a patriot and admire him as a statesman, but to love him as a man. Few days have seemed more overcast than that Sunday when, at the little American Church in Berlin, our colony held a simple service of mourning,

the Imperial Minister of Foreign Affairs and other representatives of the government having quietly come to us. The feeling of the German people—awe, sadness, and even sympathy—was real. Formerly they had disliked and distrusted the President as the author of the protective policy which had cost their industries dear; but now, after his declaration favoring reciprocity, with his full recognition of the brotherhood of nations, and in view of this calamity, so sudden, so distressing, there had come a revulsion.

To see one whom I so honored, and who had formerly been so greatly misrepresented, at last recognized as a great and true man was, at least, a solace.

CONFERENCES WITH THE CHINESE MINISTER

AT this period came a curious episode in my official career. During the war in China, the Chinese minister at Berlin, Lü Hai Hwan, feeling himself cut off from relations with the government to which he was accredited, and indeed with all the other powers of Europe, had come at various times to me; and with him fortunately came his embassy counselor, Dr. Kreyer, whom I had previously known at Berlin and St. Petersburg as a thoughtful man, deeply anxious for the welfare of China and appreciative of the United States, where he had received his education. The minister was a kindly old mandarin of high rank, genial, gentle, evidently struggling hard against the depression caused by the misfortunes of his country, and seeking some little light, if perchance, any was to be obtained.

During his visits to me and my return visits to him the whole condition of things in China was freely and fully discussed, and never have I exerted myself more to give useful advice. First, I insisted upon the necessity of amends for the fearful wrong done by China to other nations, and then presented my view of the best way of developing in his country a civilization strong enough to resist hostile forces, exterior and interior. As to dealings with the Christian missionaries, against whom he showed no fanatical spirit, but who, as he thought, had misunderstood China and done much harm, I sought to show him that the presumption was in their favor, but that if the Chinese government ulti-

mately came to the decision that their stay in China was incompatible with the safety of the nation, its course was simple: that on no account was it to kill or injure any of them, or of their converts; that while, in my view, it would be wise to arrange for their continuance in China under proper regulation, still, if they must be expelled, it should be done in the most kindly and considerate way, and with due indemnity for any losses to which they might be subjected.

Of course there was no denying that, under the simplest principles of international law, China has the right at any moment to shut its doors against, or to expel, any people whatever whom it may consider dangerous or injurious, this power being constantly exercised by all the other nations of the earth, and by none more than by the American government, as so many Chinese seeking entrance to our ports have discovered; but again and again I warned him that this, if it were ever done at all, must be done without harshness, and that any return to the cruelties of the past would probably end in the dividing up of maritime China, at least, among the great powers of the world.

As to the building up of the nation, I laid stress on the establishment of institutions for technical instruction, and took pains to call his attention to what had been done in the United States and by various European governments in this respect. He seemed favorably impressed by this, but dwelt on what he considered the fanaticism of sundry Chinese supporters of technical education against the old Chinese classical instruction. Here I suggested to him the working out of a system which might save what was good in the old mode of instruction—namely, the continuance of the best of the old classical instruction, but giving also high rank to modern studies.

We also talked over the beginning of a better development of the Chinese army and navy, of a better system of taxation, and of the nations from which good examples and competent instruction might be drawn in these various fields. Curious was his suggestion of a possible amalgamation of Chinese moral views with the religious creeds of the Western world. He observed that Christianity seemed to be weak mainly on the moral side, and he suggested, at some length, a combination of the Christian re-

ligion with the Confucian morality. Interesting was it to hear him, as a Confucian, dwell on the services which might thus be rendered to civilization. There was a simple, kindly shrewdness in the man, and a personal dignity which was proof against the terrible misfortunes which had beset his country. Again and again he revisited me, always with some new phase of the questions at issue which he wished to discuss. I could only hope that, as he was about to return to China, some of the ideas brought out in our conversations might prove fruitful.

BRITISH SYMPATHY WITH AMERICA

ON my journey to America, made necessary by the sudden death of my son, I accepted Mr. Carnegie's invitation to visit him at his castle of Skibo, in the extreme north of Scotland. Very striking, during the two days by rail from London to Edinburgh and from Edinburgh to Bonar, were the evidences of mourning for President McKinley in every city, village, and hamlet. It seemed natural that, in the large towns and on great public buildings, flags at half-mast should show a sense of the calamity which had befallen a sister nation; but what appealed to me most were the draped and half-masted flags on the towers of the little country churches, and on the cottages. Never before in the history of any two countries had such evidences of brotherly feeling been shown. Thank God! brotherly feeling had conquered demagogism.

A HUNTING INVITATION TO EMPEROR WILLIAM FROM PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

ON my return to Berlin, being invited to Potsdam for the purpose, I gave the Emperor the very hearty message which President Roosevelt had sent him. During this interview and the family dinner which followed it, he spoke most appreciatively and intelligently of the President, of the recent victory for good government in the city of New York, of the skill shown by Americans in great works of public utility, and especially of the remarkable advances in the development of our navy.

One part of this conversation had a lighter cast. At the close of that portion of the communication from the President

which referred to various public affairs, came a characteristic touch in the shape of an invitation to hunt in the Rocky Mountain regions. It was the simple message of one healthy, hearty, vigorous hunter to another, and was to the effect that the President especially envied the Emperor for having shot a whale; but that if his Majesty would come to America he should have the best possible opportunity to add to his trophies a Rocky Mountain lion, and that he would thus be the first monarch to kill a lion since Tiglath-Pileser, whose exploit is shown on the old monuments of Assyria. The hearty way in which the message was received showed that it would have been gladly accepted had that been possible.

PRINCE HENRY'S VISIT

ON New Year's day of 1902 began the sixth year of my official stay at Berlin. At his reception of the ambassadors, the Emperor was very cordial, spoke most heartily regarding President Roosevelt, and asked me to forward his request that the President's daughter might be allowed to christen the imperial yacht then building in America. In due time this request was granted, and, as the special representative of the sovereign at its launching, he named his brother, Prince Henry. No man in the empire could have been more fitly chosen. His career as chief admiral of the German navy had prepared him to profit by such a journey, and his winning manners assured him a hearty welcome.

My more serious duties were now relieved by sundry festivities, and of these was a dinner on the night of the prince's departure from Berlin, given to the American embassy by the Emperor, who hoped that the proposed expedition would strengthen good feeling between the two countries. After dinner, we all sat in the smoking-room of the old Schloss until midnight, and various pleasant features of the conversation dwell in my memory, particularly the Emperor's discussions of Mark Twain and other American humorists; but perhaps the most curious was his amusement over a cutting from an American newspaper—a printed recipe for an American concoction known as "Hohenzollern punch," said to be in readiness for the prince on his arrival. The number of intoxicants and the ingenuity

of their combination, as his Majesty read the list aloud, were amazing; it was a terrific brew, which only a very tough seaman could expect to survive.

But as we all took leave of the prince at the station afterward, there were in my heart and mind serious misgivings. I knew well that, though the great mass of the American people were sure to give him a hearty welcome, there were scattered along his route many fanatics, and, most virulent of all, those who had just then been angered by the doings of sundry Prussian underlings in Poland. I must confess that during his whole stay in America I was uneasy, and that among the bright days of my life was that on which the news came that he was on board a German liner and on his return.

One feature of that evening is perhaps more worthy of record. After the departure of the prince, the Emperor's conversation took a more serious turn, and as we walked alone toward his carriage, he said: "My brother's mission has no political character whatever, save in one contingency. If the efforts made in certain parts of Europe to show that the German government sought to bring about a European combination against the United States during your Spanish war are persisted in, I have authorized him to lay before the President certain papers which will put that slander at rest forever." As it turned out, there was little need of this, since the course both of the Emperor and his government was otherwise amply vindicated.

Later, during a gala opera given in honor of the Shah of Persia and the crown prince of Siam, the Emperor talked interestingly regarding the kindness shown his brother by the American people, at the close of which he presented me to his guest, the crown princess of Saxony. She was remarkably kindly and pleasing, discussing various topics with heartiness and simplicity; and it was a vast surprise to me, a few months later, when she became the heroine of perhaps the most scandalous escapade in the modern history of royalty.

A VISIT TO OXFORD AND EDINBURGH

MR. CARNEGIE having established the institution for research which bears his name

at Washington, with an endowment of ten million dollars, and named me among the trustees, my old friend, Dr. Gilman, had later been chosen president of the new institution, and had now arrived in Berlin to study the best that Germans were doing for research in science. Our excursions to various institutions interested me greatly; both the men we met and the things we saw were full of instruction to us, and of all public duties I have had to discharge, I recall none with more profit and pleasure. One thing in this matter struck me as never before—the quiet wisdom and foresight with which the various German governments prepare to profit by the best which science can be made to yield to them in every field.

During the summer a study of some of the most important industries at the Düsseldorf Exposition proved useful; but somewhat later other excursions had a more direct personal interest: for within a few hours of each other came two unexpected communications—one from the President of Yale University, commissioning me to represent my alma mater at the tercentenary of the Bodleian at Oxford; the other from the University of St. Andrews, inviting me to the installation of Mr. Andrew Carnegie as lord rector of that institution; and both these I accepted.

The celebration at Oxford was in every way interesting to me; but I may say frankly that, of all things which gave me pleasure, the foremost was the speech of presentation in the Sheldonian Theatre when the doctorate of civil law was conferred upon me. The first feature in this speech, assigning the reasons for conferring the degree, was a most kindly reference to my part in establishing the Arbitration Tribunal at the International Conference of The Hague, and this, of course, was gratifying; but the second half of the speech touched me more nearly, for it was a friendly appreciation of my book regarding the historical relations between science and theology in Christendom; and such an appreciation, from that quarter, was the last thing in the world I had ever expected to receive.

There was indeed one slight mishap. Being called upon to speak in behalf of the guests at the great dinner in Christ Church Hall, I endeavored to make a point which I thought new and, perhaps,

usefully suggestive. Having referred to the increasing number of international congresses, expositions, conferences, academic commemorations, anniversaries, and the like, I dwelt briefly on their agency in generating friendships among men of influence in different countries, and therefore in maintaining international good will, and then especially urged, as the pith and point of my speech, that such agencies had recently been made potent for peace as never before. In support of this view, I called attention to the fact that the Peace Conference at The Hague had not only established an arbitration tribunal for *preventing* war, but also a number of arrangements, such as international "commissions of inquiry," the system of "seconding powers," and the like, for *delaying* war, thus securing time during which better international feelings could assert themselves and reasonable men on each side could work together to bring in the sober second thought; that thereby the friendships promoted by these international festivities had been given, as never before, time to assert themselves as an effective force for peace against jingo orators, yellow presses, and hotheads generally; and finally, in view of this increased efficiency of such gatherings in promoting peace, I urged that they might well be multiplied on both sides of the Atlantic, and that as many delegates as possible should be sent to them.

"A poor thing, but mine own." Alas! next day, in the press, I was reported as simply uttering the truism that such gatherings increase the peaceful feeling of nations; and so the main point of my little speech was lost. But it was a slight matter, and of all my visits to Oxford this will remain in my memory as the most delightful.

The visit to St. Andrews was also happy. After the principal of the university had conferred the doctorate of laws upon several of the guests, including Mr. Choate, the American ambassador at London, and myself, Mr. Carnegie made his rectorial address. It was decidedly original, its main feature being an appeal for a union of European nations for the protection of their industries and for the promotion of universal peace, with a summons to the German Emperor to put himself at the head of a movement for that purpose. It

was prepared with skill and delivered with force. Very curious were the attempts of the great body of students to throw the speaker off his guard by comments, questions, and chaff. I learned later that, more than once, orators had thus been entrapped and entangled, and that on one occasion an address had been completely wrecked by such interruptions. But Mr. Carnegie's Scotch-Yankee wit carried him through triumphantly; he met all these efforts with equanimity and good humor, and soon had the audience completely on his side.

RETIREMENT AT THREESCORE AND TEN

RETURNING to Berlin, there came preparations for the closing of my connection with the embassy. I had long before decided that on my seventieth birthday I would cease to hold any official position whatever. Pursuant to that resolution, my resignation had been sent to the President, with the statement that it must be considered final. In return came the kindest possible letters both from him and from the Secretary of State, attributing a value to my services so much beyond anything I would dare claim that I have preferred to lay them aside for my grandchildren, rather than to expose myself to the charge of unbounded egotism, which would surely follow a display of them in print.

On my birthday came a new outburst of kindness. From all parts of Europe and America arrived letters and telegrams, while from the Americans in various parts of Germany, especially from the Berlin colony, came a superbly engrossed address, and with it a succession of kindly visitors representing all ranks in Berlin society. One or two of these testimonials I may be pardoned for especially mentioning. Some time after the letter from President Roosevelt above mentioned, there had come from him a second epistle, containing a sealed envelop, on which were inscribed the words, "To be opened on your seventieth birthday." Being duly opened on the morning of that day, it was found to be even more heartily appreciative than his former letter, and the same was found to be true of a second letter by the Secretary of State, Mr. Hay; so that I add these to the treasures to be handed down to my grandchildren.

Shortly afterward came a most cordial letter from Chancellor von Bülow.

Especially noteworthy also was the farewell dinner given me at the Kaiserhof by the German-American Association. Never had I seen so many Germans eminent in politics, diplomacy, literature, science, art, education, and commerce assembled on any single occasion. Hearty speeches were made by the Minister of the Interior, Count Posadowsky, who presided, and by Professor Harnack of the university, who had been selected to present the congratulations of my entertainers. I replied at length, and as in previous speeches during my career both as minister and ambassador I had endeavored to present to my countrymen at home and abroad the claims of Germany upon American good will, I now endeavored to reveal to the great body of thinking Germans some of the deeper characteristics and qualities of the American people; my purpose being in this, as in previous speeches, to bring about a better understanding between the two nations.

The Emperor being absent in England, my departure from Berlin was delayed somewhat beyond the time I had fixed; but on the 27th of November came my final day in office. In the morning my wife and I were received in special audience by both the sovereigns, who afterward welcomed us at their table. Both showed unaffected cordiality. The Emperor discussed with me various interesting questions in a most friendly spirit, and on my taking leave placed in my hands what is known as the "Great Gold Medal for Art and Science," saying that he did this at the request of his advisers in those fields, and adding assurances of his own which greatly increased the value of the gift. Later in the day came a superb vase from the royal manufactory of porcelain, bearing his portrait and cipher, as a token of personal good will.

On the same evening came the American Thanksgiving dinner, with farewells to and from the American colony, and during the following days farewell gatherings at the houses of the Dean of the Ambassadors, the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and the Chancellor of the Empire; finally, on the evening of December 5, with hearty good-bys at the station from a concourse of my diplomatic colleagues and other old friends, we left Berlin.



Drawn by Anna Whelan Betts. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"AS PRIM AND AS DEMURE AS SHE"



ON A SAMPLER

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD



WHERE shadows long at midday fall,
It hangs upon the parlor wall,
Relic of days beyond recall;
E'en Time, the trampler,
Few marring marks has on it set;
Its frame still glints like polished jet;
A virgin she, and virgin yet
My great-aunt's sampler.

The letters all, from *a* to *z*,
Broïdered in varied script you see,
As prim and as demure as she,
But scarce as graceful.
(Dame Rumor, whispering down the years,
Her maiden memory endears,
And paints her one who banished tears
From many a face full.)



Flowers bloom thereon in pink and blue;
Small birds disport, of motley hue;
And tiny trees their green to view
Spread pyramid-like;
A massive mansion, faintly red,
Uplifts below its dormered head;
Above, a curious quadruped
Seems gamboling kid-like.



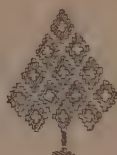
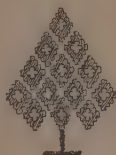
And in the center written down
Behold—*Celestia Anna Brown* :
Her Sampler. Visions of renown
This fair recorder
Perchance gave harbor in her brain,
Love-visions, too, untouched by pain,
The while from many a tangled skein
She etched the border.



Then there 's her precept deftly done,
Words taken straight from Solomon,
Regarding those beneath the sun
Who but a crust have;
With all her sweet, large-hearted will,
Did she not follow it until
She reached the foot of life's long hill ?
I know she must have.



Wiser the maids of nowadays,
Less finical in frock and phrase;
In multitudinous works and ways
Our times are ampler;
And yet somehow a dreamer's thought,
With longings, wed to wonder, fraught,
Harks back to her whose fingers wrought
My great-aunt's sampler.





"AUX ARMES!"

THE CICATRICE

BY GOUVERNEUR MORRIS



HERE were two little boys whom I liked very much when I was at school in Tours—Jean and Amadis Colporte. We were in the same class, and about the same age, though they were smaller and less mischievous than I. Their father was a respected notary, and their most interesting relative was a fierce, red-faced old gentleman—l'Oncle Prudhomme—who could tell valiant tales of the Franco-Prussian War. They often took me to visit this old hero, who lived on the hill across the river; and I came in time to have a real attachment for him, and a thorough understanding of his ferocious French.

But I have never seen such a man for pure blood-curdling heroism. I soon gave up telling the Colportes how my own uncle had borne himself at Gettysburg, or how my father's first cousin had died at Cold Harbor. The deeds of my family or any of my compatriots were to the deeds of l'Oncle Prudhomme as "Mother Goose" is to the "Arabian Nights." There were times when I could not bear to think myself a mere American. I was ten.

Among other advantages, l'Oncle Prudhomme had been desperately wounded in a charge, but had survived. I can see him now, stamping up and down his little library, a drawn saber in his hand, shouting, gesticulating, swearing horrible oaths, foaming at the mouth, and bellowing forth the events of that day. He would begin the account calmly with the coming of dawn, the men at breakfast, the blue sky; then he would fill his cheeks with air, give a great "BOOM," strike a heroic attitude, and cry, "Aux armes!"

Then, God of battles, how the battle would thunder in the little study! Charges

of Prussians, hand-to-hand encounters with bayonets, bugle-calls, the neighing of the stallions, the great "booms" of the field-pieces, and the crackling roars of the mitrailleuses. Every sound seemed imitated to the life. And then, late in the afternoon, would come the repulse of the Prussians and the desperate countercharge of the French—headed by l'Oncle Prudhomme. And more thunder, and more bellowing, and more hideously frantic and dangerous swinging of the great saber. And then the wound!

Having been struck by the bullet (a terrible open-palmed blow on the chest), the activity would melt from the old hero's limbs, his eyes would nearly pop out, his back would bend upon itself, his saber would fall clanging to the floor, and he himself, his face piteous with self-pity and pain, would crash down beside it, gripping with both hands at his chest. He would make his mouth into a narrow slit and draw in his breath so rapidly that it hissed. Then he would groan and moan:

"Ah, ça fait mal—ça fait mal!"

Then he would faint, remain fainted for a few moments, pick himself up cheerfully, wipe the sweat from his brow, and sink into his big chair, remarking placidly:

"C'était comme ça!"

But again frenzy would seize him. He would clutch at his breast and glare from his nephews to me until we were thoroughly terrified. Then he would say:

"My children, if I were to remove my shirt you would behold a cicatrice that would cause the hair of your heads to erect itself in terror."

It was almost with eagerness that I removed Hector, who was my first hero, from his pedestal, and replaced him by the martial figure of l'Oncle Prudhomme.

For three days Jean and Amadis were absent from school. When they came back they were dressed in deep mourning. L'Oncle Prudhomme was dead.

Two days later, at recess, I mustered up courage—for children are very much embarrassed on the subject of death—to whisper to Amadis:

"Was it his cicatrice?"

Amadis gave me a withering look.

"Écoutez moi, mon pauvre," he said. "I don't know why l'Oncle Prudhomme died. It does not signify. He simply died. As you know, it is customary for the relatives of the deceased to sit up with him. We are but three—my father, Jean, and myself. So it was arranged among us that Jean and I should sit up with l'Oncle Prudhomme until ten o'clock, while our father rested himself to go the remainder of the night.

"At first we were very much frightened at being left alone in the death-chamber: it was so still and the tapers flickered. But after a time I got to thinking that if we were safe anywhere, it was in the presence of l'Oncle Prudhomme, living or dead. So I let go of Jean's hand, though he did not wish me to, and permitted myself to glance in the direction of the bed, about which the tapers burned.

"L'Oncle Prudhomme was a magnificent corpse (comme cadavre l'Oncle Prudhomme fut magnifique). His face was as red as in life, and, except that his eyes were closed, you would not have been surprised to see him spring from the bed and cry, 'BOOM!'

"But he did not do this. After a time I propounded to Jean the very same question which you have asked me.

"Jean," I said, 'do you think it could have been his cicatrice?'

"And Jean said, 'I think it very likely.'

"Then we talked quite freely, and lost our awe of the death-chamber, and discussed the chances of l'Oncle Prudhomme

having been brought to his untimely end by a recrudescence of the cicatrice.

"But," said Jean, 'where is this cicatrice, brother?'

"I was obliged to confess that I did not know exactly.

"But," I said, 'though he never told us just where it was, he used to clutch his breast.'

"Then," said Jean, 'it would not be difficult—'

"I will have nothing to do with it," I said.

"But it would only amount to turning back the sheet a little way," said Jean.

"But I shook my head.

"Listen," said Jean. 'Once he is buried, we can never find out. If you will take one of my hands, I shall not be afraid to turn back the sheet a little with the other.'

"Curiosity, my poor friend, was getting the better of me. Still I objected.

"But suppose he is dressed?" I said.

"From the look of him under the sheet," said Jean, 'I do not think that he is.' And, in effect, l'Oncle Prudhomme was not." Amadis rolled his eyes heavenward.

"AND the cicatrice, Amadis," I cried; "was it then so awful?"

Amadis hung his head, as if in deep humiliation.

"My poor friend," he said, "it was, of course, out of the question to turn him over."

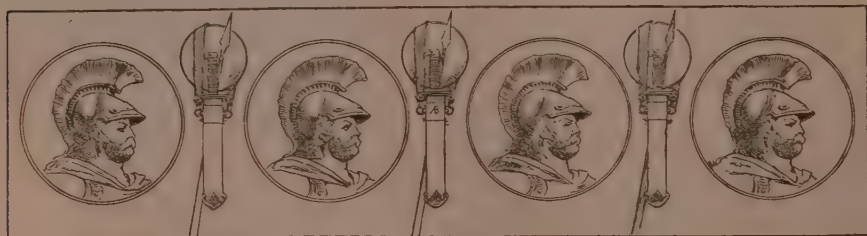
I gazed at my bereaved friend for some moments with the most deep and mute sympathy.

"Then," I said in a small voice, "it was—in the back?"

Amadis smiled witheringly.

"Yes, my friend," he said; "if anywhere."

And so it was that I removed l'Oncle Prudhomme from the pedestal upon which I had placed him, and put back Hector.



THE CASE WENT UP

BY CLARKE GRAY

IT was the turn in the street where respectability ended, doubt began, and the disreputable succeeded. In the suburbs these social stages are at once less and more obvious than in town. The home of which we speak stood between an Irish tenement-house and a young bank-teller's; it was a square, mud-colored building, looking like a block gone astray from a set owned by some giant child—a petty, proper little place with a ruined furnace, no bath, damp cellar, electric bells, and stained-glass sidelights, yellow and red. The mistress of the mud-colored house had always hated it cordially. She had been brought up in a country parsonage, with oil-cloth on the floors, and flowers in the garden, a base-burner in the parlor, and books in the study; a home where privation was an honor and pretense a disgrace, where character was queen and appearance serf. According to her traditions, she was a lady, and by virtue of her heredity and training she had the select sense of honor belonging to one. The only time that her father had ever punished her, she had told a lie; she was then ten years old, and had never repeated the indiscretion. The old minister, with the ruler in his hand and the tears on his cheek, told her that no liar should enter the kingdom of God.

"Annie *will* not lie," said a friend of hers, from whom she had become estranged by some mysterious feminine difference, quite superfluous to observers. This was in the department store. The other girl did not stay in the store. She had committed the misdemeanor known as "marrying well." She had married a teller; indeed, the particular teller who had moved into the next house on the wholly respectable side of the street. This was but a month ago, and she and Annie had not met.

Annie was not in a state of health to make suburban calls; besides, she had conceived the idea that Lou chose not to recognize her (in point of fact, the new neighbor had never seen her) when she went out on Mondays to hang up the clothes. The teller's wife kept a general-housework girl. The drummer's wife had none; she did everything, had seven children, and by August there would be eight. She was lying down on her excelsior bed on the afternoon of the event which this historian is compelled to record; she was less able than usual to be about, being never strong at her best, and unfit for multiplied motherhood, the martyrdom of which she bore gently, as she did all the other mysteries and tragedies of life. Five of the children were with her; she had sent the oldest and the youngest to the market after lamb chops for supper; their father was coming home that night (having been gone six weeks), and his system required good meat, the best of the season. Annie's system required nothing, and got it. She had cautioned the children about the electric car; they had been gone rather long for just chops and asparagus.

The bed was across the window, and commanded a view of the street, both ways. Annie, in her blue-calico wrapper with polka-dots, lay on the excelsior mattress, watching for two children, deafened by the din of five. Wasted by marriage, she was still fair and sweet to look at, for she had been a beauty from sixteen to her first baby. Bob was the first baby—he on whom rested the commercial responsibilities involved in the purchase of chops and asparagus. The last baby was too fat, and a little bow-legged; a sprawly girl, she pulled at her brother's hand heavily, and stumbled and swung to and fro about him like a puppy on a string. Her mother had

laughed as she watched them off. Bob looked like his father—handsome, insolent, with the old familiar dash and dare that seemed to Annie, in her son, like the minor key of a splendid major melody, long since ceased from her ears.

"If father had not died, I should never have come to the store," she sometimes thought. She did not add: "I should never have married the floor-walker." She did sometimes add, quite uncomplainingly: "It seems to me I *have* had rather a hard time since I was married." But she did not say this to Robert. Poor Robert! He was so ashamed of his terrible temper! It mortified him when he lost his situation at the department store. It was so hard on him, Annie reasoned, that he should have slapped a cash-girl and been impertinent to the firm both in one day. And things had gone the wrong way ever since. Commercial traveling did not agree with him; his disposition had not improved under it, and she was a great deal alone. She did not get used to being alone, though the Irish-woman, Mary McCarthy, in the tenement-house, had the lack of delicacy one day to tell her that she ought to be glad to be quit of the likes of him. The minister's daughter had silenced the Irishwoman with a look which Mary McCarthy found as perplexing as a Protestant hymn-book, yet tolerantly felt to be, in some vague, heretical sense, as sacred.

Mary McCarthy was troubled with no undue reserve about her own domestic affairs. She often ran in to have the last cut on her head bandaged by Annie's slim, sympathetic fingers. She pushed up her sleeves proudly and showed the bruises, purple and red, some of them zigzag like lightning.

"Himself do be having the mather fist!" she cried. "There ain't wife nor widdy in the tinimint can show an arrum like me own, now!"

As Annie lay watching for her first baby and her last baby that afternoon, the mounted policeman rode slowly by upon his beat; he was whistling:

"Bless your heart, I love you in the same old way!"

Some one ran out from the tenement and called him in. Shrill cries and bass oaths came over from the building, warring discordantly with the gentle June air. But

this was so common an incident that it did not impress Annie with more than her usual sense of sex humiliation.

The policeman came out, gripping a sodden and sprawling McCarthy, who wore iron bracelets with the ease of one accustomed to that kind of jewelry. In fifteen minutes, Mary McCarthy, with a handkerchief tied over her forehead, her front hair crimped and surmounted by a creation of magenta roses and scarlet velvet, hurried out of the tenement and bore down upon the station-house to bail her lord out.

"That 's the woman of it," thought Annie, smiling rather weakly. She lay back on her emaciated pillow, staring at the wall. It had a paper with a little portico or summer-house covered with ripe grapes and white narcissus—an anachronism which never troubled Annie so much as the wall-paper pleased her, on the whole. For there was a summer-house in her father's garden, down by the brook; it was royal purple with grapes in October, and in June a white narcissus peered over and watched its own face in the brook. Annie lay looking at the wall-paper.

"If God had ever been a woman, he never would have made one," she said distinctly. Then she buried her face in her lean pillow and prayed passionately to be forgiven. A devout woman makes the most interesting blasphemer when she is pushed past a certain point of endurance. Annie felt piteously ashamed of her spiritual lapse, for she was a deeply religious person; and five children clambered and rolled over her, creating five different forms of physical misery, demanding why she cried.

There was a stove in the room—as cold, now, of course, as the dead in the churchyard of her old home. Annie turned over and looked at the stove. It had been the parlor stove in her father's house, and she was unreasonably fond of it. It had befriended her in many a freezing New England night, when the ruined suburban furnace refused to recognize her side of the house. The stove was a base-burner of an old fashion, aspiring as to its architecture, with a nickel angel guarding the evaporator on top, and an iron devil presumably shoveling coal below. The minister had selected the stove for its theological attributes. Annie knew every

change of expression on the faces of that angel and that devil.

The children had not come home yet, and she turned away from the stove to watch the street. Her eyes seemed dim, as if a supercharge of tears and prayers had crowded on the optic nerve. The trolley-car blurred by with the whirl of a car making up for lost time. The teller's wife came out from her front door in a lilac muslin and sat down on the piazza, with an embroidered handkerchief at her belt. Annie shrank back from the window. A discord of magenta and scarlet crashed against the soft June coloring of the late afternoon, and Mary McCarthy, with her head held high, tramped proudly up the concrete sidewalk.

"He do be let out to me the morry!" she exclaimed, nodding familiarly at the drummer's wife. The minister's daughter turned away and looked at the base-burner. "I suppose I ought not to mind anything," she thought. "He has never struck me."

Far down on the concrete sidewalk a step rang harshly to the fine audience of her familiarity with its characteristics. Every nerve and muscle in his large, peremptory foot had its message. Now, as she listened, these seemed to her to be trampling on her heart, for this was the footstep of a very angry man.

Little, broken, pattering sounds chased it ineffectually; the first baby and the last baby were trying to keep up with him—their father—oh, their father!

Annie winced quite away from the window. She tried to get up from the bed, with some inchoate idea of changing her dress. But she found herself suddenly too weak or too bewildered to do this. She swayed, with the hair-brush in her hand. She had begun to tremble a little. Five children flung themselves at her, and swung her to and fro by the calico wrapper; they shouted as if she had been a big doll that they had found to play with.

"Go down and meet papa," she managed to say. "Mama—can't do it."

Five little faces vanished merrily. It struck her as horrible that the children should laugh. She stared about the empty room as if she were looking for a place to hide herself; it was as if she begged the summer-house on the wall to let her in and shelter her; it was as if the grapes and the

narcissus nodded at her with the pity of old memories and the helplessness of painted things, and said:

"We would if we could."

She had a confused feeling that her father was in one of the summer-houses. Then suddenly she seemed to perceive him standing between her and the cold stove, with his back to it, warming his hands, as she had seen him do in the parsonage parlor a hundred times. He quite hid the nickel angel and the iron devil from her sight.

Her husband had come in, past the electric bell and the stained-glass side-lights. With the height of the house between them, she knew just how his face looked, sawed by those glass teeth of color on it—the flame color first, on the threshold, and then the scarlet, as one reached the lower stair. When he was angry—when he was as angry as *this*—a muscle in his nostril throbbled fiercely, and one above his eyebrow twitched; and she, with her face in the pillow and her eyes shut, saw the two muscles, one in the hue of flame, and one in that of blood.

She had fallen back on the bed, and lay there quite still, except for her trembling, which had increased. As he mounted the stairs this became uncontrollable. The dignity of a strong patience battled with the weakness of terror upon her listening face. Her sense of sex humiliation came upon her at that moment with a fierceness pitifully at war with her physical feebleness.

Curiously, a wise, womanish thought ran across her consciousness in a zigzag shape, like the bruises on Mary McCarthy.

"I should stand a better chance

if I could have changed my dress

and brushed my hair."

She remembered that her eyes were feverish with crying, and had the large purple circles which add uncounted years to a young wife's age. Annie remembered that her husband did not like polka-dots, and hated wrappers; that she was unattractive with the sacred signs of maternity. She remembered that she was at every disadvantage under which a woman can meet a man who has ceased to be kind to her.

As she lay there trembling, the mounted

policeman rode back from the station-house. He was still whistling:

" . . . I love you in the same old way ! "

Her husband stumbled on the top stair and pushed into the room. The oldest baby and the youngest baby were with him, one held in each hand. He looked handsome when he was angry, and her eyes instinctively sought his face with their old, fond, fatal admiration. Then they fell upon the baby girl, and she sprang—all mother:

" *Nan!* What have you done to Nan ? "

" What have *you* done to Nan ? " he raged. " If I had n't taken this train, she would have been hash under the trolley! That 's the kind of care you take of my child ! "

The boy's voice broke his father's down manfully; even then taking on, to her excited ear, the imperious irritability of Robert's own. At that moment she found herself thinking, with a remote kind of sex repugnance:

" He will grow up to be like his father. "

" It tain't my mommer's fault; and you sha'n't scold my mommer, sir ! " blazed Bob. " I 've *allers* taken care of Nan, and I 'm the proper person to take my little sister out to walk. Nobody 's to blame but only Nan—she ran. How 's a feller goin' to take care of a bow-legged girl that runs, I 'd like to know ? Mommer, you be still. That ain't blood. It 's nothin' but mud. Nan tumbled. She 's so bow-legged, she tumbled on the track. Nan ain't hurt. "

Bob began to sob a little; but the bow-legged baby smiled complacently, feeling herself unexpectedly an object of public attention. Her mother, with inarticulate maternal sounds, tried to wash off the mud, but she could not do it, her hand shook so.

" Go down-stairs, both of you ! " raged the father. " Go down to the other five, and keep the whole pack away ! "

Nan wriggled out of her mother's arms and waddled away comfortably. But the boy hesitated. He stood for a moment, stoutly, between the woman and the man.

" Don't you darst scold my mommer, sir ! " he cried. " You may wollop *me*. I can stand it. "

" Go down, I say ! " roared the father. Bob cringed, and went.

The husband shut the door, and the

wife watched him with dull, glazed eyes. She had fallen back upon the pillow and lay panting. All her consciousness had resolved itself, now, into sheer, crude fear—the fear of feebleness before force.

" Now, " cried the man, " I 'll settle with *you* ! "

His rage volleyed out in sparse words, as it did when he was most angry with least reason; it was so incoherent that he was virtually a maniac. She looked at him steadily,—she had half risen, and was sitting up, now, on the edge of the mattress,—she looked at him firmly and solemnly, as an experienced tamer regards the wild beast who has turned upon him with a fatal purpose. Her lips stirred; a few parched words came from them—something about Bob and Nan.

" I did the best—I could. Somebody had to get the chops for you—and asparagus. Bob has always taken care—of her. I spoke about—the cars. "

As he moved toward her, without replying, she put out both her thin hands; they shook violently.

" Robert ? Wait a minute, dear. You know you 're sometimes—sorry afterward. Robert ? *Robert!* "

But the words died from her. A cold, white spark in his eye seemed to advance upon her like an army; his mouth was stiff. Those were the eyes that had wooed her, the lips that won her. She thought this, but not in language. Her mind worked in pictures. She saw herself and this man walking in her father's garden on a moon-lit night, and stopping to look into the brook. His arm held her to his breast; his cheek touched hers.

" He courted me, " she thought. She cried out, once, in a loud voice:

" Robert ! *Dear Robert!* "

He gripped her by the shoulder, meaning, to do him justice, nothing more than to relieve his own black mood. He had never hurt his wife, you see. He never meant to. When he was very angry he sometimes shook her, as he would shake a child or a dog; but his blows were those of the tongue, and usually the thing that he injured was not the woman's flesh, but only the woman's heart. As he dragged her from the bed she tottered, for she was weak. Whether it was that he pushed her a little, as a man in a rage will push anything,—a chair, a door, or a woman,—or whether it was that he did

not help her as she lost her balance, only Annie knows; for afterward he could not have sworn, before the courts of earth or heaven, what he did or did not. And Annie does not tell.

As she fell she hit the stove. The iron devil, piling invisible coal below, received her soft body upon the handle of his shovel. But the nickel angel did not turn his head to look.

HER eyes opened slowly upon the wall-paper; the summer-house with the purple grapes looked sorry that it had not been able to shelter her, but the narcissus bent and swayed as if it tried to lean a little toward her. She could not see the stove, and she was conscious of being glad that she could not. Two kerosene-lamps were burning, and the shades were drawn. The room seemed full of people, and she turned her head to look at them. Bob and Nan were there, and Mary McCarthy, and the surgeon who was usually called to the accidents on the McCarthy side of the street, and the whistling policeman. A lady in lilac came up and put Mary McCarthy to one side, and sat down on the foot of the bed. It did not surprise Annie at all, but seemed the most natural thing in the world, that her father should be standing by the stove, with his back to it, warming his hands; he quite hid the stove from her sight. Annie tried to speak. She thought she said:

"Where is my husband?" but no one seemed to hear her, so she tried again, and indeed several times, before she made them understand.

"It 's in his arrums ye do be lyin' beyander," observed Mary McCarthy. "Settin' bechune yez and the head-board ye 'll behold himself."

Annie put up her hand feebly, and felt about, and found Robert's hand; it closed over her own mightily. Great tears splashed upon her face from his unseen eyes.

"*Dear Robert!*" said Annie.

The surgeon and the policeman were silent. The lady in lilac turned away her face, but Mary McCarthy blubbered loudly.

"Nan 's bow-legged," volunteered Bob. "If she had n't 'a' been—"

But the lady in lilac hushed the boy and bade him take Nan, coaxing the children till she got them away. They went as far

as the hall, and there Bob stood his ground. The lilac muslin floated back to its place at the foot of the bed.

"Why, that 's Lou!" said Annie, faintly. "I thought you did n't—want to—" Lou stooped, crying outright, and the surgeon was not quick enough to prevent her: she kissed Annie half a dozen times as she used to do when they were girls in the store.

Robert had not kissed her. He did not dare. Lou took her embroidered handkerchief and wiped the tears of the husband from the face of the wife. The man sat with his head hanging to his breast; Annie turned her bruised cheek and put her lips to his hand. The surgeon said something—nobody knew what, and it did not matter in the least.

The policeman cleared his voice.

"We must get her ante-mortem statement," he said loudly.

"Yes," said Annie, clearly. "I sha'n't get over this."

Her face, which had been quite limp and flaccid, assumed a sudden change. The ominous reserve of the dying gave way to their terrible intelligence. It could be seen that every atom of her brain and heart braced itself to meet the ordeal before her. It was love against law; it was a mere human law, a man's invention, setting itself against a divine creation, challenging a woman's heart.

"She will tell the truth," thought the miserable man in whose shaking arms she lay. To be fair to him, he preferred she should; he was broken after his hurricane. If Annie could have seen his face—but he still sat behind her, holding her, on the lean pillow, against his breast.

She replied, without obvious disturbance, to such preliminary questions as she was thought able to answer; in fact, she developed a remarkable vitality, and spoke distinctly, with some strength, appearing less like a woman who was about to die than like a woman who had begun to live.

"How did the accident happen?"

"I fell," said Annie, without hesitation.

"Any domestic difficulties?"

Annie looked over toward the stove, where her father seemed to be standing, warming his hands; he regarded her silently; there were tears on his cheeks. The lips of the old minister, dead these sixteen years, moved slowly.

"No liar shall enter the kingdom of

God," they said. Annie's cold hand trembled in the hand of her husband.

"There was no trouble," she replied.

"Had your husband been unkind to you—in any way? For instance, did he—we will say—handle you roughly?"

Annie looked the officer in the eye quite steadily.

"No, sir."

The officer and the surgeon exchanged glances. An expression, difficult to describe, cleared indefinitely from Lou's pretty face; she moved nearer to Annie upon the bed. She was conscious of wishing at that moment that she had not worn her new muslin, or else that it had not been lilac, which made the blue wrapper with the polka-dot so ugly on poor Annie. Lou patted the old wrapper gently.

"I never repeated Annie's name," said Lou, the stove.

"He pushed you—did you say—so that you hit the stove?"

"No," said Annie, quietly.

"Do you declare that your husband is in no way responsible for your injuries and their consequences?"

"I do," said Annie, distinctly.

"She never told a lie in her life," said Lou, suddenly. Lou lifted her lilac-muslin arm and instinctively raised her hand, as if she took oath before the law.

"Annie will not lie," sobbed Lou. "I've known her for a great many years. She will not lie."

Mary McCarthy crossed herself. For once she did not speak. The Irishwoman looked at the minister's daughter somberly; the eyes of the two wives met with a solemn sex allegiance.

The officer and the surgeon whispered together.

"It's meself did hear the two of them quite lovin' bechune thimselves, whin I coom up the shair," protested Mrs. McCarthy, loudly. "It is herself did say, 'Dear Robert,' now,—think o' that, now,—'Dear Robert,' she says, as plain as anny paternoster. It's meself did hear her, now. 'Dear Robertin' an' 'Dear Robertin' the man—like that, now."

Lou floated over and put her arm on Mary McCarthy's shoulder. She looked like a lilac parrot repeating the only words she knew; for Lou's head whirled, and Annie's white face swam and darkened before her.

"Gentlemen—Annie will not lie."

But Bob, out in the hall, gripped Nan by the hand and pulled her softly down the stairs. A darkening sense that he must not be asked questions had overtaken Bob. His little face grew suddenly old, like a man's. He took the bow-legged girl and ran for half a mile, and hid in a hogshead that he knew of, on an empty lot, and stayed till dark.

When the policemen bethought him of the children, the remainder of the family were officiously pushed forward.

"Are these all the children?" inquired the officer.

"Only the five, sir," said Mary McCarthy, serenely. "Shure, an' ain't that enough for the likes of her? There'll be six," she added imperturbably, "if she do be livin' till come mornin', or I ain't never be'n the mother of elivin' in tin year, an' the two pair of thim twins, now, thanks be to God!"

To concentrate the intellect when Mary McCarthy was talking was not easy,—possibly Mrs. McCarthy suspected as much,—and the mind of the law, successfully diverted from objectionable processes, wavered. The size of Annie's family somehow took on the character of accepted evidence, and Bob, the only incorruptible witness in the case, fed Nan with molasses candy in the hogshead to keep her there till the law had galloped by the vacant lot. The mounted policeman rode fast; he was whistling:

" . . . I love you in the same old way!"

Lou had gone, but she was coming back; and the surgeon—he would return, too. Mary McCarthy had gone to get supper for eleven, but she would come back to spend the night. Somebody had taken the children; they were sure not to stay away long.

"This won't last five minutes," thought Annie. She put up her weak hand and touched her husband's cheek. Her soul brimmed, but vanishing time and strength defied its overflow. All she could say was:

"Poor Robert! My poor boy!"

"Ask God to forgive me," she added. "Kneel down—and ask him now."

She pointed to the floor. The man's heart broke in a terrible groan; but he dropped to his knees and lifted the hand that had turned maniac upon her.

"Forgive it!" he sobbed. "If there is

any God that can forgive a hand like that—*for her sake. Amen.*"

"Oh, my dear," said Annie, wearily, "I wanted you to pray for *me*. I told a lie."

She twisted her head restlessly on the flat pillow.

"Father," said Annie, "I told a lie—for *his* sake. Amen.

"There is n't much time left," panted Annie. "Would you mind—telling me again—how much you love me, dear?"

When the women came back and the children trotted in, they found the two, she with her head upon his breast, he holding her as he had held her since his devil went out of him and the angel entered, in whom she, for his sake, did believe. God knew what had passed between the husband and the wife. What divine miracle had love and anguish wrought? For her face shone as if it had been the face of a woman cherished above all her kind, beloved beyond the lot of women, and so tenderly entreated that her heart could scarcely beat for joy. Never since her bridal day had there gleamed from Annie's eyes the look that glorified them now. Ecstasy enveloped her. She was transfigured before the two wives who ministered to her in the inexorable hour which inevitable death did not spare the sinking woman.

For Mary McCarthy was right; and before another morning the "sixth" baby was born to the smitten household. Annie rallied superbly, and brought the child into the world, more like a mother who was determined to live than like a woman who was fated to die. But she did not grieve when they told her that the little thing had breathed but twice. She asked for Bob and Nan and the five, and kissed them all, and said some gentle things to Lou and Mary McCarthy, and told the surgeon how

kind the children's father was to her, and added plaintively:

"*May I die alone with my husband, doctor?*" as if she had been a child who had done some wrong and deserved no favors.

She wandered a little after this. She was in the store at Christmas-time and bargaining with her customers.

"*Yes, madam. This buckle is quite the fashion now. It goes with the belt. You'll find the ribbons on the first counter to the left. A pincushion, you say? Here is one, madam. Shaped like a heart, and red. Stab it with that pin—see, madam, how easily it can be pierced! Quite like a woman's, as you say. No, it does not bleed. It will bear many stabs—and cheap, at that.*"

Then, more happily, her soul went into her father's garden and moved about there, and was the soul of a girl; for the wife in her, for a joyous moment, lost its way.

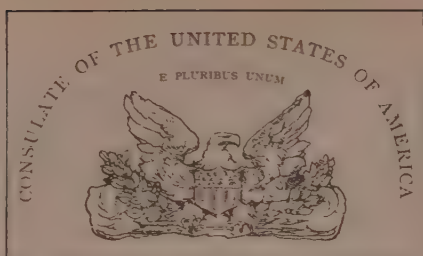
"The grapes are ripe! The grapes are ripe! I don't find the narcissus, father. The water in the brook is bright, and—see, how still! It does not run. It looks like glass. Father! I thought you said you forgave me when I told that lie?"

"*No liars—in the kingdom? Well—there will be some wives there, father. God never was a woman. He made wives instead. Dear Robert! He made me—yours.*"

They had all yielded to her pathetic wish, none being able to refuse her, and she died alone with her husband, as she had asked. She wore the happiest dead face that he had ever seen; for her soul had escaped on the wings of a solemn delight which, so she seemed to urge, the living might not understand or share; since, if a dead woman is a glad one, she keeps the secret of her content.

The iron devil on the base-burner shoveled invisible coal, and did not turn his head. But the nickel angel seemed to stir and to regard the two.





THE MAN THE CONSUL PROTECTED

· BY BENJAMIN H. RIDGELY

Author of "The Missing Exequatur," "The Man Who Gave No Tip," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE



COLONEL GILLESPIE
WITHERSPOON WAR-
FIELD of Kentucky was
an amiable and kindly man
of fifty, with the fluent
speech and genial good

breeding of a typical Blue-grass gentleman. In appearance and dress he was still an ante-bellum Kentuckian, with a weakness for high-heeled boots, long frock-coats, and immaculate linen. When he said, "Yes, sah," or "No, sah," it was like a breath right off the old plantation. It should be added that he was a bachelor and a Mugwump.

Being a Kentuckian, he was naturally a colonel; though, as a matter of fact, it was due solely to the courtesy of the press and the amiable custom of the proud old commonwealth that he possessed his military title. Nor had the genial colonel been otherwise a brilliant success in life. Indeed, I am pained to recite that he had achieved in his varied professional career only a sort of panorama of failures. He had failed at the bar, failed in journalism, failed as a real-estate broker, and, having finally taken the last step, had failed as a life-insurance agent. In this emergency his relatives and friends hesitated as to whether they should run him for Congress or unload him on the consular service. His younger brother, who was something of a cynic, insisted that Gillespie was fitted by intelligence to be only a family physi-

cian; but it was finally decided at a domestic council that he would particularly ornament the consular service. In pursuance of this happy conclusion, an organized onslaught was made upon the White House. The President yielded, and one day the news came that Colonel Gillespie Witherspoon Warfield had been appointed consul of the United States to Esperanza.

It is needless to suggest that Colonel Warfield took himself very seriously in his new official capacity. It had not occurred to him, however, that his consular mission was rather a commercial than a patriotic one: he believed that he was going abroad to see that the flag of his country was treated with respect, and to protect those of his fellow-countrymen who in any emergency might have need of the services of an astute and fearless diplomat. In fact, the feeling that his chief official function was to be that of a sort of diplomatic protecting angel took such possession of him that he assumed a paternal attitude toward the whole country. Thus, bursting with patriotism, he set sail one day from New York for Gibraltar, and was careful during the voyage to let it be understood on ship-board that if anybody needed protection he stood ready to run up the flag and make the eagle scream violently.

Esperanza lies just around the corner from Gibraltar, and nowhere along all the Iberian littoral of the Mediterranean is the sky fairer or the sun more genial. The

fertile *vega* stretches back to the foot-hills of the snow-capped Sierra Nevada. Across the blue sea-way lies Morocco. It is a picturesque and beautiful spot, and if the consul be a dreamer, he may find golden hours for reverie. But I fear that neither the poetry nor the picturesqueness of the entourage appealed to Consul Warfield as he reached Esperanza that blazing September morning. He was more impressed with the shrill noises of the foul and shabby streets; with the dust that was upon every-

thing, giving even to the palm-trees in the *parque* a gray and dreary look; with the flies that seemed to be hunting their prey in swarms like miniature vultures; with the uncompromising mosquitos singing shrilly for blood, and the bold, busy fleas that held no portion of his official person sacred.

The colonel was a buoyant man, but his exuberant soul felt a certain sinking that hot morning. It was a busy moment at Esperanza, and not much attention was paid to the new consul at the crowded Fonda Cervantes, whither, after a turbulent effort, he had persuaded his *cochero* to conduct him. He had been much disappointed that the vice-consul was not on hand to receive him at the railway-station. The fact is, the consul had thought rather earnestly of a committee and a brass band at the depot, and the complete lack of anything even akin to a reception had been something of a shock to his official and personal vanity. However, he was not easily discouraged, and after having convinced the proprietor of the fonda that he was the new American consul, and therefore entitled to superior consideration, he set out to find the consulate.

He found it in a narrow little street that went twisting back from the quay toward the great dingy cathedral, and certainly it was not what his imagination had fondly pictured it. He had thought of a fine old Moorish-castle sort of house, with a great carved door opening into a spacious *patio*, splendid with Arabic columns, and in the background a broad marble staircase leading up to the consulate. He had expected to see the flag of his country flying in honor of his arrival, and a uniformed soldier on duty at the entrance, ready to present arms and stand at attention when the new consul appeared.

As a matter of fact, there was a very narrow little door opening into a very narrow little hallway that ran through the center of a very narrow, squalid little house. Over the doorway was perched the consular coat of arms. It was the poorest, dingiest, dustiest little escutcheon that ever bore so pretentious a device.

The dingy gilt letters were almost invisible, but the colonel managed to make them out. He could also see that the figure in the center of the shield was intended to represent a proud and haughty eagle-bird in the act of screaming; but the poor old



"HE SET OUT TO FIND THE CONSULATE"

eagle had been so rained upon and so shone upon, and the dust had gathered so heavily upon him, that he looked like a mere low-spirited reminiscence of the famous *Haliaetus leucocephalus* which he was originally meant to represent.

Colonel Warfield of Kentucky was not discouraged. Being, as I have said, a buoyant man, he simply remarked to himself: "I'll have that disreputable-looking fowl taken down and painted." Then he walked on into the squalid little consulate.

An old man with shifty little blue eyes; a thin, keen face; long, straggling gray hair; and a long, thin tuft of gray beard, which looked all the more straggling and wretched because of the absence of an accompanying mustache, sat at a table reading a Spanish newspaper. This was Mr. Richard Brown of Maine, "clerk and messenger" to the United States consulate, who drew the allowance of four hundred dollars a year and was the recognized bulwark of official Americanism at Esperanza. For forty years, during all the vicissitudes of war and politics, Richard Brown had sat at his desk in the shabby little consulate, watching the procession of American consuls come and go, doing nearly all the clerical work of the office himself, and contemplating with cynical delight the tortuous efforts of the various untrained new officers to acquaint themselves with their duties and the language of the post.

In his affiliations he had become entirely Spanish, having acquired a fluent knowledge of the language and a wide acquaintance with the people and their ways. None the less, in his speech and appearance he remained a typical down-east Yankee, and it is said at Esperanza that his one conceit was to look like the popular caricature of Uncle Sam. In this it is not to be denied that he succeeded. The "billy-goat" beard; the lantern-jaw; the thin, long hair; the thin, long arms; and the thin, long legs—these he had as if modeled from the caricature. And the nasal twang and the down-east dialect—alas! it would have filled the average melodramatic English novelist's devoted soul with untold satisfaction and delight to hear Richard Brown say "Wal" and "I gais," and otherwise mutilate the English language.

To the Spaniards he was known as Don Ricardo. The small Anglo-American col-

ony at Esperanza referred to him as "old Dick Brown." He was a cynical, crusty, sour old man, who had become a sort of consular heirloom at Esperanza, and without whose knowledge and assistance no new American consul could at the outset have performed the simplest official duty. Knowing this, Richard Brown felt a very well-developed sense of his own importance, and looked upon each of his newly arrived superiors with ill-concealed contempt.

There was also a vice-consul at Esperanza; but as he was a busy merchant, who could find time to sign only such papers as old Brown presented to him in the absence of the consul, he was seen little at the consulate. He generally knew when a new consul was coming along or an old consul going away, but in this instance Brown had failed to advise him either of Major Ransom's departure or of Colonel Warfield's arrival. Thus it happened that only the amiable Mr. Brown was on hand when Colonel Warfield came perspiring upon the scene on the warm morning in September of which we write.

"Come in," he said sharply as the consul hesitated upon the threshold. "What's your business?"

Colonel Warfield gave Mr. Brown a look that would have completely withered an ordinary person, but which was entirely lost upon the old man in question, and with magnificent dignity handed him the following card:

COLONEL G. WITHERSPOON WARFIELD,
Consul of the United States of America.

ESPERANZA.

Mr. Richard Brown looked the card over carefully.

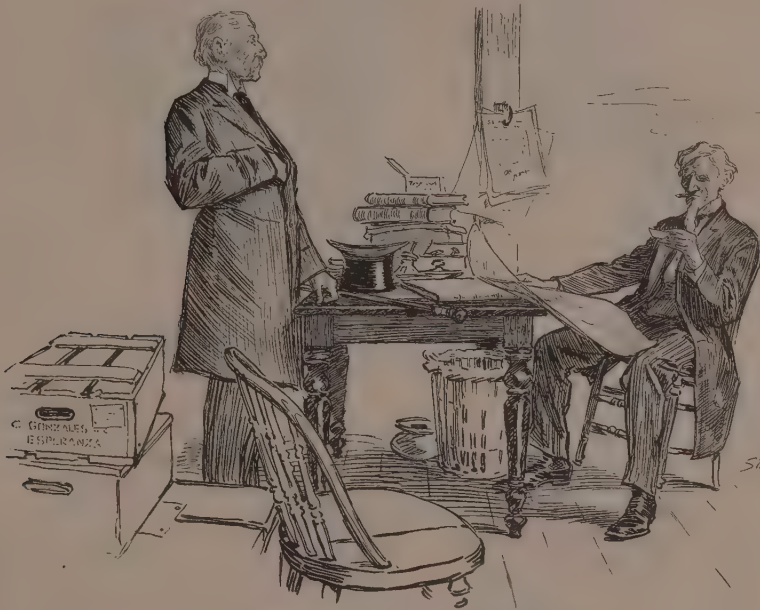
"Another colonel," he observed grimly. "The last one was a major; the one before him was a capting. Ain't they got nothin' but soldiers to send out here? Who's goin' to run the army? Are you a real colonel or jest a newspaper colonel, or are you a colonel on the governor's staff? There's your office over there on the other side of the hall. Kin you speak Spanish?"

It is unnecessary for the purpose of this story to tell all that passed between Consul

Warfield and his clerk during the next few months. It may simply be stated that the shock of the reception which I have just described so weighed upon the colonel that it took him at least a week to recover his accustomed exuberance; but he was of such an amiable disposition, and he felt so unutterably lonely in his new surroundings,

and attended to business, had his hands full.

At the outset, the colonel, after looking over the field, had decided to startle the Department of State with an impressive report on the cane-sugar industry of Andalusia; but after a tortuous and futile effort to secure statistics from officials who



"'ANOTHER COLONEL,' HE OBSERVED GRIMLY"

and appreciated so fully the helplessness of the situation in which he would find himself should the crusty old "consular heirloom" abandon him, that he permitted himself to see only the useful and companionable side of that sharp-tongued but none the less interesting old person, and set himself to learn something of the routine work of the consulate, which he found much more laborious and difficult than he had even faintly imagined. The truth is that routine clerical work and the study of the "Revised Statutes" were not at all to Colonel Warfield's liking. He had always thought of himself as filling the rôle of a spectacular consul, who would appear only on brilliant and dramatic occasions; but at Esperanza, with its busy port and ceaseless exportation, he found that the American consul, if he knew anything

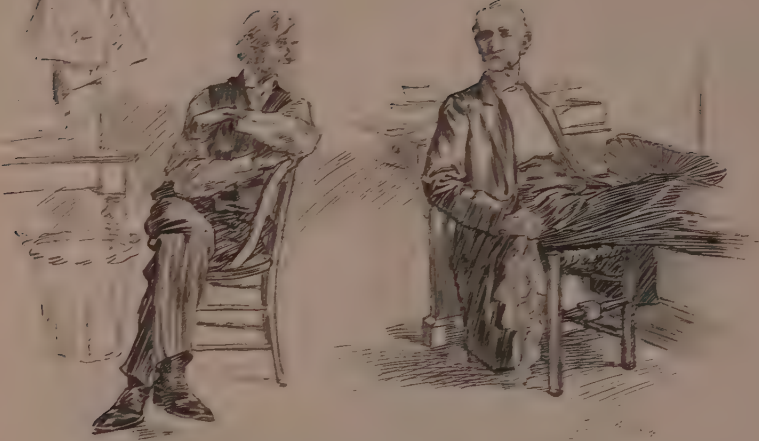
positively refused to understand his ghastly Spanish, he abandoned the idea.

"Why don't you make a report on the locust plague?" suggested Brown, one hot afternoon, as the consul sat by the window fighting the flies. "That would interest the Department of Agriculture, would n't it?"

The colonel's face brightened.

"Is there a plague of locusts impending?" he asked.

"Not at this particular moment," responded Mr. Brown; "but there ain't no tellin' when we'll have one, with this hot wind blowin' straight from Africa. Anyway, you might get your report ready ahead o' time, and send it off as soon as the locusts arrive. They generally take two days to eat up the park and the public library and the government tobacco stores, and you could have your documents ready



"WHY DON'T YOU MAKE A REPORT ON THE LOCUST PLAGUE?"

and in the mail before the consul-general at Barcelona could possibly know there was a locust in Spain. This would give you the credit of a big scoop at the department."

"It would indeed be a most interesting and valuable report," rejoined Colonel Warfield, somewhat wearily. "I think I'll go to work on it at once."

"There ain't no use of botherin' about writin' it yourself," added Mr. Brown, cheerfully; "you kin jest copy Consul Flannagan's report and send it over to the department. Locusts always acts the same, and there won't be nothin' new to tell. All the consuls have used Captin' Flannagan's report. Colonel Berry sent a copy of it over only two years ago, and they published it again, jest the same as if it was brand-new and original."

"You see," continued Mr. Brown, ingenuously, "they get so dinged many consular reports over there that they forget all about 'em in a year or two, and when a report comes in they don't know whether it's new or old."

"Things have changed recently," interrupted Colonel Warfield, with some show of irritation. "A Bureau of Commerce has been organized in the State Department, and if the reports are not new and interesting, they are no longer published. I would n't dare risk my reputation by send-

ing Consul Flannagan's old report as an original one of my own. Besides, it would be dishonest."

"Maybe so; but that would n't 'a' made no difference to the line of consuls we've been gettin' out this way heretofore," rejoined Mr. Brown, sweetly.

"Moreover," continued Colonel Warfield, "I am not particularly interested in making agricultural reports just now. I am not a commercial consul, anyway. I feel much more interest in the diplomatic features of consular work. Is the consul at Esperanza never called upon to protect anybody?" he asked tentatively of his clerk.

Mr. Richard Brown shook his head.

"Most of them that's been out here could n't have protected themselves, let alone anybody else," he answered solemnly. "I had to get one of 'em out of jail once myself," he continued. "There was an American schooner came into port one day, and she had n't been in two hours before the cook deserted. He was a colored gentleman—as black a one as you ever see. The captin' of course sends a note up to the consul and asks him to have the deserter took up, and the consul he sends a note to the governor, with a description of the cook, and asks the governor to have the black rascal arrested. Now, sir, in Esperanza that day there was jest two

black men: one was the black cook and the other was—the new American consul. So it happened that when the consul went out for a walk that afternoon the police mistook him for the cook, and before he knew it he was in jail. He could n't speak a word of Spanish, and every time he said, 'Consul Americano,' the *carabineros* answered: 'Oh, yes, we know; he told us to run you in, you black scoundrel.' I found it out somehow, and got the consul out. He was the maddest gentleman you ever seen."

"Do you mean to tell me," asked Colonel Warfield of Kentucky, rather hysterically, "that a—n—nig—a colored person was among my predecessors at this post?"

"We've had two here," answered Mr. Brown, cheerfully. "To tell the truth, I thought maybe you'd be a nigger yourself, when I hear you was comin' from Kentucky."

For a moment Colonel Warfield's face grew stern and he looked dangerous; then he thought of the awful possibility of being compelled to clear the next ship single-handed if he shot the clerk, and so no violence was done.

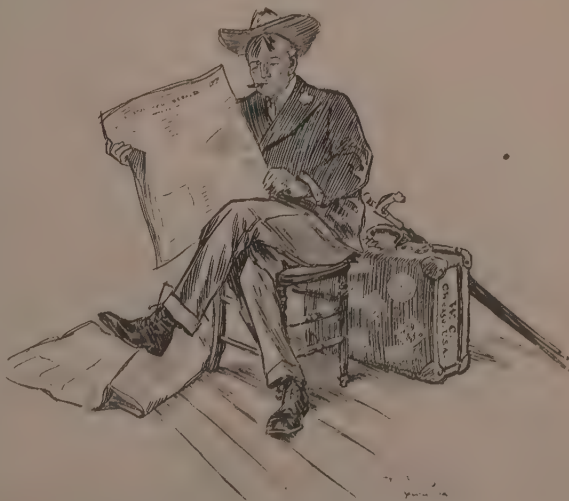
Nor was Colonel Warfield to be deterred from his original purpose by these discouraging recitals of his depressing assistant. The desire to exercise the function of consular protection only grew stronger. He read with emotions of envy and concern that the consul at Cutta-Throta had "protected" not only the entire American colony, but also many other resident foreigners, from the insolent revolutionists. A thrilling despatch in the "*Journal Jaune*," telling how the consul at Hari-Kari had most gallantly "protected" a missionary by enveloping her gentle person in the encompassing folds of "Old Glory" and coolly whistling "Yan-kee Doodle" in the very teeth of the aggressive Oriental, moved him to transports of admiration, not unmingled with sentiments of jealousy.

There were visitors every

day at the consulate,— "M^{OST} OF THEM CAME TO BORROW THE PARIS EDITION"

merchants, clerks, and others concerned with shipments of merchandise to the United States,—but they were all Spaniards, and had little interest for the colonel. Every now and then an American appeared upon the scene, but none of them wanted protection. In fact, most of them came to borrow the Paris edition of a New York paper or to ask if there were any danger of catching the smallpox at Granada.

But all things come in the end. One hot and dull afternoon, as the colonel stood at an open window looking aimlessly down the street, he saw a carriage suddenly swing out of the Alameda and come dashing furiously along the quay in the direction of the consulate. The little victoria, drawn by a game gray pony, swayed a wild zig-zag course along the rough street that promised ill for the sole occupant, a young woman, who held a smart blue parasol over her with one hand, while with the other she clung desperately to the rear seat. The coachman saw the consul standing at the open window of the consulate, and gesticulated wildly. The young woman also saw him, and waved her parasol appealingly. They were evidently trying to reach the office before the closing hour, which was near at hand, and Colonel Warfield felt instinctively that the great moment had arrived. He nervously pulled down his



waistcoat, buttoned up his Prince Albert coat, and involuntarily assumed an attitude of defiance.

Meanwhile the little gray pony, galloping to the very threshold of the consular building, had been pulled to a sudden halt with his nose in the front door. In a moment a young woman of about thirty,

A few moments later Mrs. Edward Copington looked up at him gratefully.

"I found your name in my Baedeker," she said in a refined voice; "you are Mr. Warfield, our consul, are you not?"

The colonel bowed a graceful assent.

"I have never felt such a sense of relief in all my life, and I never before felt so



"CALM YOURSELF: YOU ARE UNDER THE PROTECTION OF
THE AMERICAN FLAG"

fully expressing, in her sweet, gentle face, graceful figure, and faultless attire, what the French call the *chic indéscriptible* of *la belle Américaine*, stood before the consul. She reached out her hand mutely, a word trembled on her lips, her throat quivered, and, sinking into a chair, she burst into tears. All the chivalry of a true Kentucky gentleman rose up in the heart of Colonel Gillespie Witherspoon Warfield.

"Calm yourself, madam," he said gently, in a voice so full of genuine and friendly sympathy that the lady only wept all the more desperately. "Calm yourself; you are under the protection of the American flag; you have nothing to fear."

proud of being an American," she said, and again she looked up at the consul gratefully. Colonel Warfield also felt a great sense of satisfaction.

"Madam," he said, "I am here to offer you protection. I trust the situation is not very serious."

"I do not know exactly how serious it is," she answered. "I can only tell you the facts, and let you judge. My husband and I have for some time been planning a trip to Spain and Italy; we sailed from New York ten days ago, and arrived day before yesterday at Gibraltar. Last night we left Gibraltar on the boat which reached here this morning, with the intention of going

on by rail this afternoon to Granada. My husband has been in a weak and nervous state of health for some time, and this morning, after a rough and sleepless night on a very bad boat, when we reached port he was in a very irritable frame of mind. The custom-house officers were perfect brutes: seeing that we could not speak Spanish, they gathered about us, gesticulating, shrieking, and storming for us to open our trunks, which they searched as carefully as if we were common smugglers. Finding nothing that could possibly be taxed, they insultingly asked my husband if he had any tobacco or cigars in his pockets, and approached as if to search him. At this, Mr. Copington drew from one of his pockets a package of cigarettes, which he rather impatiently pitched at the impertinent fellow, and, in doing so, accidentally let fall a small revolver which he always carries when traveling.

"In a moment four or five of the men sprang upon Mr. Copington, and blew their whistles madly for the police, of whom a dozen came at once. My husband was marched off to an awful prison, while I came as quickly as I could to you, fearing that I might arrive too late for your office hour. And now you know the whole story. I have only to add that my husband is Mr. Edward Copington of New York city, a retired banker, and I hope you will be able to secure his immediate release. It would be very hard upon him, if not absolutely dangerous, to have to pass the night in that awful prison in his present delicate state of health."

"Madam," said the colonel, with dignity, "do me the honor to take possession of the consulate until I can interview my friend the governor-general. Mr. Brown,"—he turned to his clerk,— "I am going for a moment to the governor's palace. Kindly hoist the flag and see that this lady is carefully protected during my absence." Whereupon he took from his table drawer a tiny American flag, which he pinned carefully on the lapel of his coat with a look of determination; and with a flourish of the star-spangled pocket-handkerchief which he always carried, the colonel bowed cheerfully to Mrs. Copington, and proceeded at a dignified pace to the governor's dingy old palace, which stood just around the corner.

He was gone two hours, during which

time Mrs. Edward Copington sat miserably but hopefully in his office.

When Colonel Warfield finally reappeared at the consulate he was hot and tired, and his voice lacked its accustomed buoyancy.

"Your husband is formally accused not only of smuggling, but of menacing and attempting to shoot an officer of the government," he said. "The case, I fear, is serious. In any and all events, Mr. Copington is for the moment *incomunicado*; that is to say, it will be impossible for anybody to see him until after he shall have had his examining trial to-morrow."

Mrs. Edward Copington sprang to her feet and held out her hands appealingly, while her eyes filled with tears.

"Are you really going to let my poor husband pass the night in that hideous prison?" she said in a reproachful voice. "Are you not going to protect him?"

Colonel Warfield looked much annoyed. The word "protect" struck into his soul.

"Madam, I fear there is no help for it. The civil governor is very kindly disposed, but the director of the *aduana* declares that the dignity of the revenue service has been outraged and insulted, and he will not even consent to the release of your husband on bail. He insists that he be punished."

"What is the penalty?" asked Mrs. Copington in trembling tones.

"From one to four years in prison, banishment from the country, or five thousand pesos fine," answered Colonel Warfield, humbly.

The lady sank down in her chair, and covered her face with her hands.

"Oh," she exclaimed directly, "why did we ever come to this awful country? Why did n't we go to Mexico or Canada?"

Then she sprang to her feet.

"Mr. Warfield," she cried passionately, "this is simply monstrous. My husband is in no sense to blame. Are you going to protect him or not?"

The consul began to suspect that he was not coming out of this case of protection with all the brilliancy of which he had dreamed.

The fact is, he had tried to bully the director of the customs service by talking about the American flag and a man-of-war that was lying just across the way at Tangier; but in this he had made a mistake,



"ARE YOU GOING TO PROTECT
HIM OR NOT?"

for this particular Spanish gentleman was not of the sort to be easily bullied, and he had politely given Colonel Warfield to understand that he and his flag and his war-ship and his compatriot could all go to the bottom of the deep-blue sea, as far as he was concerned. It is true the governor had supreme authority and might have ordered the release of Mr. Copington, but in the presence of the aggressive and sullen insistence of the chief customs official he felt that this might cost him dear at the capital, and had declined to take summary action in the matter, although he had assured Colonel Warfield that it broke his heart to refuse.

In this emergency, Mr. Richard Brown, who had been somewhat touched by Mrs. Copington's grief, felt it advisable to make a suggestion. Calling Colonel Warfield aside, he said:

"You ain't workin' this case right; wait till after dinner to-night, and then go over to the palace again, and take the lady with you. These Spaniards is jest like you Kentucky Yankees: they can't refuse a good-lookin' woman nothin'."

Thus was planned a visit that will be ever memorable at the governor's palace

in Esperanza. Old Dick Brown, in describing it in after years, declared that Colonel Warfield "tied a hundred yards that night in eight seconds." He knew whereof he spoke, too, for at his own suggestion he had accompanied the colonel and Mrs. Copington, and was present during the entire interview.

The visit was at nine o'clock. El Señor Don Tomaso Alfonso Manolo Enrique Eduardo Sanchez y Gonzales, Marquis of Malaria, Civil Governor of Esperanza, had graciously consented again to receive the señor consul at that hour, and was already awaiting the visit in his great gilded *sala* in the shabby-genteel old palace, when Colonel Warfield, attired in his long new redingote, his irreproachable lemon-colored kid gloves, and his faultless high hat, was announced by a pampered menial with a bull-fighter's head, squalidly gaudy in a crimson-velvet livery with an epidemic of gold braid. Clinging to Colonel Warfield's arm was his dainty compatriot, whose blonde beauty stole upon that somber Spanish scene like a ray of sunlight.

As the gallant governor of Esperanza bowed before her with that ineffably graceful and gentle homage which only a Spaniard of high breeding can ever hope to express in a mere reverence, she appealingly held out a dainty little white hand, advanced confidently toward him, and burst into tears, just as she had done upon arriving at the consulate. Mr. Richard Brown, in speaking of the event afterward, said:

"I never see a woman act her part so perfect in my hull life."

As Mrs. Copington burst into tears there came promptly into the dark-brown eyes of the Governor of Malaria a certain moisture that gallant and tender-hearted men occasionally find it very difficult to con-



"THE GALLANT GOV-
ERNOR OF ESPERANZA
BOWED"

ceal. Colonel Warfield had acquired a sufficient acquaintance with Spanish to make himself understood, while the governor of Esperanza had a similar knowledge of English, and prided himself upon the fact. It would be impossible to reproduce

dangerous English contrabandist. Your Excellency led me to hope this afternoon that you would pay our great government the compliment of at once liberating this distinguished citizen, who, I may now add, is a man of great importance. I have



"'MY HEART BLEEDS,' MURMURED THE GOVERNOR"

Colonel Warfield's grotesque Castilian, but the honest gentleman delivered himself so artfully that Mr. Brown ever afterward spoke with great feeling and appreciation of his powers of pure imagination.

"Señor governor," he said, "I bring you my lovely compatriot, who has been cruelly robbed of her natural protector. She came trustingly to your beautiful city. Her husband could not understand your exquisite language, and when the customs officers asked him questions he thought they wanted cigarettes, and good-naturedly threw them at them. This is a cordial and spontaneous but rather vulgar way we have in the far West, which your highly cultivated carabineros quite naturally misunderstood. Therefore a disagreement followed, and my poor compatriot, who is the gentlest and kindest man in the world, was erroneously arrested by your accomplished and courageous carabineros, who, as I have since been informed, thought him a

therefore come, accompanied by his wife, to ask that you will put your promise into effect."

Don Alfonso smiled sweetly but sorrowfully.

"My heart breaks, señor consul," he said almost tenderly; "yet I cannot to liberate your compatriot. The president of the aduana! I have said to him to-day: 'Are you not a stupid person? Why will you to be so overcome with folliness? This gentleman he has mean-ed no harmfulness.' But the president he said: 'Ha! the pistol! Would he not to shoot my brave officers?' This I could not to explain him, and I have, notwithstanding, been unable to subdue his resistfulness. *Mañana* we may to have conversation with him again, and let us hope he will not be still a stupid man." And the governor, with exquisite grace, offered Mrs. Copington a cup of chocolate; but that lady, who had been encouraged at the outset, was now in tears again.

"Oh, sir," she said, "you seem so kind and gentle—how can you be so cruel?"

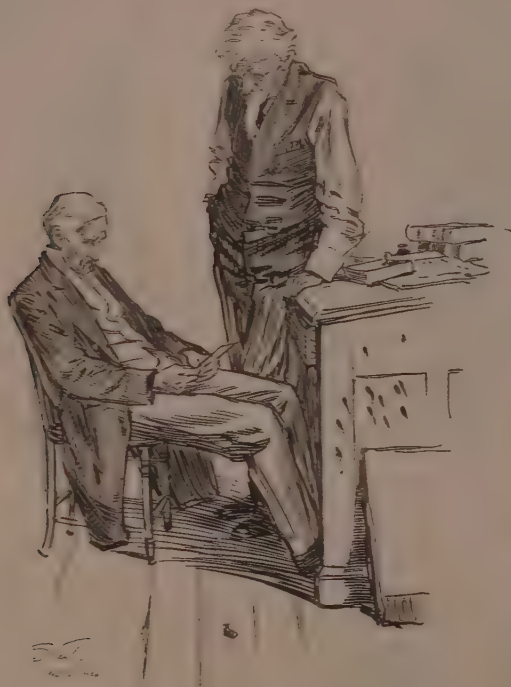
"My heart bleeds," murmured the governor, who, as a matter of fact, really was beginning to be much affected by the beautiful woman's tears.

"In our country a Spanish gentleman is the synonym for chivalry," declared Colo-

Colonel Warfield added to the pathos of the situation by wiping away an imaginary tear.

The governor of Malaria was now deeply touched.

"I cannot to despatch myself very well in English," he said; "but you have made my heart to be broken. What shall I to



"I'M A BLANKED ASS, BROWN"

nel Warfield, artfully. "Have you forgotten, señor governor, that Spain discovered the United States?"

"My own sister married a gentleman whose great-grandfather was one of the brave Spanish gentlemen who settled St. Augustine," sobbed Mrs. Copington. "She named her baby boy Alfonso, in honor of your little king."

Mr. Brown looked at Mrs. Copington admiringly, and said to himself, "That female ought to go on the stage," while

do? There is much penalty for this offense. Think, señora: the law it sayes, 'From one to four years in prison, or five thousand pesos fine, or banishment from Spain.' It is not an ordinary little case. The court may inflict either one or all of those penalties. Fine, imprisonment, or banishment—do you understand, señor consul?"

At this moment Mr. Brown approached very closely to Colonel Warfield. "Tell him you 'll compromise on banishment," he whispered.

Then it was that Colonel Warfield of Kentucky showed himself a master in the art of eloquence.

"Your Excellency," he said, "banishment from any country is an awful punishment, but, above all things, banishment from Spain! Certainly the most unpromising collector of the revenues could not object to the execution of such a sentence in this case. There is a boat leaving this port at midnight for Marseilles; we consent to be banished. That is to say, we consent to have Mr. Copington banished from Andalusia. We agree that he and Mrs. Copington shall leave Esperanza on that boat, never to return to Spain."

In the end the sentence of immediate banishment was agreed upon, and one hour later Colonel Warfield had the pleasure of delivering a tall, pale, nervous, dyspeptic-looking gentleman to his grateful wife on board the French steamer *Beausoleil* in the port at Esperanza. This ship sailed at midnight for Marseilles, and Mr. and Mrs. Edward Copington were the happiest passengers on board. But my story is not yet ended.

Ten days later Colonel Warfield received a grateful letter from Mrs. Copington, postmarked Marseilles, in which she thanked him again in cordial terms for the inestimable service he had rendered her at Esperanza, and told him that her husband had also written a letter of grateful appreciation to the President, which, as a matter of fact, Mr. Copington actually had done, as Colonel Warfield learned years afterward.

"Be assured," she said, "that the man you protected will never forget you."

In the same mail Colonel Warfield received the following communication from the Department of State:

STATE DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON, D. C.,

September 12, 1893.

*To the Consular Officers
at Mediterranean Seaports.*

GENTLEMEN: I have the honor to call your attention to the accompanying communication from Pinkerton's Detective Agency, wherein you are confidentially informed that on the 1st inst. Howard R. Clay, cashier of the — National Bank of —, absconded with \$250,000 of the bank's funds, a fact which has not yet been made known to the press. There are

reasons for believing that he is on his way to one of the ports of the Mediterranean, and you are therefore requested quietly to advise the authorities of your respective districts that a reward of \$20,000 is offered for his apprehension. I need not add that both the President and the Secretary of State would be highly gratified if this important fugitive should be apprehended and brought to justice through your efforts.

I am, gentlemen,

Your obedient servant,

Assistant Secretary of State.

Accompanying the above communication was a notice from Pinkerton's Detective Agency, with a complete description and photograph of the absconder. The notice also stated that he would probably be accompanied by his wife, a very pretty woman, who had formerly been a well-known amateur actress.

"Here," observed Colonel Warfield, astutely, as he handed the despatch and the notice to his amiable clerk, "is another chance for promotion. We must at once notify the police and be on the lookout."

Presently Mr. Brown began to gasp.

"Look!" he exclaimed, pointing to the photograph of the absconder. "The man you protected did n't have no side-whiskers, but there ain't no mistakin' that nose."

Colonel Warfield looked long and carefully; then he sank down in his chair.

"I 'm a blanked ass, Brown," he said feebly.

"Who said you was n't?" returned Mr. Brown, cordially.

COLONEL GILLESPIE WITHERSPOON WARFIELD spent the next two years of his official sojourn at Esperanza in a steadfast effort to conceal from the civil governor the identity of the man he had banished.

Meanwhile the alert American consul at Leghorn had accomplished the arrest of Mr. Howard R. Clay, alias Edward Copington, and the Italian police got the great reward.

When this story finally drifted down into far-away Andalusia, Colonel Warfield returned quietly and unostentatiously to Kentucky, where he subsequently became a successful member of the State legislature.

ICHTHYOSAURS

THE EVOLUTION OF FITNESS IN ICHTHYOSAURS

(FOSSIL WONDERS OF THE WEST)

BY HENRY FAIRFIELD OSBORN

Da Costa Professor of Zoölogy in Columbia University, Curator in the American Museum of Natural History



IN 1895 an expedition from the University of California discovered in rocks of Triassic age, under the distant shadows of Mount Shasta, remains of a new type of fish-saurian, which was appropriately named *Shastasaurus* by Professor Merriam. This led to the proofs of the existence in northern California of a large and very ancient bay of the Pacific Ocean during a period long previous to the elevation of the Sierra Nevada range.

Study of this animal also revealed the significant fact that it was closely related to the "polar ichthyosaur" found by Nordenskjöld in Spitzbergen, half-way between the Arctic Circle and the North Pole, and therefore the most northerly form known of these remarkable animals.

About the same time explorers from the American Museum of Natural History found in central Wyoming, in the heart of the Rocky Mountain region, some of the Jurassic ichthyosaurs (genus *Baptanodon*, Marsh), belonging to a race which, like certain of the whale tribe, lost their teeth because they had selected for food the softer marine organisms, such as the squids. These animals were from ten to twelve feet in length; propelled by broad, flattened paddles, they ranged through the seas which once covered the region surrounding the present Laramie Plains of Wyoming. The advent of these toothless sea-robbers, perhaps because of their extreme specialization, marked the decline of

the maritime supremacy of this great race of ichthyosaurs; and in the Cretaceous seas which subsequently swept over this same country, the long-necked plesiosaurs, the sea-lizards or mosasaurs, and the sea-crocodiles drove out the ichthyosaurs and became the dominant pirates of the inland ocean.

To travelers over our western continent the life of this maritime period of the present great dry mountain region possesses a singular fascination.

These discoveries in America and almost simultaneous discoveries in Europe illustrate with remarkable clearness the evolution of fitness, and furnish my chief motive in writing the present article. It appears that the ichthyosaur race sprang from small, land-living, scaly lizards, with feet armed with claws (Fig. 3); and in the last few years, in various parts of the world, — in North America, Italy, Würtemberg, — savants have worked out almost the whole narrative of a wonderful transformation into large, scaleless or smooth-skinned swimmers, resembling the dolphins among mammals, and bringing forth their young alive and at sea (Fig. 5).

ORIGINAL DISCOVERY OF THE ICHTHYOSAUR

ICHTHYOSAURUS is a name much jested with, because it rivals the mastodon as a most widely known fossil, dating back to its discovery by Sir Everard R. Home, between 1814 and 1819, in the marine

deposits of Lyme-Regis, England. The name, signifying "fish-lizard," shows that this animal impressed König, its describer, as having a fish-like backbone combined with a shoulder-girdle of the lizard or saurian type. This term could not have been more happily chosen, because, while retaining the skeleton of an atavistic and

the Appalachian chain of mountains. Referring to the geological time-scale in the diagram below (Fig. 1), this momentous uplift, which accompanied the great Appalachian revolution in animal and plant life, occurred during the close of the Paleozoic, or Age of Fishes, and just before the Mesozoic, or Age of Reptiles.

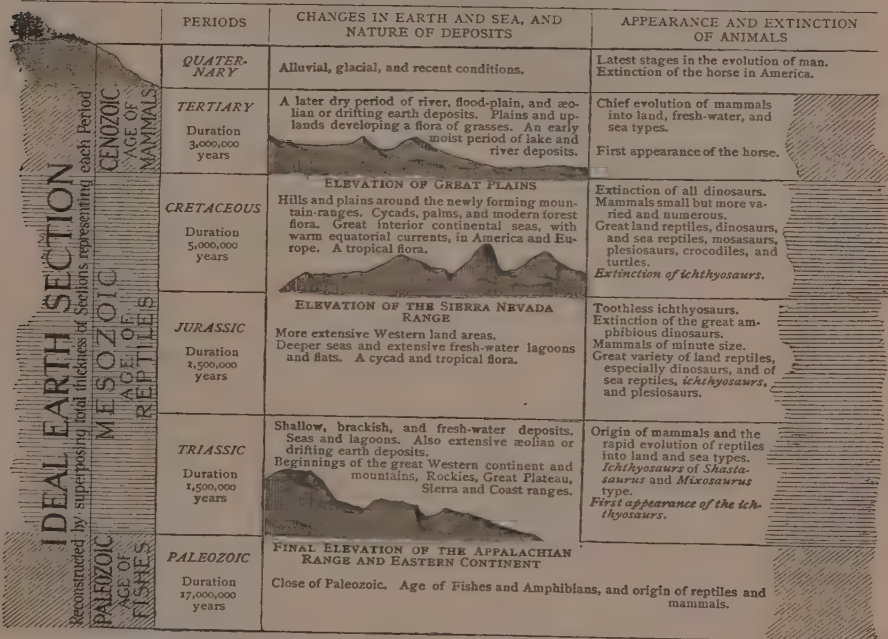


FIG. 1. DIAGRAM ILLUSTRATING CHANGES IN THE AMERICAN CONTINENT AND UPLIFTS OF MOUNTAIN-RANGES WHICH OCCURRED DURING THE EVOLUTION OF THE ICHTHYOSAURS FROM THE LIZARD INTO THE DOLPHIN TYPE

extremely ancient lizard, the ichthyosaur evolved a most strikingly modern external likeness to certain very familiar animals of the sea.

The remote atavus of this great race is now proved to have closely resembled the living "tuatera" lizard of New Zealand, distinctively a land animal both outside and inside, as shown in our drawing on page 417. The tuatera, because of its extraordinary antiquity, is now under the special protection of the English government.

The era when the ichthyosaur gradually abandoned its terrestrial life and prepared to embark on its long sea-roving career was an extremely ancient one—not far geologically from the time of the birth of

Already in the Triassic (the first period in the Age of Reptiles) the ancestral ichthyosaur skeleton was fast losing its land-moving form and fitting itself for exclusively aquatic life. This was brought about by the change or modification of the bending limbs of the walking tuatera type into broad, flattened paddles for water propulsion, not unlike the blade of an abbreviated canoe paddle, as seen in the accompanying sketches, Fig. 2. In such a transformation, which would have delighted the eye of Darwin, a jointed limb gradually dissolves into a fin composed of flattened plates; the distinction between the forearm, the wrist, and the hand disappears; and numerous small additional joints are added to the tips of

the fingers, so that, instead of the five joints found in the longest finger of the tuatera lizard, as many as sixteen joints are finally developed on the middle finger of the ichthyosaurus. Thus the internal skeleton of the limb was completely metamorphosed, and, as a rule, the hind paddles became smaller than the fore.

The results of progressive fitness or adaptation are no less striking in other parts of the bony frame, as shown in Fig. 4. The short head of the tuatera-lizard type is transformed into a long, slender, fish-catching snout, somewhat like that of the Amazonian dolphin (*Inia*), and is armed with curved teeth. The eyes become large, alert, and protected by a ring of bony plates. The neck is so much shortened that the fore paddle seems to emerge almost directly behind the head. As in the shark and dolphin, there is a single, long curvature of the back from the tip of the snout to near the extremity of the tail. The fore part of the body especially is deep and laterally compressed like the side lines of the cutter yacht, whereas in the contemporary plesiosaurs the body section has more of the scow build. The tail is still elongate, like that of the tuatera lizard; but a sharp, sudden, downward bend of the backbone appears in its posterior third, which has a special meaning in connection with the equally striking transformation of the external covering of the animal.

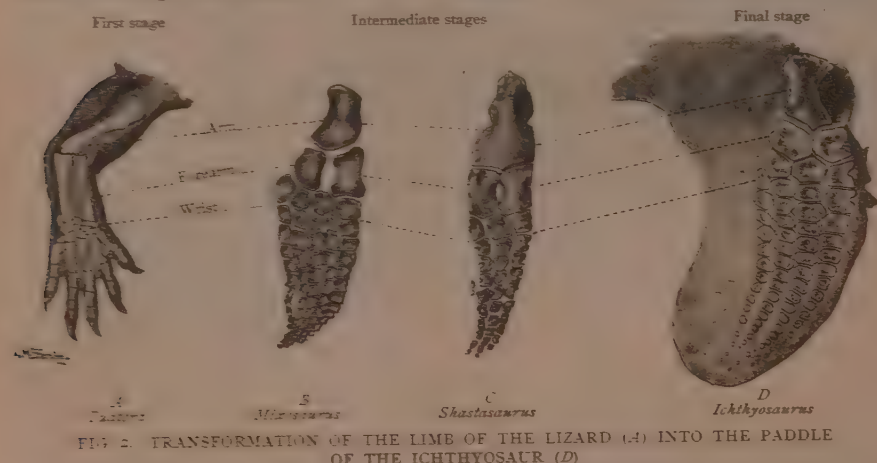
WORLD-WIDE DISTRIBUTION

THE cosmopolitanism of the ichthyosaurs is the surest proof of their gradual assumption of a very successful marine type. Spreading to the Arctic regions, all over Europe, Asia, North America, along the coasts of Africa, and to New Zealand, they were especially numerous and probably reached the climax of their supremacy during the middle of the Jurassic period. Great shoals of skeletons, so to speak, are found embedded together in the Jurassic (second period in the Age of Reptiles) rocks of Würtemberg, of France, and of England, especially near Whitby. They now attained their largest size, some of the animals being estimated by Professor Fraas of Stuttgart at from twelve to fifteen meters, or about thirty-six to forty-five feet, in length.

Like the members of the whale family of our time, they had in the meantime broken up into a great variety of races and specialized widely in jaw and fin structure for the capture of every kind of food and of every form of sea prey. As observed in the biology of the "Fliegendeblätter," since

"Ein jedes Thierchen
Hat sein Plaisirchen,"

the ichthyosaurs experimented with every possible method of satisfying their appe-



In adaptation to aquatic life the bones of the forearm, wrist, and fingers all transform into the same shape, the joints and the claws disappear, the entire bony limb becomes the framework of a broad, fleshy fin or paddle. The wasted limb and hand of the tuatera-lizard type passes through the very ancient (B) *Mioxosaurus* limb, recently described from the Triassic rocks of Italy, either into the narrow paddle of (C) *Shastasaurus*, from Holzmaden, Germany, the broad, fin-like paddle of (D) *Ichthyosaurus*.



Drawn by Bruce Horsfall. Half-tone plate engraved by S. Davis

FIG. 3. THE LITTLE LAND-LIVING TUATERA LIZARD, OR *HATTERIA*, OF NEW ZEALAND

This lizard, about 18 inches in length, is the only living survivor of an extremely ancient (Permian) family, from branches of which the great race of ichthyosaurs sprang. The tuatara is considered of so great scientific interest that it is especially protected by law from extermination.

tite, as is proved by the variety shown in their petrified menu, including either partly digested fish or the remains of the ink-bags of certain ancient squids and other cephalopods. Some were very active swimmers and voracious fish-catchers, while others, with long and slender paddles, swam more leisurely.

Some conception of the enormous length of the reign of the ichthyosaurs and of the profound changes which occurred in the North American continent while it was progressing may be gained from a study of the ideal earth section on page 415. When they first took to the sea the Appalachian chain of mountains was just completing its upheaval; while they were in the height of their prosperity the Sierra Nevadas arose on the western border of the continent; while they were undergoing their decline and approaching extinction the Rocky Mountain range and the region of the great plains were rising from the sea. The whole history of their dispersal on the high seas, therefore, took place during a period roughly estimated in our scale at eight millions of years.

SEA BIRTH OF THE YOUNG ICHTHYOSAUR

It is obviously a great disadvantage to a thoroughly sea-going animal to be obliged to return to land to deposit its eggs, as is done by all the sea-going turtles, because

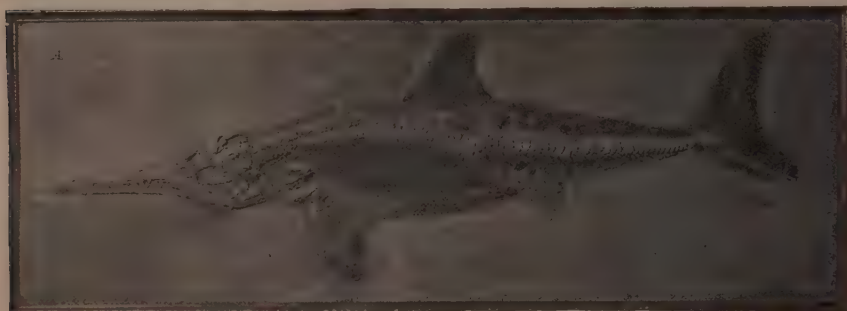
this mode of hatching is surrounded by numerous dangers to the young, which are wholly unprotected by the parent. The little tuatara-like ancestors were, like most reptiles, originally and distinctively egg-laying animals. The power of viviparity, or of bringing forth the young alive, in any group of animals, is always a second thought of nature, and is developed only where the young are exposed to special dangers, as in the surf-living fishes, for example. Sir Richard Owen accordingly believed that ichthyosaurs were in the habit of returning to land to deposit their eggs, like the sea turtles; it will be observed, however, that the arm and forearm are far more abbreviated than in the paddles of the land-going seals and walruses, and would have been virtually useless on land.

It has now been demonstrated that in the evolution of fitness in the ichthyosaurs one of the most remarkable features was the abandonment of egg-laying on shore and the gradual development of a viviparity which enabled them to live in any part of the ocean and become entirely independent of the shore in the production of their young.

The theory is that while the limbs were transforming into fins, and while excursions on shore were becoming less and less frequent, the eggs were retained longer and longer within the body, while the egg-shell

or -covering became weaker; thus egg-laying was step by step replaced by the power of developing the young internally and

accumulating, but only in recent years has it become absolutely convincing. Specimens of ichthyosaurs containing young are,



From a photograph. Specimen of ichthyosaur with fins, in the Bayet collection, Carnegie Museum. By permission of the Carnegie Museum



FIG. 4. TWO FAMOUS SPECIMENS OF ICHTHYOSAURS RECENTLY SECURED BY AMERICAN MUSEUMS

A, remarkable preservation of the outlines of the body and fins in a specimen from Holzmaden, in the Bayet collection, Carnegie Museum, Pittsburg; *B*, specimen of mother ichthyosaur with seven unborn young, from Holzmaden, in the American Museum of Natural History, New York; *C*, outline key to the skeleton *B*.

bringing them forth in a fully active condition at sea, where they could be protected by the mother.

As long ago as 1828, Jaeger, the father of palæontology in Germany, described what he suspected might be an ichthyosaur embryo lying within the ribs of its mother. Since then the evidence has slowly been

however, still comparatively rare. There are four specimens in the museum at Stuttgart, two in Tübingen, one in Munich, one in Paris, a few in other parts of Europe, and two or three in this country. Through Professor Eberhard Fraas, the Royal Museum of Stuttgart has recently presented to the American Museum of Natural History



Drawn by Charles R. Knight. Copyright, 1904, by the American Museum of Natural History.
Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

FIG. 5. RESTORATION OF THE ICHTHYOSAUR WITH NEWLY BORN YOUNG, FROM KNOWLEDGE AFFORDED BY THE SPECIMENS NEWLY RECEIVED BY THE AMERICAN AND CARNEGIE MUSEUMS, AS ILLUSTRATED IN THE FIGURES ON PAGE 418

This animal is one of the fish-catching ichthyosaurs, the jaws being armed with pointed teeth. As in the dolphins, the nostrils open immediately in front of the eyes. Remains of small fish, similar in size to the school represented in the drawing, are frequently found in the interior of ichthyosaurs.

the extraordinary specimen shown in the photograph on page 418, which I shall now describe.

Next to a specimen newly received by the Stuttgart Museum, the acquisition of which enabled Curator Fraas to part with this one, our "mother ichthyosaur" is believed to be the most perfect of its kind in the world. It belongs to the species named *Ichthyosaurus quadriscissus*, in reference to the four incisions on the back of the paddle. It is a form common enough in Germany, but our skeleton is rendered exceptional because of the fact that it contains seven well-preserved young ichthyosaurs partly within and partly floating out of the body-cavity. The mother is over nine feet long, the skull measuring nineteen inches. In the young the skulls measure nine and a half inches and are especially well developed, as is usually the case with animals which are precocious at birth. The little strings of vertebrae composing the backbones, as well as parts of the miniature paddles, can readily be seen. The fact that the skeletons are considerably scattered is quite consistent with the supposition that the body-wall of the mother was partly ruptured after decomposition and that the small young were more or less scattered by water currents and by the various forms of life which would naturally prey upon them.

Even in the face of such evidence as

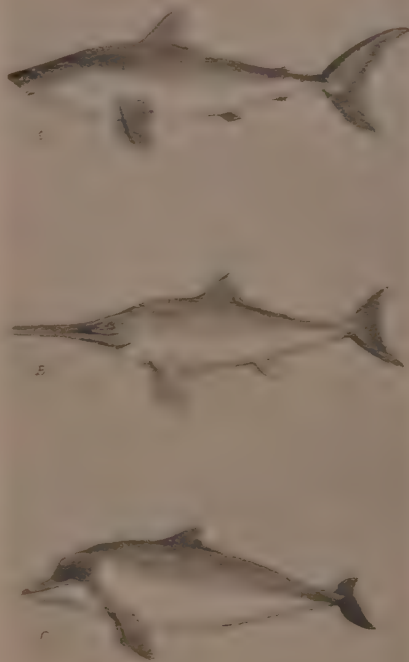
this, the sea-birth of ichthyosaurs has been very actively discussed, and there is still some difference of opinion regarding it among palæontologists. By some the presence of these small skeletons in the body-cavity has been explained by the alter-

native theory that the ichthyosaurs were cannibals, and that the young preserved in different specimens represent a recent capture. Strongly against this alternative is the counter-evidence, distinctly afforded in this remarkable specimen in the American Museum, that the young belong to the same species as the parent, that they are of approximately uniform size, but especially that the individual bones of the young skeletons are as complete and as perfect as those of the adult; in other words, there is no evidence of partial digestion or dissolution of any of these skeletons, whereas the fish which are also found in the body-cavity are more or less in pieces, and often less perfectly preserved. There is, therefore, every reason to believe that the young were born alive, and that they were immediately

able to swim about independently, but more or less under the guardianship of the mother, as represented in the lifelike restoration by Mr. Charles R. Knight.

TRANSFORMATION OF THE EXTERNAL STRUCTURE

This restoration is also the first adequate representation of the very remarkable dis-



Drawn by Charles R. Knight

FIG. 6. ANALOGOUS OR CONVERGENT EVOLUTION IN FISH, REPTILE, AND MAMMAL.

A, shark (*Lamna cornubica*), with long lobe of tail upturned.

B, ichthyosaur, with fin-like paddles, long lobe of tail downturned.

C, dolphin (*Sotalia flaviatilis*), with horizontal tail fin or fluke.

The external similarity in the fore paddle and back fin of these three marine animals is absolute, although they are totally unrelated to each other and have a totally different internal structure. It is one of the most striking cases known of the law of analogous evolution.

covery of the actual external appearance of the ichthyosaur, which was far more that of a shark, or rather of a dolphin, than that of any scaly reptile. A more complete transformation of the ancestral tuateralizard type could scarcely be imagined.

No advance in science appears to be totally without adumbration. As long ago as 1836, Copeland found traces of the integument. In 1841 Owen pictured a paddle with its integumentary border still intact. Most of the Jurassic sediments in which great numbers of these animals were deposited were favorable to the preservation of the soft integument, and it seems probable that, owing to the excessive thinness and delicacy of the skin layer, its remains have been very frequently overlooked and destroyed in the course of the removal of the stone from these fossils.

Herr Bernhard Hauff, working in the famous ichthyosaur deposits in Holzmaden, at the foot of the Swabian Alps, enjoys the distinction of being the first to discover the continuous skin layer not only of the paddles, but of the body contours; so that now for the first time we know how ichthyosaurs actually appeared in life, and can accurately compare them with the modern sea-robbers. I visited this famous locality in company with Professor Fraas and watched Herr Hauff at work on the extremely delicate operation of scraping off the matrix under water and exposing the excessively thin skin layer by the use of a fine scalpel. The delicate natural cast of the integument is of the thickness of tissue-paper; yet the epidermal cells are so perfectly represented that in microscopic preparation they exhibit pigment spots, traces of dermal glands, and underlying muscle striations. The skin is finer in texture over the sides of the body than on the fins, and is thickened especially at the base of the tail fin. Scales, so characteristic of all reptiles and undoubtedly present in the land ancestor of ichthyosaurs, have been entirely lost except for a few protective horny scales, like those of sea turtles, which strengthen the anterior borders of the fins. The color of the skin as fossilized varies from a light brown to a deep black.

Only a few of these specimens have been found. Four are now in the museums of Stuttgart and Berlin. The fifth is in the museum of Budapest. A sixth small but very beautiful specimen, a photograph of

which is here shown, has recently arrived, with the Bayet collection, in the Carnegie Museum of Pittsburg. Together they give us a perfect idea of the external appearance; and it may now be said that we know more about the structure of ichthyosaurs than of any other ancient reptiles. In the photograph, as well as in the drawing representing the ichthyosaur swimming about with its recently born young, and in the comparative drawings of the ichthyosaur, shark, and dolphin, we gain a clear idea of the external form.

In these three animals the resemblance in the snout and general body form, and in the "back fin," "tail fin," and "front fin" or paddle, is most astonishing, when we consider that each case represents an independent "evolution of fitness." It is the most striking example I know of the law of analogy in evolution.

The existence of the great caudal or "tail fin," the backbone of which is downturned instead of upturned as in the shark, was shrewdly suspected by Owen, as long ago as 1840, because of the downward dislocation of the vertebræ of the tail in many skeletons. It is a pity that this great English palæontologist could not have lived to see the verification of his brilliant anatomical prophecy. The mechanism is similar to that of the tail of the shark, but the mode of execution is different; for in the shark the backbone turns upward and the fin-fold is below, while in the ichthyosaur it turns sharply downward and the fin-fold is above it. The most profound difference between the vertical ichthyosaur-shark type and the dolphin lies in the plane of the tail fin, which, it will be remembered, is horizontal in dolphins and porpoises, and in all other members of the whale family, because of the necessity of a rapid upward motion of the body for the purpose of coming to the surface to breathe and to feed.

The ichthyosaur was also an air-breather, but probably, like all cold-blooded animals, less dependent upon frequent supplies of oxygen than the dolphin; the nostril, or "blow-hole," occupies the same position, immediately in front of the eyes, as in the dolphin.

Previous to this finding of the integument, the existence of the great dorsal or "back fin" was wholly unsuspected. It seems to have been almost exactly similar

in position to that of the dolphin, being placed somewhat farther back than in the shark. The bodies of these animals may be compared to the bodies of two yachts placed deck to deck, the dorsal fin serving the same purpose as the fin-keel of the inverted yacht.

The fore paddle, or front side fin, of the ichthyosaur is seen to be remarkably similar to the flipper of the dolphin and to the fore fin of the shark.

It must be remembered that all these resemblances are purely superficial, or skin-deep, so to speak; that the internal structure or bony framework of the fins and paddles in these three animals is absolutely and radically different; and that there is not the most remote resemblance between the bones of the fore paddle of the shark, dolphin, and ichthyosaur, for example. What might be mistaken, from superficial appearance, as evidence of a blood-relationship is merely to be understood as evidence of a similarity of habit. It has been well said that the outside of an animal tells us how and in what medium it lives and moves; the inside tells us what its ancestors were.

This constitutes, therefore, a wonderful

case of the law of parallelism or convergence in the evolution of fitness in the animal kingdom: to attain similar results exactly similar organs have been developed from entirely dissimilar beginnings.

From the very careful comparisons made by Fraas and others in Germany, it is believed that the tail fin of the ichthyosaur was used chiefly as a rudder, whereas in many fishes the tail fin is a very important propelling organ. If this was the case, the ichthyosaurs were propelled like the sharks, in their slower motions by the gentle waving of the tail, and in their more rapid motions by the lateral movements of the body*supplemented partly by the action of the paddles and of the entire tail and fin.

With the dark, glistening body, polished like the under sides of a racing yacht, the long snout, short neck, and complete equipment of fins and paddles, the ichthyosaurs, in the evolution of fitness, totally lost even the most remote external resemblance to their lizard-like ancestors. The extinction of this race, after achieving this wonderful stage of perfection, is, however, an indication that still "fitter" races had in the meantime been evolving.



THE HOUR SUPREME

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY

ON Nature's round
Which sweetest is, stillness or sound?
Which is most musical,
Song or the interval
When the silence stirs, to be
A voice, a melody?

On Nature's way
Which fairest is, dawning or day?
Which would the nice eye choose,
The noon gold or the hues
When the shadow of the night
Wakes, smiling into light?

Beauty is bride
In midsummer or at springtide?
In June her solsticy
Or when the pale mists be,
When the clod feels some warm power
At work, and lo, a flower!

Ay, when is bliss
The sweetest that it ever is?
When the loved one is at rest
Upon the lover's breast,
Or when he first may dare
To dream he feels her there?



A NOTE ON SAINTE-BEUVE

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS



IF we might credit Goethe to the eighteenth century, few of those competent to judge would hesitate to call Sainte-Beuve the foremost critic of the nineteenth century. The qualifications of a critic of the highest rank are fourfold. First, he must have insight—acumen, the essential gift of the critical faculty; and this Sainte-Beuve possessed abundantly. Second, he must have an abundant equipment—scholarship, knowledge of many things, so that he may compare one thing with another, comparison being a chief necessity of criticism; and Sainte-Beuve had an equipment unapproached by other writers of his century, and his erudition was as wide as it was deep, for he not only knew many things, but he also knew all about each one of them. Thirdly, the critic must have disinterestedness—he must love veracity for its own sake, he must insist on setting forth the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; and here was Sainte-Beuve's standard of honor, that as a critic he refused to be swayed by any of the social appeals to which most critics are only too ready to yield. He had a rigid independence, a sturdy individuality, a resolute freedom from party bias, although he is not always absolutely devoid of personal prejudice. And, in the fourth place, a critic needs sympathy, or at least he must have enough of it to enable him to understand

and to appreciate men and women wholly unlike himself; and sympathy Sainte-Beuve had, although his share of this quality is not so full, perhaps, as his share of the other three qualifications for his great office.

He is the foremost critic of his century in the body and substance of his work. His contribution to literature looks big on the library shelves—some threescore volumes, more or less, all solidly documented, all alive with the play of his keen intelligence, and all illuminated by his intellectual integrity. A thin book of poems and a still-born novel must not be neglected, for in them it is possible to perceive the reason for Sainte-Beuve's occasional lapses from justice in his estimate of some of the poets and novelists of his own time and of his own language. He is grudging toward Hugo and Musset and Balzac—perhaps it is not harsh to suggest that he is unfair to them, and that something a little like personal jealousy may have been the remote cause of this unfairness. These two youthful misadventures—the novel and the poems—once left behind him, he was thereafter a critic and nothing else, a critic who was also a literary historian and who extended the domain of literary criticism to include not only history and philosophy, but also art and, to a certain extent, even science. As we dip here and there into the volumes in which, year after year, he collected his critical articles, we

discover that there is scarcely any province of human knowledge into which the active and often skeptical curiosity of Sainte-Beuve did not adventure itself sooner or later. He made himself master not only of all the writings of the men and women whose portraits he was going to paint with Denner-like fidelity, but also of all the anecdotes and ana of all sorts that had clustered about them. He found his profit in their letters and in their table-talk; and it was often from these lesser sources of information that he derived not a few of the countless little details that give to these portraits their astonishing vitality and vivacity.

He enjoyed exploring the anatomy of his several subjects; and his experience as a student of medicine is perhaps responsible for his delight in a dissection which was sometimes a vivisection. He evokes the vague figure of his sitter by a series of subtle suggestions, mere hints, insinuations, innuendos, until in time the portrait starts to life, striking in resemblance. Of course he was not master of his method all at once, nor of his material, either. His earlier articles are not without interest: they reveal the touch of the born critic, no doubt; but they lack the largeness of vision and the certainty of stroke that characterize the later criticisms. It was only slowly that he came to a knowledge of his own aim, which, as he himself phrased, was to set forth "the natural history of the intellect." It is in the "Causeries du Lundi," and more especially in the "Nouveaux Lundis," that Sainte-Beuve is seen at his best, and that he most fully displays his shrewdness, his common sense, his feeling for proportion, his faculty for probing to the center, his felicity in discovering the ultimate secret. These twoscore volumes are to criticism what Balzac's "Human Comedy" is to fiction. They contain—if we are willing to piece together the fragments—

a most delightful history of French literature and a most charming history of French society. They reveal his possession—to quote Mr. Henry James—of "two passions which are commonly assumed to exclude each other, the passion for scholarship and the passion for life." And Mr. James is not overstating it when he asserts that Sainte-Beuve "valued life and literature equally for the light they threw on each other; to his mind one implied the other; he was unable to conceive of them apart." This double interest in life and in literature and in their interrelation animated Sainte-Beuve's great work, the one book in which he displayed his constructive skill as well as his critical faculty and his power of historic divination—the wonderful account of Port-Royal and of all those in any way related to it; that solid and substantial "Port-Royal," which is one of the noblest monuments of French literary genius.

Finally, Sainte-Beuve is the foremost literary critic of the nineteenth century in the influence he has exerted upon his fellows. In a very real sense Matthew Arnold in England and Taine in France are his disciples—or at least he is their literary ancestor. They derive from him, and the doctrines they have made explicit are often implicit in him. That part of Taine's critical theory which has withstood the test of time is that which Taine acquired from Sainte-Beuve; and not a few of the points which Arnold pressed insistently on the attention of all who read English he took over from his French predecessor. There are no real critics of literature of our time, from Mr. James in America to M. Brunetière in France, who have not come under his spell at some period of their own development, and who have not sharpened their own vision by a more or less deliberate application of the methods of Sainte-Beuve.





From a photograph by Pierson and Braun. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

SAINTE-BEUVE

A CHRISTMAS FIESTA IN THE PHILIPPINES

BY DAVID GRAY

WITH PICTURES FROM PHOTOGRAPHS



Buencamino
Aguinaldo

Aglipay

THE DISTINGUISHED GUESTS

THIS is not of the perplexities of our problem with a child people, nor of the outlook of gloom with which their great ignorance of us and our greater ignorance of them threatens the future, but of the hope-inspiring ray—the brighter side.

"Soon will come Christmas," said Don Felipe, "and you are far from America. No mother or father you have in the Philip-

pines." He beamed upon us over his spectacles, and opened his arms. "I will be father and mother."

There were three orphans thus adopted. One was a correspondent, another was the grandson of a great man, the third was the writer.

Of Don Felipe, the Señor Buencamino, much might be written of more than personal interest.



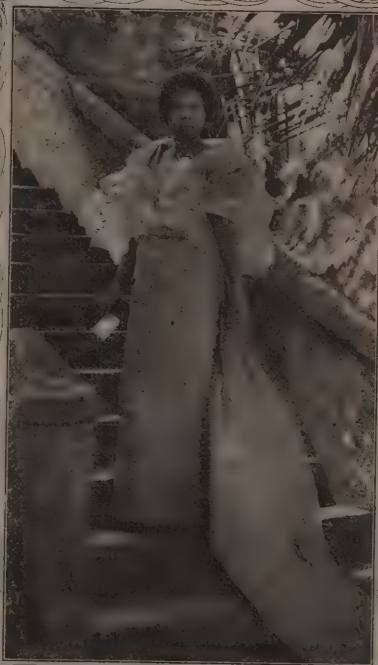
DON FELIPE AND HIS DAUGHTERS

"The history of my imprisonments," he remarked blandly, "is the history of my people. In '68 the friars put me in prison when I was a student."

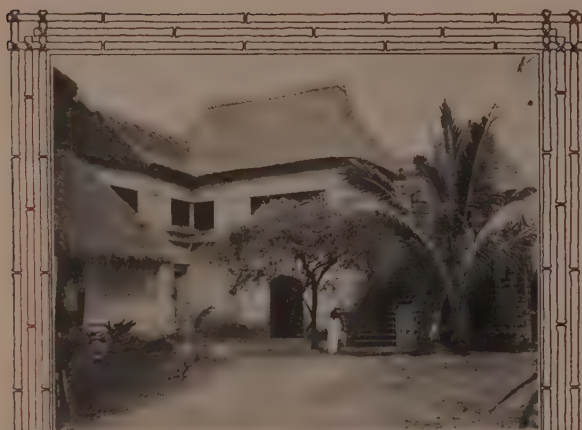
When the news of the revolution in Spain had reached Manila, the Filipino law-clerk had ventured unwisely to answer a canonical question in Spanish instead of in Latin, remarking that the old order had been swept away.

"After that, in '99," he continued, "Aguinaldo imprisoned me when he was at Cavite with Admiral Dewey because I brought the demand to him to surrender from the Spanish governor. After that General MacArthur imprisoned me because, when the Spanish cause was lost, I joined Aguinaldo. What will come next, I know not," he added, laughing.

But he was not imprisoned long by General MacArthur, and the aforetime law-clerk, colonel of Spanish volunteers, secretary of state for Aguinaldo, lieutenant-general in the insurrecto army, and eventually United States prisoner of war, be-



THE MISTRESS OF THE HOUSE



THE CASA BUENCAMINO

came the leader of the Americanistas and founder of the Federal or American party in Manila. To-day he holds an important office in the insular government, politically controls Tondo, the most populous district of Manila, and is a great man in Luzon.

He came for us the day



THE LUNCH-PARTY



THE TRELLISED DRIVE

before Christmas, in the morning.

"Our fiesta," he said, "must begin early, for we have much to do."

He shook his head mysteriously, and led the way in his pony-victoria with the correspondent. The grandson and the writer followed wondering in a *carromato* with the luggage, for we had been told that we were to be away overnight.

Toward noon, on De-

cember 24, in the old walled city of Manila, the sun was pouring mercilessly down, as it pours down every noon except when the equally strenuous rain is taking its turn. The heat pours down upon those stone streets, the burning pavements send it up again, the walls reflect it, and no breeze ever finds its way in to tell of cooler things. The grandson observed that it seemed the delirium of a lunatic to imagine the

jingling of sleigh-bells or a December east wind off New York Bay. But as we left the walled city and drove through the Luneta we found a breeze that hinted of a pleasanter land.

In the suburb Malate there was a long, shaded driveway, trellised with tropical vines. At the end, silhouetted against the blue sky, stood a large *nipa* house perched on its high stilts in a grove of palms and bananas. A high awning was spread on the shaded side, walled with huge banana-leaves, and underneath there was a table set with a dozen covers.

A tall, lean figure in a cassock with purple borders rose and greeted us. It was the "Archbishop" Aglipay, head of the movement for a Filipino church. At the time he was the most-talked-of man in the islands, leading, as he did, a schism with several millions of adherents. He and Don Felipe embraced. The Señor Buen-camino is a deacon in the Presbyterian church, but he is liberal in matters of doctrine, and Aglipay was a brother leader in the late war.

The owner of the establishment, who had not seen our arrival, came forward with apologies and received us ceremoniously. He presented the other guests to us, and ordered tobacco and refreshments. The company was made up of representatives of prominent Filipino families—merchants, owners of estates, professional men. Several of them had been educated in England and on the Continent, and spoke our language as well as we.

Presently the host, whose eyes were turned down the trellised driveway, exclaimed, "Emilio!" and rose to his feet. The company also rose, and conversation stopped. We saw two men in white driving toward us under the trellis in a covered pony-phaëton. One was the private secretary, and the other, a little, fragile-looking man with a grave face, was Aguinaldo.

"This is my surprise," Don Felipe whispered. "You know 'Aguinaldo' means 'Christmas present.'"

The influence which the discredited Filipino leader still possesses even with the upper class of his countrymen is as undoubted as it is surprising. The Filipinos present were all his superiors in education, and probably most of them were also his superiors in affairs, as the Western world understands it. Several of the company

had at various times been his advisers, had devised for him his policy, and had executed his official acts. They had been behind the scenes, and understood the causes for his rise and fall, knew him as he really was; yet all of them manifested a deference, as if for the mythical personality which the populace and peasantry still credit.

Gravely and quietly Aguinaldo acknowledged his reception. He spoke slowly and guardedly in a soft voice, more the thin, high-pitched voice of a child than of a man. He said little, but his manners were gentle and, with his old friends, affectionate. The first impression which he created was a pleasant and dignified one, save for the expression of cautious cunning in his eyes, and for the lines of the mouth, which showed a habit of exaggerated repression.

Lunch was announced, and we took our places at the long, narrow table, the grandson and the correspondent sitting next to Aguinaldo, the writer opposite and on the right of the "archbishop."

Gastronomically the lunch was imposing. Course followed course, all well cooked and served with excellent wines from Spain and France. The host's family retainers, barefooted old men, with their shirt-tails outside their trousers, according to the national custom, served, and an orchestra of guitars and mandolins played. Here we heard the "Vals Tagala" for the first time, sitting in the cool shade, with the dazzling tropical afternoon all about us, and looking through a frame of waving, glistening bamboos upon a vista of rice-fields and purple mountains. The Filipinos are natural musicians and play the stringed instruments with feeling and spirit, and in this passionate waltz, with its undercurrent of melancholy, the poetry of the race seems to speak.

"Ah, Father Aglipay," sighed Don Felipe, as the musicians finished, "you must give me dispensation to marry the first mandolin."

The girl overheard, and her lips parted in a smile. She was of the better class, with a smooth, dark skin, and was dressed in the native costume, which showed her slim, round arms through the *camisa* of *juss* cloth.

The key-note of the speeches, which began with the dessert, was sounded by Don Felipe, who announced that he spoke

for Aguinaldo. Aguinaldo, he said, recognized that the welfare of his country was not to be promoted by political agitation, but by efforts to improve the industrial and economic conditions. The lack of draft-cattle, the presence of the friars and locusts, were responsible for the depression in agriculture. The first thing to be done was to put the farmer upon his feet. "Aguinaldo is no irreconcilable," he concluded. "He sees the sufferings of his countrymen; he weeps, and he prepares to work for their welfare under the guidance of America."

Aghayay fell well with a speech in which he announced that he should continue by all peaceable means his ecclesiastical revolution till the last Spanish friar was driven from the islands. He spoke in a rapid, businesslike manner, in a clear, hard voice, and without attempt at oratorical effect. His face showed much more force and energy than is usual in the Tagalog countenance, and he looked the shrewd and persistent organizer rather than a spiritual force.

There were other speeches, more or less sententious, to which the grandson and the correspondent responded. Finally, to the evident surprise of his friends, Aguinaldo rose. He raised a glass of champagne with the gesture of offering a toast, and said a few words in Spanish. Exclamations of applause burst from the company.

"See!" exclaimed one of the Filipinos in English, "he says that he wishes to be friends with the Americans. He drinks to the prosperity of the Filipinos and their American brothers!"

There was much hand-clapping, then the orchestra played again, and presently the entertainment came to an end.

"This is Filipino Christmas lunch-party," said Don Felipe. "How you like?"

We drove back to the city, to the railway-station, and as the sun was nearing the horizon the train feebly proceeded up the line. There is but one railway in the islands, and to speak of "the line" is explicit.

The names of the stations soon seemed curiously familiar, and the correspondent reminded us that they were the names which delighted the humorous newspaper paragraphers at home during the advance on Malolos.

At Caloocan Don Felipe pointed to the freight-house.

"In that building," he said, "was one company of Igorrotes, armed with the bow and arrow and with the spear. One ship [he pointed toward the bay] send a cannon-ball through the pointed again to the freight-house. Bang! The Igorrotes run, and not stop till back to Benguet." This is about one hundred and fifty miles. His eyes twinkled, and he laughed a long time.

A little farther on he pointed out the monument raised where General Egbert fell leading his regiment. We saw the river that Fungson swam, we should call it a creek, it "crack" in the American belt, and the town where Aguinaldo first convened the Filipino legislature. The railway line is one long battle-field, and the scars upon it are not yet healed. Yellow in the sunset, stretched miles of diked rice-lands, waterless and unworked; no draft-animals, and no money to buy them, and without the ungainly water-buffalo there is no rice crop.

The sun went down behind Mount Arayat. The moon had risen in the tropic asterism stepped away, and the night came abruptly. Presently the train stopped again, and Don Felipe looked out into the darkness. "We have arrived," he said, and led the way out.

The family coachman was there, immaculate but in accordance with tradition, barefooted and oil-bathed, his shirt outside his cotton trousers, and a derby hat pulled down to his ears. He was on the box of a miniature vis-à-vis, holding the reins over an impatient and very good pair of gray stallion ponies.

We drove rapidly down a road lined with native houses, each set in a small grove of banana-trees. The people of the house were at their evening meal. We had picturesque glimpses of them as they sat grouped on the floor eating by the firelight and the little oil-lamps that burn coconut-oil. The road turned, and we came to the river. It was still, and sewn with reflected stars.

Presently we clattered into another village. There was a large church in the plaza, and a dusky crowd in white holiday clothes was gathering before it. As we passed the church we had a glimpse of the lofty altar ablaze with innumerable candles. Then we hurried on again, in the darkness, following a road along the river-bank. Suddenly across a bend in the river

there was wrought an unexpected miracle of lights.

"*Mira!*" exclaimed Don Felipe. "It is the Christmas-eve procession."

But as he spoke it was gone, screened by the thick bamboos on the bank. As the carriage rounded the bend, we encountered the long, ghostly line of huge white lanterns carried high on bamboo-poles and the procession of men and children in white headed by native padres.

We passed, and drove on for a mile or more, when the horses stopped before a stone gateway and turned into a courtyard.

"My country house," said Don Felipe. "Please you come in."

At the head of the massive steps leading to the first story stood the ladies of the house, his daughters, who received us and led us in. Inside were huge rooms floored with mighty planks of polished molave and of a darker wood resembling rose-wood. The sliding window-panels, made of little squares of scraped pearl-oyster shell set in wooden framework, were moved back, and above the sash the sides of the house were open to the night. Scarcely any breeze stirred the candles on the dinner-table, yet the perfume of the ylang-ylang trees in the court streamed in, and it was gratefully cool.

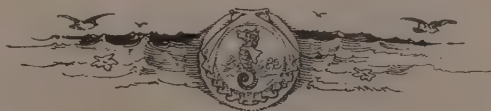
Unmarried Filipino girls of the upper class have had little liberty in the past, but since the American order began, social customs have changed rapidly, and Don Felipe's family have been pioneers in adopting American ideas. A man of exceptional intelligence, humor, and mental alertness himself, his children inherit his qualities. His two sons are at an American college, and his daughters, who have never been out of the islands, each knew more English than our combined stock of Spanish. But they naively pretended ignorance and politely encouraged us to commit atrocities with the Castilian idiom.

It was late before we finished our Christmas-eve dinner, and still later before the cigars burned out; but at last Don Felipe

noticed the grandson's drooping eyelids, and told us that it was bedtime whenever we considered it so.

In the recesses of a large, dim room there was a canopied Spanish bed. Instead of springs, these beds are caned like the seat of a chair, and instead of a mattress, a cool grass mat is spread upon the cane. Over that is spread a sheet, and a second sheet serves as coverlet. In such a bed, fanned by the night air, to at least one of Don Felipe's guests sleep came quickly; and tropical sleep, like tropical rain, is heavier and more complete than ours. But it seemed not long before there came into his sleep the sound of singing. Dazed and only half awake, he slipped out of bed and went to the open window. The night was bright with stars. The Southern Cross was low on the horizon. Perfume from the ylang-ylang trees and temple flowers flooded the courtyard. In a small tree in the hedge innumerable fireflies were swarming noiselessly. Slowly the singing drew nearer, till it could be distinguished as the music of an anthem sung by children's high-pitched voices, and suddenly the white light of many lanterns filled the road. It was the Christmas procession returning from the church. Always singing, it slowly passed, the lights gleaming on the broad banana-leaves. Then the last lantern suddenly disappeared and left the darkness intensified; the music faded out like the lights, and in the stillness there came back the voices of the lizards and night insects.

Suddenly the house clock struck one, and the writer tried to realize that in his pajamas he was leaning out of an open window in a Christmas-morning atmosphere, without other thought than that it was somewhat warm. It was hard to believe, yet no more hard than that we Americans were under our own flag half the world's width away from home, and under the hospitable roof of a Malay gentleman the future of whose people is bound up in our future.





THE SCIENTIST AND THE MOTH

BY JENNETTE LEE



HE Scientist attended to the little crabs on his plate. If the truth must be told, he had not noted that they were crabs, or that they were canned. He was wondering which was Henrietta, and if she played the andante.

It was a Schubert andante, and he knew the violin score by heart. He had often played it in Germany; but he had not expected to find it here among the redwoods of California. He had been standing by the piano humming it absently to himself, before dinner, when they came in—gliding, floating, walking. The Scientist could not have told how they came. His sight was never very good at the best, and he had taken off his glasses and rubbed them on his handkerchief as they approached. He always did this at the advent of a new specimen. They had held out cordial hands to him—one, firm and hearty, like a boy's, he remembered now; the other, raised in a slow curve and seeking his gracefully. He could not recall which was which. This made him sorry.

For, as the dinner progressed, he perceived that Mrs. Tryon's two daughters were very different. The one that sat opposite her mother at the end of the table must be the elder, he decided, though age could hardly be associated with either of them. They were like wood-nymphs that had drifted in for a casual meal, catching their drapery as they came, and wearing it with modesty but not of necessity. These were unseemly and riotous thoughts for the brain of a scientist. How they came

there I will not pretend to say. I can only mention that, although during thirty years' pursuit of bugs and moths he had lived almost constantly in the woods, the Scientist had never before encountered a wood-nymph or dreamed of one. To meet two at a first encounter was naturally somewhat embarrassing.

He took a safe moment to look again at the elder of the two. She was big and gentle, and the hair on her low forehead was of the softest brown. It occurred to the Scientist that one might like to touch it. His second thought was that it was the color of the moth he had come to find. He returned circumspectly to his crabs.

When he looked up again, the younger one, the one across the table from him, was regarding him frankly. She had clear, dark eyes, and her nose tilted a little, which kept her from being beautiful. But the eyes were very friendly—like a St. Bernard's, the Scientist decided, only nicer. He suddenly took courage and leaned forward.

"Do you play the andante?" he asked, motioning toward the open door.

She looked at him with wide eyes.

"I hate music," she said.

"Henrietta!" murmured her mother.

"Not hate—you don't mean that you hate it."

The girl shook her head perversely.

"I do. I hate it."

Her mother looked at her helplessly for a minute. Then her face relaxed.

"She does n't hate it," she said confidently; "she has n't, perhaps, Ethelberta's touch—"

Both the girls laughed outright, and even the Scientist smiled.

"Then it is yours?" he said, turning to the other.

"The andante? Yes. I was trying to play it before dinner, but it needs the violin."

"Yes. It needs the violin."

The mother leaned forward eagerly. "And do you play?"

"A little." The Scientist blushed at the admission.

The hostess clapped her hands in a plump, joyous way.

"Now, is n't that perfect! There's Hal's violin in the camp loft. Run, Henrietta, and get it."

They rose from the table and grouped about the fire in the other room. And when the violin had been brought in, and a string mended, and it had been tuned, Ethelberta and the Scientist played the andante, the Scientist leaning over the full, rounded shoulder and following the score with swift, short-sighted glance. The light from the candles fell on the room, bringing out shadows and faint color.

Across the room, Henrietta, on a low bench, with her knees drawn up and her eyes half shut, played with the long, silky ears of a huge dog that lounged against her. He pushed affectionately nearer to her, his breath coming in soft pants. Henrietta patted his head and sat up, looking vaguely about. The music was full of witchery. It played among the half-lighted shadows. She rose, stretched herself, and wandered across the room, standing for a moment by the door and looking into the darkness. The great dog followed her, leaping upon her.

"Down, Buff!" she said softly.

II

WHEN Mrs. Tryon opened her eyes she looked about with a little expression of dismay.

"Where is Henrietta?" she demanded.

The music had ceased, and the players came across to the fire. Ethelberta glanced at the low seat.

"She's run away," she said, smiling. "I thought she could stand the Schubert. But you never can tell." The tall clock chimed nine o'clock softly, and she looked up. "Nine o'clock. I must run over a minute to see Mary. I promised her."

She went into the hall for a wrap, and her mother's eyes followed her, comfortably vexed.

"It's a friend that's been ill," she explained. "Their camp is next ours. It's only a step. And how stupid in Henrietta to go off! Do you smoke?"

The Scientist looked up gratefully. "I—er—sometimes."

She pulled open a drawer in the library table, and took out a brown box, proffering it to him.

His eye lighted as he saw the mark. He took one with thin, careful fingers and stood rolling it absently, a look of contentment in his face.

She watched him with an amused smile. "You may smoke it," she said.

He looked about him. "Here?"

"Here or outdoors, as you please. The nights are very beautiful with us, so dry and clear. Henrietta is constantly roaming about in them." There was half-apology and half-pride in the tone.

"Is it quite safe?" ventured the Scientist.

"Safe? Oh, perfectly! She always has Buff, and this is America, you know."

"Yes."

He stood waiting an instant, rolling the cigar thoughtfully in his fingers. Then he strolled out through the open door into the starlit night. When the cigar was lighted he slipped the ends of his thumbs into his pockets and wandered about, smoking tranquilly and looking up to the stars. He could see them quite plainly. They were far enough away from his short-sighted eyes to seem near. The night was very still, and soft sounds pattered through it—the breath of pine boughs, the chirp of insects, and a distant murmur of water down below somewhere. Then another sound broke upon it—a soft panting, and hurrying thuds, a sound of running breath, and quick, laughing footsteps.

A girl's figure flitted through the shrubbery at the right, the dog's huge shadow loping behind. It disappeared in the direction of the house, and stillness settled upon the night. The Scientist strolled and smoked and looked at the stars.

When at last he threw away the end of the cigar and turned toward the house, lights glimmered in two of the upper windows.

III

As the Scientist went up to his room he noted a rim of light from beneath two doors gleaming into the darkened hall, and he walked softly that he might not disturb any one or call attention to himself.

He need not have feared disturbing the occupants of the rooms, had he known, or calling attention to himself; for he was already very present to them. Behind the ray of light on the left, Henrietta was arranging her treasures for the night and thinking of the Schubert andante.

It was a low, rambling room, with gables jutting into it and dormer-windows jutting out from it, and it was devoted to Henrietta's enthusiasms. Branches of pine thrust into the angles gave out a breath of woods, and trailing vines ran along the windows and walls. On the table at the left were three miniature rabbits and a yellow china cat. The cat was very large and had a head that wagged when you touched it. Under the table was a dark-green alligator, stuffed, and on each side the mirror a Barye lion and a tiger confronted each other. The pictures on the walls were all of animals or of children or peasants. Groups of heavy-fetlocked horses and animals of the jungle hung side by side, and in stray corners tiny models of bears or dogs hid themselves.

The girl was putting away her pets for the night, removing them from their niches and putting them into a wool-lined basket that stood by her bed. She had always done this since she was a little girl, as she had always said her prayers. It had never occurred to her to omit either ceremony. She was putting the bear in place now, rubbing his shaggy fur and patting him gently. But she was not thinking of the bear. She was thinking of the andante and of the Scientist. The music had made her restless. It must have been the violin. Hal never played it that way. It was horrid, stirring people up—and spoiling the stars. She gave the bear a severe slap and reached out for the alligator, fingering his green scales with peremptory touches and coiling him swiftly inside the soft wool. Her forehead wore a little scowl. Why had he come, with his glasses and violin and his cigars? Who asked him to come? She gathered up a handful of rabbits and thrust them sharply into place.

Did he think anybody wanted him? Ethelberta never played like that before. She rested her chin on her hand and gazed gloomily into the wool-lined basket. The yellow cat looked out at her with large, one-sided, dispassionate gaze till she clapped the cover on the basket and stood up, yawning. It was that stupid music. How it tagged her about! She raised her head with a swift breath and listened. It had begun again—down in the garden. She moved toward the window, a look of threatening in her eyes. They filled with a quick laugh.

"Cats!" she said softly. She blew out the light and knelt down to say her prayers.

Under the door across the hall, Ethelberta's light still glowed, and, within, the room was a blaze of light. On each side the mirror and on the dressing-table were candles, and across the room a piano-lamp gave out a rosy haze. In the midst of the light stood Ethelberta, her dressing-gown falling in straight folds about her and her long hair sweeping to her knees. She was brushing it slowly, drawing the brush through its length, lifting it and letting it fall in a cloud about her face and neck. She smiled out of the soft haze to herself in the glass, a sleepy smile.

The room was full of sleepy touches. The bed-covers were turned back, and the white pillows were laid invitingly low. The draperies of the room were white, and the toilet-table gleamed with white and silver. Powder-boxes and combs, massage-brushes, tiny scissors, mirrors, and toilet-water invited one to bathe and sleep and dress. There were no books in the room, and no pictures. Mirrors reflected the light and reflected Ethelberta standing there with the sleepy smile in her eyes, brushing her long hair. He played divinely well—a little too fast in the tempo, but wonderfully and with such distinction. She had not known it went like that. She hummed the notes under her breath, lifting a wave of the hair and letting it drift slowly down and watching the light shimmer through it. Then she pushed it back from her forehead, and, raising her arms above her head, gave a sleepy yawn. She stretched in full enjoyment of it, her sleeves falling back to the shoulder and her arms rising from them, big and white and curved. After a moment they dropped slowly, and she went

about, putting out the lights one by one, and smiling at her face out of the shadows. He was a distinguished gentleman, and how pretty Henrietta looked! She was a dear child.

Up in his room the Scientist was unpacking his bag, moving softly and putting things carefully away. He took out a set of flat boxes and arranged them symmetrically on the unfinished beam that ran along the side of the room and formed a shelf. When they were arranged he stood back and surveyed them proudly. They represented many thousand miles of travel, cold days and hot, and hungry ones, and they were very beautiful. He hugged himself and got down on his knees, crawling from box to box and peering ecstatically at the array of wings and spots and stripes. When at last he rose from his knees he brushed them absently, as if from habit, and took from his bag a large square of cardboard. He laid it on the table and gazed at it fondly. It was a water-color drawing of a large brown moth with small whitish dots along the edge of each wing. It was much less brilliant than many of the specimens shining at him from the wall, but he gazed at it with reverence. There was but one specimen in the world. It was in the laboratory of Herr Plautsnitz in Berlin, where he had made the drawing two months before. The professor had not allowed him to touch so much as a hair of the soft, downy wings. The specimen was locked away behind glass doors; and the Scientist had copied it, pressing his nose close to the glass and cherishing thoughts of envy. Then there had come to him his inspiration—half hearsay, half intuition—that California was the proper habitat of the Scarberus; and he had packed his bag and was off.

He looked around the room with a happy sigh. It was an ideal place to work, high in the top of the house, and here he would stay till the prize had been captured. There could be no doubt of the genuineness of his welcome. And there was music and the young woman who played the andante. He peered again at the drawing. Ah, that was it! He had forgotten. The wings were like her eyes—radiant wings and brown, with deep lights in them. He hung above them enraptured. A sound caught his ear—a soft *pad, pad* of flying feet and quick breathing. He sprang to

the window and looked down. At the edge of the cleared space a figure stood poised, one hand on the collar of the huge dog, the other raised as if listening. The moon had come over the tops of the red-woods and glimmered about her. As the Scientist appeared at the window she looked up with a swift wave of the lifted hand and disappeared in the forest. The Scientist bent forward eagerly. Had she called to him? Was it only the flicker of moonlight, the waving of a branch, or did the brown hand beckon to him? He had a sudden impulse to follow her, to taste the night again; and he turned quickly from the window. But half-way to the door he paused. His eye had lighted on the drawing by the lamp, and he fluttered toward it.

Two hours later, when Henrietta, fresh from her roaming, crept quietly into the house, the Scientist was still bent above the drawing, his eyes rapt. The click of a latch roused him, and he looked up vaguely. With a smile of contentment he reached over and turned out the lamp, and went to bed.

IV

"It is a perfect day," announced Mrs. Tryon at the breakfast-table; "we will take our lunch and picnic on the Bluff."

"Good!" said Henrietta, boyishly.

Ethelberta looked inquiringly at the Scientist. "Perhaps Mr. Flaxman won't want to—"

"Anybody 'd want to," rejoined Henrietta.

"If they could spare the time," said Ethelberta.

The three women were looking at him, and the Scientist put down his cup quickly.

"I—I'm only too happy," he said.

"There!" said Henrietta. "I told you so."

"Henrietta!" reproved her mother.

"Of course he has time," replied Henrietta—"all the time there is."

"But Mr. Flaxman has come here to work, Henrietta," said her mother.

"Oh!" Henrietta gave a little gasp. Then she laughed. "I did n't know anybody could work here," she declared. "What do you do?" She was leaning forward, looking at him with clear eyes.

He blushed, but the friendly eyes had no mercy. "Perhaps you would n't call it

work," he said at last; "I only hunt for specimens."

"For specimens?"

"Butterflies, Henrietta," said her mother, in a superior tone, "and moths."

"Moths! Oh!" The eyes had opened very wide. "And stick pins into them?"

There was an embarrassed silence about the table.

"Do you?" she demanded.

"Sometimes," he admitted feebly.

Henrietta's face grew stern. "I'd never do it," she exclaimed, "not if I were a grown man."

"You don't suppose they feel it, Henrietta?" Ethelberta's voice was slow and gentle.

"Of course they feel it," snapped Henrietta. "Would n't you?"

"Oh, but that's different, dear."

"It's just the same," declared Henrietta. There was a little catch in her voice. "Excuse me, please, mother."

She slipped from the table, and they smiled at each other indulgently.

"She's such a child," said Mrs. Tryon.

"And she thinks you spear them alive," explained Ethelberta.

"Oh, I don't do that," said the Scientist; "at least, not when I have chloroform," he added conscientiously.

"Of course not," said Mrs. Tryon. "Now about the luncheon, Ethelberta."

The Scientist strolled away. He crossed the cleared space and stood by the edge of the wood, looking in. It was just here that she stood last night with the dog at her side. It must have been here that she disappeared. A tiny path led into the branches, and he leaned forward, peering absently into it. Suddenly, with a flash, he raised himself. His eye had dilated, and his hand trembled. He lifted it swiftly to his head. He had no hat,—no net! Great heavens! And there, not two feet from his hand, was the Scarberus. It rested lightly among the green leaves of a bush. He lifted his hand cautiously. He must risk it. He drew out his handkerchief and turned noiselessly, his very breath suspended in hope and fear. Slowly he moved his hand, curving it away from sight, and rising on tiptoe as it hovered above the brown wings. He drew a quick breath—now!

There was a sudden rush from behind, a quick stroke on the bush, a harsh "Shoo!"

and the brown wings rose, noiseless and free.

He stood gaping at them as they sailed away toward the blue, higher and higher. Then his eye dropped to where she stood beside him.

Her face quivered a little with shame and exultation.

"What did you do that for?" he asked.

"It's small business."

"It's hard work."

"How would you like a knife stuck into you?"

"But I always chloroform them."

"You do!" There was mingled astonishment and regret in the tone.

"Of course."

"Oh, I'm sorry!"

"It's no matter"—stiffly.

"Yes, it is."

"Well, perhaps a little."

"But you can get plenty more."

"Never!"—with deep conviction.

"I've seen hundreds."

"You!" He started forward. "Then you can—"

She retreated, looking at him with distrustful, negative eyes.

"Never!"

"I did n't say it," he breathed apologetically.

She retreated farther.

"Never!" she repeated, putting out her hand as if to ward off the evil thing. Her eyes grew dark. "Never, never, never!" She had disappeared among the shrubs.

v

THIS was the last that the Scientist saw of her for twenty-four hours, or, more accurately, the last words that he heard her speak. She went on the picnic with the rest; but she had a way of flitting ahead with Buff, or falling behind with the pack-mule, and reappearing, by some short cut, far ahead, that made her only an elusive attendant on the feast. And when the actual eating was done and the dishes packed away, she disappeared once more into the forest. Mrs. Tryon, under cover of verifying a mushroom, took a surreptitious nap; and the Scientist and Ethelberta, on the bank of a little stream that threaded the hill, read Browning and talked of music. There was a slow, dreamy return under the starlight, more

music in the big library by the fire, and then the careless, familiar good night, half touched with the comradeship of the day. It had been an unusual day for the Scientist, and he lay long on his pillow, awake, looking into the night and thinking of it and of brown-winged eyes; and when at last he fell into slumber, the soft *pad, pad* of hurrying feet broke upon it and half waked him, and lulled him again, till he caught the rhythm and was off upon it; and beside him coursed a swift figure, and beyond her thudded the great dog. And the eyes that turned to him, as they sped, and looked into his were clear and sweet.

When the Scientist woke in the morning he was aware of a sudden pang. He opened his eyes and looked blankly at the row of specimens ranged neatly along the wall. Then, in a flash, it came to him. He had seen the Scarberus. He had been close upon it. He had all but touched it. He rose and dressed, harsh thoughts in his heart. He had missed the Scarberus by an inch. He had wasted a day in Browning and nonsense. To-day he would work. If he went outside the house, no woman should bear him company.

Two hours later, as the Scientist was bending over his microscope, the door opened softly, and a small brown hand stole in. It held a square green box.

He looked at it inquiringly.

"There are two," she said, "one to cut up and one for a specimen. And I never want to see them again!"

The door closed behind her.

VI

Now was the time when the Scientist should have gone away. He had accomplished that for which he came. He had his Scarberus—two of them, carefully mounted. There was no reason why he should stay on; but he stayed.

Mrs. Tryon beamed upon him and mothered him and consulted him about her investments, with regard to which the Scientist gave her some remarkable advice. Ethelberta played to him, and read Browning and Meredith, and walked with him in the great woods. Of Henrietta he saw nothing. She had disappeared—gone into camp in the woods farther up, her mother explained. She often did this when the freak took her. Old John, the forester, had

made her a camp not a stone's throw from his own, and she came and went as she pleased. Old John, who had had the care of the woods for twenty-five years, kept faithful guard over her. Henrietta had trotted at his heels as a child, and all the wood-lore she knew he had taught her. And then, too, she had Buff. Nothing could hurt her with Buff to protect her. Mrs. Tryon explained these unconventional details a little anxiously. The Scientist might think her remiss in letting Henrietta camp alone in the woods. He smiled, and wondered when she was coming back.

"We never know," replied his hostess. "She may return to-morrow, and she may be gone several days. Old John keeps me informed that she is safe, and looks after her provisions. But she does n't like to be fussed about. Now, Ethelberta is so different." She sighed a little and smiled anxiously at the Scientist; and the Scientist smiled back and rubbed his glasses, and stayed on.

Sometimes when he walked alone in the woods he would pause for a moment and listen, with bent head, to a sound that came to him on the wind—a sound of swift feet that died away with the wind in the pines. And once, in the evening, when he was playing in the half-lighted room, he stepped to the window, the violin still under his chin, and looked out into the night. But there was only flickering darkness and the branches of the forest beckoning to him.

So the days drifted by, filled with music and moth-lit eyes and poetry, and a sense of home such as the Scientist had never known. And each night as he went to bed he vowed to himself that the morrow should see an end of it. But when the morning came, a curious thing had happened to him, and the Scientist stayed on.

For in the hours of sleep a spell was wrought upon him, and out of the bounds of time and space he was swept into a new world. He never knew how it began or when the sense of reality overtook him. But suddenly he was there—in that other world. He rubbed his eyes and looked about him and waited, holding his breath. A branch quivered a little at the right, then another, or the wind stirred among them till they shook with laughter. Then they opened, and she stood there, smiling at him with frank eyes. "Down, Buff!" she said softly as she walked across the

space to meet him. The Scientist sprang up and held out both hands. But she put her own behind her, and laughed up to him archly. He had known that she would laugh like that. He had always known it. Stupid! stupid! He was gazing down at her with all his soul in his eyes. She was very beautiful, laughing there—more beautiful than any moth. He suddenly felt for his glasses to rub them. But he had no glasses. Ah, it was truly another world, and he could see far into the clear eyes, deep—deep.

"Come," she said. She was holding out her hand,—the small brown hand,—and he covered it with his own, and they wandered through the forest, sometimes swiftly, along cleared spaces, as if wings bore them, and sometimes slowly, looking from side to side and looking long at each other. Once she stopped and leaned over a bush with hushed breath. "Look!" she said. In the curve of a branch a Scarberus rested, his wings opening and closing in softest rhythm. The Scientist raised a hand, but she caught it to her side and drew him away. Her eyes laughed at him, but she shook her head slowly. "There are hundreds, but you must not touch them—not one of them. They come out only at night."

"At night?" He leaned forward eagerly. "Do you know? *How* do you know?"

She was drawing him away from the bush, still farther away.

"Oh, it is easy." She laughed and lifted her face. "Listen!"

The wind surged above them in the pines, and night-sounds broke upon it and touched it and swept away beneath it. Her eyes were alight and her lips trembled. He bent nearer to them—nearer, and put out his hands in darkness, and fell through space,—long depths of space,—and rested at last upon darkness—solid banks of it that stretched beneath him and reached away on each side. And when he woke there was only the wish in his heart. He would stay another day.

All this was very reprehensible from the point of view of science, and a trifle absurd, but very broadening. The pursuit of bugs and moths, while it may call one's attention to beauties of structure and rouse one's admiration for the marvels of anatomy, does not tend to a belief in spiritism or telepathy or second sight or elective

affinities. And the Scientist, who was not stupid, but only very ignorant, grew rapidly wise. The halo of degrees about his head dwindled in his eyes to the smallest-sized type known to civilized man, and the joy in his heart sang so loud that he was half ashamed, and tried to pretend to himself that it was the altitude.

And then, one morning, she came back. She appeared at the breakfast-table with radiant eyes and clear, dark skin, looking just as she had looked when he parted from her, at sunrise, not two hours before. The Scientist held out his hand to her boldly; it did not occur to him to take off his glasses and rub them; and she smiled back at him frankly.

Mrs. Tryon and Ethelberta drew a sigh of relief. Henrietta was a trifle difficult at times, and it would have been too bad to break up the sense of good-fellowship that had come to pass among them.

After breakfast the Scientist was closeted with Mrs. Tryon in the library for half an hour, and when he came out she went straight to Henrietta's room. The girl stood by the wool-lined basket, taking out her pets and arranging them in place.

Her mother came in and closed the door carefully behind her.

"He's done it," she said, seating herself in a chair by the window, and beaming at Henrietta.

"Done what?" asked Henrietta. She lifted the yellow cat and placed it carefully on the table. The yellow head wagged comfortably from side to side.

Her mother nodded to her sagely. "Of course I expected it; but he's not just like other men, and I was n't sure he—cared."

Henrietta lifted her hand to her forehead, looking at her mother with clear, transparent eyes. "Has he told you?" she said wonderingly.

"Just this minute. And I've given him my blessing. They are just suited to each other."

The girl's hand dropped slowly. "They—are—" She was staring into her mother's face.

Her mother laughed good-humoredly. "You have n't seen it; you've been away so much. But they have a hundred things in common, books and their music, and they're both so slow and restful—not like you and me." She rose and patted the girl's cheek. "I wanted you to know right

off. I knew you 'd be so glad. We must keep out of the way a little."

The door closed behind her words, and Henrietta looked about her vaguely. The yellow cat's head had ceased to waggle, and the glass eye stared at her roundly.

"Ugh!" said Henrietta.

She found her hat, and throwing it on, ran hastily down-stairs, stopping a moment at the library door.

"Oh, mother!"

"Yes, dear," came absently from the depths.

"I 'm going up to camp again. I 'll be back to-morrow."

"Yes, dear. Take Buff."

"Of course." She stepped out into the sunlight and gave a low sound, something between a whistle and a call. The great dog bounded to her side.

"Where are you going, sister?" called Ethelberta, swaying in the hammock. Her white dress gleamed cool against the green.

"Just up to camp. I want to get something I left." She drifted past and disappeared in the wood.

The Scientist, up in his room, lifted his head and stepped quickly to the window. He seized his hat and sped down the stairway. As he passed the hammock it was Ethelberta's voice that stayed him:

"Whither away, Sir Knight?"

He paused a moment and turned back to her, his hat held in his thin fingers and his eyes fixed on the wood.

"Has she gone?" he asked.

"Henrietta? Yes; up to camp. She 'll be gone hours. Sit down."

He regarded the proffered seat gravely.

"Could I find the camp?"

"You?" She had started up, and was looking at him with long, slow glance.

He returned it humbly. But the joy within him broke into smiling. If her own smile was a little slow in coming, he did not notice. When it came, she nodded assentingly.

"Yes—yes. How stupid in me!" She rose slowly and stepped toward the forest.

"Come. I will put you on the path." A little farther in she paused. "There; you can't miss it now. Mother had it blazed from here. Good-by." She held out her hand in the graceful curve he knew.

"Good-by, and good luck to you. Bring her back to luncheon."

"Yes; thank you a thousand times."

He stood with his hat in his hand, watching her as she moved gracefully away through the green wood. And his near-sighted gaze saw only the back of a charming woman and a delightful comrade who played his accompaniments divinely well.

ALL about the camp the wind stirred softly. Down below, to the right, the brook went *blab, blab* over the stones and spilled itself in ripples, and through the branches overhead filtered the sunshine, pine-scented and sweet. It fell on a figure lying, face down, in the moss, and flecked it lightly. The figure lay very still, the breath coming heavy and slow.

When she had reached the camp she had thrown herself down, blind and reckless, her breath choking her, and her hands clutching the moss on each side and tearing it apart. But now she lay quiet, her tense shoulders relaxed and her eyes filled with tears. What a fool she had been! What a fool! Why should she have dreamed it! He was a great man, distinguished, famous—and she, who could not play a note, or talk, or write, and she hated music. What a fool! Tears of shame overflowed, and she wiped them away, miserably, groping for her handkerchief beside her.

The Scientist, who had emerged from the trees, stopped short, peering uncertainly at the figure. He took off his hat and wiped his forehead. Then he replaced it and stood looking up at the sunlit branches. There were no sounds but the *blab, blab* of the little brook below and the girl's slow breath. The Scientist took a step forward and stopped. A twig had snapped beneath his foot.

She sat up hastily with a startled look, stowing the wet ball of handkerchief beneath a fold of her dress.

"Where is Ethelberta?" she said, with dignity.

He came forward slowly. "I left her by the hammock." He was looking wistfully at the damp face. "Perhaps I ought to go away."

She said nothing, but her lip quivered, and she looked away.

He took off his glasses and rubbed them with elaborate care. When he replaced them, he looked at her again; then he moved forward, and sat down beside her. She did not speak or stir, and they sat very

quiet, the sunshine filtering about them. When he looked at her again she shivered a little.

"Go away, please," she said in a low voice.

For answer he moved a little nearer to her. His hand reached out and took the small brown one. He stroked it softly. She sat passive for a moment, her face averted. Then she gathered herself anew.

"Go away," she said.

He opened his lips to speak, but she stopped him with a gesture, and he stood up, looking about him.

"I came to tell you something," he said slowly, "but it can wait."

"I know what it is; mother told me." She was digging a stick into the moss, and the words came in jerks as she dug.

He dropped on his knees.

"And you don't care?" The near-sighted eyes came very close to her, pleadingly.

"Why should I care!" She tried to look stern; but her lip played her false,

and she looked helplessly away, winking fast.

"I did n't know," he said humbly. "I have seen you so little. But I know you so well—oh, so well!" His hands were reaching out to her.—"And those nights in the forest!"

She had turned, and was looking at him with wide eyes.

"And this morning when I talked with your mother, she seemed so sure."

"She thought it was Ethelberta," said Henrietta, miserably. Her voice was a whisper. Her eyes had grown very wide and dark.

He stared at her. "Ethelberta? Never!"

Then the eyes laughed at him archly—as they had laughed at him before in that other world. And he bent toward them. "Then you meant me!" she said softly. "Me!"

And the brown hands stole out to meet him, and the gates of that other world closed with a click, and shut them in forever.



A SONNET OF MAIDENHOOD

BY M. CANNAH

SIGH not for me, O rosy, guarded wife,
 Outlooking—from your love-encircled nest,
 Where little hands grope soft about your breast—
 Upon my days, storm-buffeted and rife
 With the vague fears of loneliness and strife;
 For sweetly though you fare and sweetly rest,
 Dear is the freedom of my upward quest
 And dear the promise of my cloistral life.
 I love the half-blown rose, the crescent moon;
 The last green hill I would not reach and climb;
 Still, still I hear the faint, alluring chime
 Of dreamland, silenced in your wifehood's noon;
 And over me shall shine till life is gone
 The great white star of girlhood's dewy dawn.

THE PRAYER

(TO AN URSULINE NUN)

BY ALICE WILLIAMS BROTHERTON

WHETHER in spirit or in dream
I know not well. I only know
I trod the fields of Paradise,
With bending blossoms all aglow.

And as I marveled at the sight,
An angel whispered in mine ear:
"Lo, every thought of love on earth
Springs into brilliant blossom here.

"Lilies for aspirations pure,
Roses for mingled pain and bliss,
For pity blue forget-me-nots,
And daisies for the mother's kiss."

"But this? Oh, angel, tell me, what
May this fair bank of violets be,
Whose fragrance fills the garden-plot?"
"These—are the prayers breathed for thee."

Bending, he plucked a single one,
And in my bosom softly set
The fragrant flower, murmuring:
"The prayer of Sister Margaret!"



EVELINA'S RETURN

BY CHAPIN HOWARD



THE house in which Evelina Fay had lived alone during the twenty years since her invalid brother's death stood a little way outside the village, on the brow of a gently rising lawn, and at a discreet distance from its neighbors on each side. The country road had not here acquired its later dignity as the village street, and there were still broad intervals

of field and meadow beyond its stone walls, where, at dusk, frogs sang in the marshy tracts, giving the neighborhood an indescribably lonely air.

From its slight elevation the house gleamed down white and austere-looking among the gnarled, intertwining branches of the apple-trees. Its cool green blinds were kept resolutely closed, for Evelina was the most immaculate housekeeper in the village. Every morning she could be

seen at some open door or window, a white cloth pinned about her head, a broom or dust-pan in her hand, and the passer-by thought instinctively of a priestess performing her daily duties at a shrine. Augustus, the great yellow cat, was driven into temporary exile by the energetic observance of these morning rites, and he would sit unhappily on the front door-step in the sun, blinking sleepily as he stared down the long gravel path to the road.

Mrs. Pettingill, who lived next door, once remarked, when some one recounted her neighbor's latest miracle of neatness, that Evelina Fay's whole life had been one long flight right in the face of the burial service, and that if she ever found the time, she meant to work it for her in one of those perforated texts—"Dust thou art, and to dust thou shalt return."

But, in spite of their differences in household standards, the two women were the firmest friends, and it was to Mrs. Pettingill that Evelina came when she received her summons to go to Boston.

She hurried into the kitchen, one April morning, a shawl thrown hastily over her head, and her thin, delicately lined face flushed with excitement.

"It 's from Uncle Nathan," she explained, clutching a letter tightly in her trembling fingers. "His wife 's been taken down sudden with typhoid, and they 've sent for me to come."

"I want ter know!" Mrs. Pettingill exclaimed, pausing sympathetically in her work. "She was always poorly, wa'n't she, anyway? But sometimes it goes easier with that kind. It 's too late for you to catch the stage, but Levi can hitch right up and take you over to Bartonsville in time for the noon train. How soon can you start?"

Evelina's mouth set itself obstinately.

"Don't hardly seem as if I *could* start to-day," she protested. "I just begun house-cleanin' this week, an' the whole house is a sight." Her blue eyes wavered before her friend's suddenly accusing gaze.

"Evelina Fay," said Mrs. Pettingill, slowly and with awful emphasis, "I hope you ain't a-puttin' your house before your uncle's dyin' wife; because, if you are, I shall expect to see it burn down above your head this very night."

Evelina quailed visibly.

"No, it ain't that," she faltered; "but there 's Augustus."

"I 'll take care of the cat," said Mrs. Pettingill, decisively. "You go home an' put on your bonnet."

Two hours later a high, old-fashioned buggy stood waiting at Evelina's gate, the old white horse contentedly nibbling grass. A small leather trunk was roped securely beneath the seat, on which sat Deacon Pettingill, wearing his black-felt hat and Sunday coat, with the linen lap-robe trailing negligently across his knees. He was a large, stooping, rough-hewn man, with kindly gray eyes set in a weather-beaten face.

Presently Evelina emerged from the house, and having locked the door after her, hung the key on its nail behind the blind of the side-light—a hiding-place in the knowledge of which the whole village shared. Then she came down the path, carrying her bag. She wore the camel's-hair shawl and the brooch which had been her mother's. At the gate she turned and looked back uncertainly.

"I 'd be ashamed to have folks see the inside of my house," she faltered. "There ain't a thing in place. I hain't never been off an' left it so before. Don't hardly seem as if 't was right."

EVELINA had been gone a month, and the little house, with its close-shut blinds, had acquired a forlorn and uncared-for look as it stood disconsolately among the apple-trees.

One afternoon, about five o'clock, Mrs. Pettingill, who was never too busy to keep a watchful eye on the incidents of the village street, uttered a startled exclamation from the shelter of her parlor curtains.

"Evelina Fay's come home!" she called to her daughter Annie, in the kitchen. "She's just goin' up her front walk, carryin' her bag."

There was a moment's silence.

"She 's unlocked her front door and gone right in. Well, if that don't beat all! I guess her uncle's wife is better, or they could n't have let her come. It 'll be good to see somebody stirrin' round inside that house again. It 's looked terrible sort of lonesome since she 's been away."

Mrs. Pettingill went back into the kitchen and set about helping her daughter to prepare supper.

"Evelina must have come up on the stage and got off at the post-office, for there wa'n't no team at the gate when she went in. You give Augustus a saucer of milk, Annie, and then put him out. He 'll run right over, and Evelina 'll be glad to see him, though I don't suppose she's got a mite of anything in the house to feed him with. But he 'll be company for her. It's always lonesome comin' back so to an empty house."

Augustus was duly fed and put out of the back door with an admonitory "Scat!" He made a blurred yellow streak in the twilight as he sped across the yard and up the slope to his former home.

Half an hour later, as the family sat at supper, there was a faint mewing in the woodshed. Mrs. Pettingill rose and, taking the lamp from the table, went to open the kitchen door.

"Well, I never!" she exclaimed. "Here's Augustus come back!"

The cat walked in slowly, his back arched, his tail waving high in air. He walked uneasily around the kitchen several times, and then sat down over in the farthest corner behind the pump, his eyes shining from the darkness with an angry, uncanny glare.

"Probably he could n't get in," Mrs. Pettingill mused; "or else he's been here so long he's got kind of wonted, and it seems like home."

Augustus remained in the corner during the evening, except for an occasional restless promenade about the house. Mrs. Pettingill regarded him from time to time with puzzled eyes.

"Somethin' 's botherin' that cat," she said. "I never see him act so queer." She went to the window and looked out. "There ain't no light over at Evelina's. She must have gone to bed tired out."

But the next morning Mrs. Pettingill, busy with her Wednesday's baking, observed signs of activity in the little white house next door. One of the lower windows was standing open, and through it she imagined she caught a glimpse of a familiar figure at work within.

"Evelina's gone right to work," she exclaimed, "and she must have found a heap of dust. She can't even take time to run over here an' let me know whether her uncle's wife lived or died, although she knows I'm interested."

Late that afternoon, as she sat alone in the living-room, the outer door was suddenly flung open, and she looked up, startled, to find her husband looming tall in the doorway. At sight of his face she dropped her sewing in her lap.

"What is it?" she asked breathlessly.

"Did n't you say yesterday that Evelina Fay come home—that you see her goin' up her front walk?" he demanded.

"Yes. It was just about this time, an' she was carryin' her bag." She stopped, with a nervous catch in her voice. Her husband was looking at her strangely.

"You could n't have seen her yesterday," he said slowly. "Evelina Fay was dead."

He held out to her a yellow telegram.

Mrs. Pettingill sat speechless and immovable.

Her husband came forward and laid the paper in her lap. She read the words mechanically several times.

Evelina Fay, injured in wreck, died Tuesday noon. Notify relatives.

ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL.

She looked up, her eyes wide with horror.

"It's a mistake!" she stammered. "I see her yesterday. She come in the stage."

Her husband shook his head.

"I told 'em so when they got the message over to the store; but Sam Wright said he see the stage yesterday when it come, and she wa'n't on it."

For a moment there was silence in the room. Mrs. Pettingill rose trembling. She stood by the window, looking up the slope to where the house stood half hidden among the apple-trees. To her terrified eyes it seemed all at once to take on an indefinable air of strangeness and mystery.

She turned suddenly and faced her husband.

"Levi," she said unsteadily, "I'm goin' over to see what's in that house."

She went to the kitchen for her shawl, and when she returned, the two passed out of the house and down the path together. As they entered the gate and went up the narrow path to the silent house, Mrs. Pettingill felt her resolution ebb suddenly away. She stood trembling on the doorstep while her husband found the key on its familiar nail behind the blind and fitted

it into the lock. There was a faint creaking sound as the door swung open. Mrs. Pettingill shrank back.

"You go ahead, Levi," she faltered. "I don't dare."

Deacon Pettingill entered the narrow, old-fashioned hallway cautiously, his wife following. To her straining ears the whole house seemed to be wrapped in a strange stillness and expectancy.

The tiny living-room at the end of the hall was almost dark, and the lines and angles of the furniture showed dim and indistinct. Deacon Pettingill crossed over to the window, threw up the sash, and opened one half of the blind. Then he turned back quickly and glanced searchingly about the room. A faint shaft of light had come through the window and lay in a parallelogram upon the floor. The curve of the mahogany center-table and the arm of a rocking-chair gleamed dully. He heard his wife utter a stifled exclamation. She stepped forward and bent over the table. Then she examined the chair and the other pieces of furniture in the room.

"There ain't a speck of dust!" she said in an awed voice. "Everything 's been swept an' dusted here to-day."

At the door of the kitchen she laid her hand suddenly on her husband's arm.

"Listen!" she said.

They stood perfectly still upon the threshold. Gradually he became aware of the steady, nervous ticking of the clock upon the shelf above the kitchen table.

"It 's an eight-day clock," Mrs. Pettingill whispered. "Evelina used to wind it every Saturday night. She 's been gone a month!"

She glanced uncertainly about her.

"There 's the hole she had cut in the shed door so 's Augustus could come in. He came in there last night."

She paused, looking at her husband with frightened eyes. She was trembling, and her hands were clasped tightly beneath her shawl.

Mr. Pettingill said nothing. The door of the back stairs was open. He crossed over to it and hesitated, with his foot on the lowest step. "I 'm goin' up here," he said, looking back at her. Then he began to ascend. She followed him, dreading to be left alone.

The rooms up-stairs were empty, spotless, and immaculate. Everywhere there

was the same air of exquisite neatness, of perfect care.

Mrs. Pettingill shivered.

"It was all torn up for house-cleanin' a month ago. But everything 's been put back in place, just the way Evelina always kept it. I 'd never know she 'd been away."

When they stood once more in the little sitting-room down-stairs she turned to her husband, a quick look of premonition in her eyes.

"The parlor," she whispered. "We 'd forgotten that."

She moved forward a little in the dim twilight of the room. Suddenly she gave a startled cry and shrank back against him.

"Look!" she whispered voicelessly—"in there!"

The parlor door was open, and he gazed intently over her head into the shadows of the room beyond.

"It 's the chairs," she cried, clinging to him hysterically. "They 're fixed for the funeral. See them standing all around! She was back here fixing them last night—that 's why Augustus would n't stay!"

Deacon Pettingill shook himself free and strode forward quickly to the threshold. A glance showed him that the room was empty—that the chairs were ranged solemnly about the walls in an unbroken line. At the end of the room there was an ominously vacant space. He drew back shivering, and closed the door after him softly, as if afraid to break the uncanny stillness of the place. Then, turning to his wife, he led her sobbing through the hall and out of the front door. On the door-step they paused. The deacon's hand was fumbling at the key.

"It 's one of them queer things can't nobody explain," he said in an awed voice.

Mrs. Pettingill shook her head. She was crying quietly.

"Yes, they could—if they 'd known Evelina. Her house was family an' religion to her—always. I guess she just could n't bear to die, knowin' folks would find things the way she had to leave them when she went away. When I see that parlor,—the way it was fixed,—I knew she was dead, just as if I 'd seen her layin' there in her coffin!"

Mrs. Pettingill wiped her eyes futilely on the corner of her shawl.

"Augustus 'll have to come an' live with us," she said.



Drawn by Christine S. Bredin. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"'LOOK!' SHE WHISPERED VOICELESSLY--'IN THERE!'"

ZULOAGA, THE SPANISH PAINTER

BY CHRISTIAN BRINTON



From a portrait by Ignacio Zuloaga.

IGNACIO ZULOAGA

THOUGH her galleys no longer sweep the main or her soldiers pitch their tents in Flanders or hold in check the armies of the First Consul, Spain is not,

as many habitually think, a country with a past but no future. The Spain of to-day is a vigorous, progressive nation, which is rapidly advancing politically, commercial-



From a photograph of the painting by Zuloaga

A SPANISH GIPSY

ly, and esthetically. Resplendent dreams of conquest have been renounced, the temporal power of the church is being restricted, and internal strife has been almost wholly stamped out. Everywhere throughout the Peninsula are signs of regeneration, and everywhere is the fundamental vitality of the race asserting itself. The country is at last shaking off the lethargy of centuries, is learning to look within, not without, and is cultivating a sound, spirited nationalism. The Spaniard himself is changing. He has

in a measure ceased to be fatalistic, and *torero* and Carlist are gradually making way for the energetic man of affairs. The disorganization which followed the return of the troops from the Antilles and the Philippines is righting itself under Alfonso, and Spain is to-day looking toward the future with confidence.

In letters and in art the new tendency is alike manifest. No play since Victor Hugo's "*Hernani*" has so aroused the nation to enthusiasm as Galdós's "*Elec-*



After the painting by Zubanga

THE PROMENADE AFTER THE BULL FIGHT

tra," and in Doña Emilia Pardo Bazán the Spanish woman possesses an advanced and rational champion. Yet, despite the leading literary figures, despite the dramas of Echegaray and Ayala, or the novels of Valera and Valdés, it is the younger Spanish painters who best reflect contemporary life and character. The canvases of Sorolla, Anglada, and, above all, Zuloaga, bear witness to a revival of native art which has had no parallel since the days of Velasquez, Zurbaran, and El Greco. Aside from the stately historical compositions of Pradilla and his colleagues, Spanish painting of to-day derives from two sources—the brilliant bric-à-brac of Fortuny and the restless audacity of Goya. Rico, Zamacois, and their industrious like belong to the former school. Zuloaga and Anglada continue the tradition of the turbulent and vital Goya. There is much in them which goes further back,—back to the noble hauteur of the early manner,—but the spirit of Goya's "Manolas on the Balcony" is the spirit of the younger men's work. In his vivid alertness he was the true parent of latter-day art. He was indeed the last of old masters and the first of moderns.

In 1870, the year Fortuny's "Vicaria" was exhibited in Paris, there was born in a rambling, sixteenth-century house at Eibar, in the Pyrenees, a boy who is to-day the greatest of contemporary Spanish painters. The short, diverse career of Ignacio Zuloaga is filled with picturesque and pathetic incident. The Zuloagas are an energetic, creative family, the direct descendants of that ancient Iberian stock which early settled in the Basque Provinces. Placidio Zuloaga, the boy's father, is famous as the rediscoverer of the art of damascene; his uncle, Daniel Zuloaga, is the head of the pottery industry at Segovia; and his ancestors have for many years been celebrated armorers. The atmosphere into which Ignacio was born was an atmosphere of vigorous, conscious effort. His native town was rapidly winning its title as the Toledo of the north, and on all sides could be heard the hum of fly-wheel and the sound of the forge. Ignacio's father, a typical modern Cellini, wished him to study mathematics and engineering; but the boy rebelled, and was placed in the foundry to learn the secrets of ornamental metal-work.

He had small time for *pelota* or other

favorite games, and knew little of art until he was sent to Madrid in the hope that he might perhaps be willing to devote himself to mathematics. There, however, he saw the incomparable masterpieces of the Prado, and at once felt impelled to become a painter. Day after day he haunted the galleries, and finally bought himself a box of colors and without previous study produced a more than creditable copy of one of El Greco's aristocratic, black-robed nobles.

His efforts were laughed at and his ambitions frowned upon, yet he would not give over the beckoning promises of an artistic career, and was at last grudgingly permitted to depart for Rome.

Zuloaga was but eighteen at the time, and for the next ten years chose to live upon his own resources, aided now and then by the little money a loving mother could surreptitiously send him. From the outset his nature was forceful, wholesome, and self-reliant. He paid homage to the dominant spirits of the past, but what he most loved was the teeming, variegated life which lay always at hand. His going to Rome in the footsteps of Fortuny and Villegas was a blunder, for it was little this bright-eyed Montañese could do under the appalling shadow of Raphael, or of Michelangelo, the sad giant of the Renaissance. He floundered about for some months, fell ill of the fever, and at length wisely turned his face toward Paris. For reasons less picturesque than economic, he settled first on the heights of Montmartre, directly behind Sacré Cœur, and began painting portraits and street scenes. Almost his only friends were two compatriots, a painter and a sculptor, as ambitious and as poor as himself.

Although for the next five years Zuloaga endured the most utter misery, the sturdy independence of his spirit never relaxed. He studied alone, refusing to cheapen his ideals or to scramble into art clinging to the coat-tails of Bouguereau, Lefebvre, or Boulanger. During this period he often moved, invariably by request, living now in the Rue Durantin, now in the Rue des Saules, and also frequenting the Spanish colony in the Île Saint Louis. Though he failed to dispose of a single canvas all the while, this pathetic probation was unquestionably beneficial. Still it was Spain, not Paris, which was to prove his true field, and

after a short visit to London he settled in Seville.

It was there, under the burning blue of his native skies, not amid the purple haze which hangs over Paris, that Zuloaga's powers began to develop. It was the Calle de las Serpes and the Paseo de las Delicias, not the Champs-Élysées or the Bois de Boulogne, which arrested his maturing fancy. He must have been vaguely hungering for Spain all the while, for he now saw afresh the color and felt the fascination of the life about him. In 1893 he sent to the Salon two portraits, one of his grandmother and one of "The Dwarf, Dom Pedro." They were individual in handling and distinctive in color, but made no particular impression. Paris was not ready to welcome a talent which was soon to capture all Europe, nor were the years of obscure endeavor yet at an end.

Despairing not of his art, but of his ability to earn even a slender living by the brush, Zuloaga was now forced to renounce painting for the time being. He struggled along for a while as a dealer in antiques, and later was compelled to accept a position as clerk with a mining company. Being inapt at figures, his services were soon dispensed with, and he again found himself adrift. During the following two years he wandered from place to place, turning his hand to anything he could find and enriching his vision through direct contact with life in every quarter of Spain. He lived with muleteers in the mountains, with the superstitious fanatics of Anso in Aragon, and with the cutthroats of Las Batuecas on the Portuguese frontier. Like many another of his courageous and clean-limbed countrymen, he finally drifted into the bull-ring and became a favorite pupil of Carmona.

Yet, in spite of a brilliant beginning, Zuloaga was not destined to duplicate the suave triumphs of Cúchares or Lagartijo. After ceremoniously disposing of eighteen bulls, the young *espada* was gored by the nineteenth, and, as a result, promised his family never to reënter the arena. It was while recuperating at the home of his uncle in ascetic yet languorous Segovia that he returned to art with renewed enthusiasm and executed the remarkable portrait of "Daniel Zuloaga and his Daughters." The picture proved the turning-point of his career; it was the success of the

Salon of 1899, and was purchased for the Luxembourg. For the time the painter-bull-fighter's wanderings were over. He settled down to his life-work in all sincerity, and with each successive effort showed increasing breadth and distinction.

For the last few years Zuloaga has been painting certain dignified and vivacious pictures of Spanish life which have become the sensation of Continental art circles. Spain alone has refused to honor him, and not the least bitter of his early humiliations was when a native jury declined to accept three important canvases for admission to the Spanish section at the Paris Exposition. His persistent independence, and the fact that he had never risked conventionalizing his talent by tedious study at the schools, were facts which these academic gentlemen were unable to overlook. Barcelona, with its progressive Catalan initiative, is the single Spanish city which has opened its doors to the newcomer. Chagrin over his failure to appear at the Paris Exposition was partly forgotten with the triumphant display of these same paintings at the "Libre Esthétique" in Brussels; and since then Zuloaga has been a feature of the Salon each year, as well as of current exhibitions in Berlin, Dresden, Vienna, and Venice. He is extremely productive, having already completed nearly a hundred canvases, and is represented in the permanent collections of numerous prominent European cities. His most recent honors were won at the Düsseldorf Exhibition, where, by a distinction accorded also to Menzel and Rodin, he was allotted a room to himself, there being placed on view eighteen of his most characteristic works.

It is because Zuloaga touches life at first-hand, because he has never been overawed by training or tradition, that his art reflects such charm and vivacity. His paintings bear the impress of verity; they breathe the atmosphere and catch the accent of a definite, actual reality. The triumph they achieve recalls the triumph of Spanish art at its best. Like the austere and disdainful Velasquez, Zuloaga cares for little beside truth and a convincing unity of impression. The pallid mystics of Zurbaran still live among the sierras of Andalusia, and the same dwarfs and beggars that look from the walls of the Prado to-day walk the streets or sun themselves

by the church doors of Madrid. Behind Zuloaga's gracious silhouettes, just as behind "Philip" and "Baltasar Carlos," sweep the solemn, gray-toned landscapes of Aragon or Castile. From first to last, Spanish art has remained lucid and vital. It became for a time zealously Christian, but was never enslaved by the sensuous afterglow of paganism, nor has it since become sentimental or fantastic. Painters of other lands have wandered strangely afield: the Spanish artist has from the beginning known but two sources of inspiration—Church and Country.

Essentially rational in feeling, Zuloaga is no pietist, and is hence content to depict man and woman amid the incidental occupations or diversions of daily existence. It is the current life of to-day that he sets in motion before the eyes, and to which he adds his own resources of color and composition. Although there is no phase of contemporary society with which he is not familiar, it is the purely outdoor side which most attracts him. A street scene, a group of women on a balcony, or a glimpse of the arena, are his chosen themes, and he has lately completed a series of subjects admirable for spirit, veracity, and engaging appeal. Each seems in turn to triumph afresh, but for fluent pictorial elegance he has perhaps never surpassed the "Promenade after the Bull-fight." The tones are glowing yet subdued, and the grouping in this painting, as well as in the "Promenade before the Bull-fight," shows an undisguised contempt for convention. It was "White Spain" which Zuloaga first painted; but his palette to-day, while reflecting none of the crude glitter of many of his contemporaries, is rich in reds, browns, and golden yellows, heightened often by the intense blue of a cloudless sky.

He knows intimately the *gitanas* of the Seville Triana, and they often figure in his canvases; and here again has Zuloaga enriched art and added to the treasury of human emotion. The infectious coquetry of "Lola" blends into something more insistent and deliberate with the powdered and penciled Carmens of the "Calle del Amor," and the expectant grace of Consuelo's pose becomes alive with rhythmic fire in his "Spanish Dancers." Though they predominate, it is not women alone that Zuloaga depicts; for numerous studies have been dedicated to those laconic

dwarfs one meets throughout Spain, or to bronzed water-carriers, ragged mendicants, or scarred picador. For ruthless dignity it would be difficult to excel the portrait of "El Coriano," and for anything comparable to the stark brutality of "Segovians Drinking" it is necessary to go back to "The Topers" of Velasquez. In the treatment of single figure or of larger composition, in his likeness of the poet Don Miguel or the dancer Lolita, Zuloaga displays the same fullness of vision and completeness of suggestion. His coloring, which was at first keyed in silver-grays and blacks, is daily assuming a sonorous intensity and brilliance, and he is constantly adding to an already diverse pictorial record of his time.

Zuloaga lives nominally at Eibar, but in reality he is an insatiate wanderer. He possesses no studio, but carries about with him over the rugged face of Spain brushes, colors, and canvases, and selects whatever fits his mood or his sense of the picturesque and distinctive. He will hastily install native models in a room in his hotel, in a quaint inn or a sunlit courtyard, and paint feverishly without thought of food or drink. It is inaccessible, unknown Spain that he constantly seeks, and the most savage and solitary corners of the kingdom are his familiar haunts. He has often been forced to subsist on roots like the poorest native, and has at times encountered the most irredeemable ignorance and suspicion. A couple of years ago, in Salamanca, he was arrested as a supposed counterfeiter; and last summer, while in his automobile, was mistaken for the devil and knocked senseless by a vicious and well-directed hail of missiles. He has latterly forsaken the bespangled world of Seville's Macarena, and at present prefers the purple vineyards of Rioja, where he is engaged in painting the local saturnalia. Still another departure is a poignant, Dantesque work entitled "The Penitents," which is full of dramatic, sanguinary frenzy.

Next to painting, Zuloaga prefers the eager joys of the antiquary and the collector, and the success of recent years has enabled him to surround himself with an admirable array of Spanish masters. He has built a miniature museum in the garden adjoining the family home at Eibar; and now, as always, the two sources of his inspiration are the simple dignity of the an-

cient world and the ceaseless, colorful pageant of modern life. There are numerous hereditary affinities between Zuloaga's art and the art of his great predecessors, just as there are between Spain of to-day and Spain of yesterday. No one knows better than he that behind the laugh of the *cigarrero* and the defiant bearing of the *torero* lurks a latent diabolism which has by no means been subdued. And no one realizes more clearly that many of his own luminous, alluring figures are stippled against a background which still remains sinister and inscrutable.

NOTE.—Apropos of the publication of the foregoing article and of things American in general, Señor Zuloaga writes in the following picturesque and characteristic vein:

I know almost nothing of America and Americans, and in spite of my curiosity on the subject, I am afraid I shall never learn at first-hand. The sea terrifies me; I cannot step on board a boat without becoming violently sick. Recently I was offered a large sum to go to

New York and paint a portrait, but I was compelled to decline. I shrank from the prospect of eight days of utter agony. And, after all, why should I go? for I am not sure that American civilization attracts me. Deep in my veins is embedded the love of solitude, of silence—a love for old things and old customs. I wish to live wholly for my art and to be far removed from commercialism. I wish to do only that which I like, in the way I like to do it, and as I feel it should be done. Painting is with me purely a matter of temperament, and I abhor publicity and any sort of self-advertisement. Writers often come to me and ask for my photograph and the story of my career. I invariably show them the door. A photograph is a completely ridiculous affair in any case, and I have never had but one taken in all my life. If, in this particular instance, I have departed from my usual custom, if I have spoken of myself and my work so frankly, it is not from any spirit of vanity, but simply in order to serve the cause of art—a cause to which my life is consecrated. It is because I wish to call wider attention to the Spain which I so love, and nowhere could I find a better medium through which to express myself than the pages of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

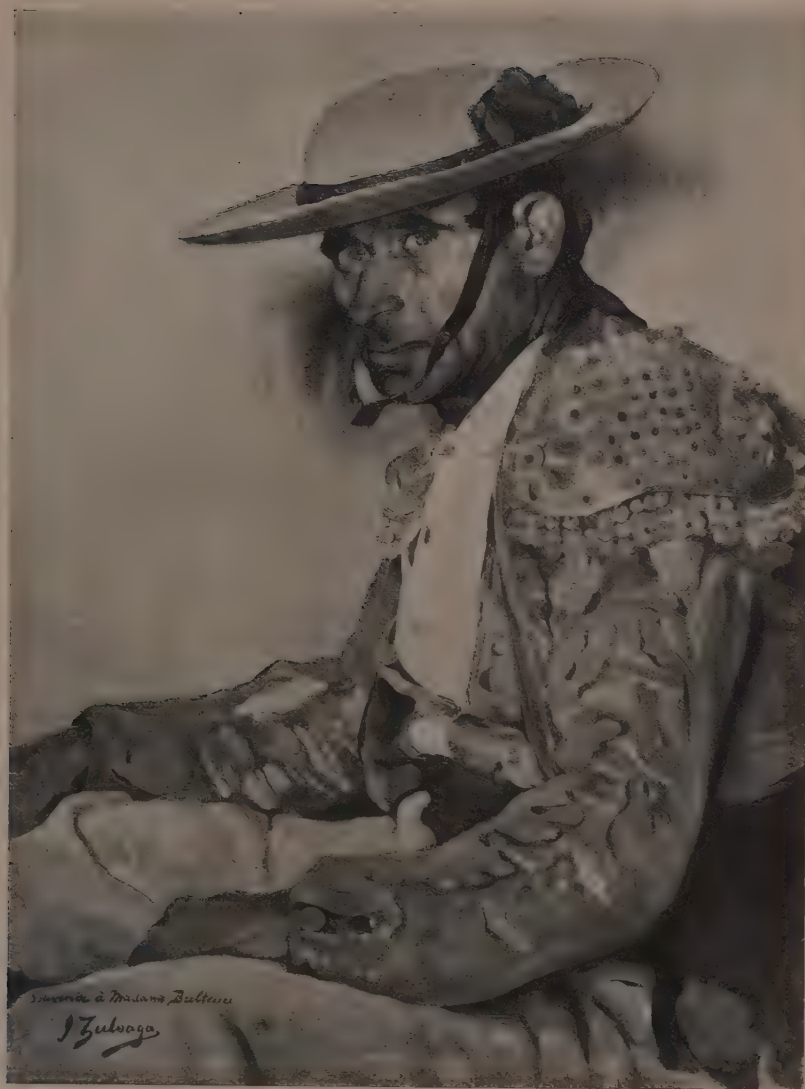


A COMMON THOUGHT

BY HENRY AUSTIN

HUMANITY, when measured in the mass,
A swarm of Nothings, bound for Nowhere, seems.
Sprung from the ground, its energies repress
Into material monuments. Earth teems
With glories turned sepulchral. She is decked
With mocking ruins, architectural dreams
Of Wealth and Empire never to be wrecked;
From which the scholar gains conjectural gleams—
What more?—of races lost: the vile, the brave,
The wise, the beautiful, in one vast grave.

If this, that seems, were true; if human life
Stops here; comes here, in ceremonies to be hid;
If the first spadeful on the coffin-lid
Sounds the last note; if the heart's mighty strife
Against the dogma of Eternal Death
Is vain—as 'gainst a breeze an infant's breath;
Nathless, 't were well to live; to hold the hand
Of Love still closer; to upbuild the earth
Into new forms of Beauty and expand
The Mind with Art, with Music, and with Mirth.



From a photograph of the painting by Zuloaga

PORTRAIT OF A PICADOR—"EL CORIANO"



From a photograph by Whitman. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson.

Helen Keller

A CHAT ABOUT THE HAND

BY HELEN KELLER

IHAVE just touched my dog. He was rolling on the grass, with pleasure in every muscle and limb. I wanted to catch a picture of him in my fingers, and I touched him as lightly as I would cobwebs; but lo, his fat body revolved, stiffened and solidified into an upright position, and his tongue gave my hand a lick! He pressed close to me, as if he were fain to crowd himself into my hand. He loved it with his tail, with his paw, with his tongue. If he could speak, I believe he would say with me that paradise is attained by touch; for in touch is all love and intelligence.

This small incident started me on a chat about hands, and if my chat is fortunate I have to thank my dog-star. In any case, it is pleasant to have something to talk about that no one else has monopolized; it is like making a new path in the trackless woods, blazing the trail where no foot has pressed before. I am glad to take you by the hand and lead you along an untrodden way into a world where the hand is supreme. But at the very outset we encounter a difficulty. You are so accustomed to light, I fear you will stumble when I try to guide you through the land of darkness and silence. The blind are not supposed to be the best of guides. Still, though I cannot warrant not to lose you, I promise that you shall not be led into fire or water, or fall into a deep pit. If you will follow me patiently, you will find that "there 's a sound so fine, nothing lives 'twixt it and silence," and that there is more meant in things than meets the eye.

My hand is to me what your hearing and sight together are to you. In large measure we travel the same highways, read the same books, speak the same language, yet our experiences are different. All my

comings and goings turn on the hand as on a pivot. It is the hand that binds me to the world of men and women. The hand is my feeler with which I reach through isolation and darkness and seize every pleasure, every activity that my fingers encounter. With the dropping of a little word from another's hand into mine, a slight flutter of the fingers, began the intelligence, the joy, the fullness of my life. Like Job, I feel as if a hand had made me, fashioned me together round about and molded me very soul.

In all my experiences and thoughts I am conscious of a hand. Whatever touches me, whatever thrills me, is as a hand that touches me in the dark, and that touch is my reality. You might as well say that a sight which makes you glad, or a blow which brings the stinging tears to your eyes, is unreal as to say that those impressions are unreal which I have accumulated by means of touch. The delicate tremble of a butterfly's wings in my hand, the soft petals of violets curling in the cool folds of their leaves or lifting sweetly out of the meadow-grass, the clear, firm outline of face and limb, the smooth arch of a horse's neck and the velvety touch of his nose—all these, and a thousand resultant combinations, which take shape in my mind, constitute my world.

Ideas make the world we live in, and impressions furnish ideas. My world is built of touch-sensations, devoid of color and sound; but without color and sound it breathes and throbs with life. Every object is associated in my mind with tactual qualities which, combined in countless ways, give me a sense of power, of beauty, or of incongruity: for with my hands I can feel the comic as well as the beautiful in the outward appearance of things. Remember that you, dependent on your sight,



From a photograph, copyright, 1902, by C. M. Gilbert. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

HELEN KELLER AND JOSEPH JEFFERSON

do not realize how many things are tangible. All palpable things are mobile or rigid, solid or liquid, big or small, warm or cold, and these qualities are variously modified. The coolness of a water-lily rounding into bloom is different from the coolness of an evening wind in summer, and different again from the coolness of the rain that soaks into the hearts of growing things and gives them life and body. The velvet of the rose is not that of a ripe peach or of a baby's dimpled cheek. The hardness of the rock is to the hardness of wood what a man's deep bass is to a woman's voice when it is low. What I call beauty I find in certain combinations of all these qualities, and is largely derived from the flow of curved and straight lines which is over all things.

"What does the straight line mean to you?" I think you will ask.

It means several things. It symbolizes duty. It seems to have the quality of inexorableness that duty has. When I have something to do that must not be set aside, I feel as if I were going forward in a straight line, bound to arrive somewhere, or go on forever without swerving to the right or to the left.

That is what it means. To escape this moralizing you should ask, "How does the straight line feel?" It feels, as I suppose it looks, straight—a dull thought drawn out endlessly. It is unstraight lines, or many straight and curved lines together; that are eloquent to the touch. They appear and disappear, are now deep, now shallow, now broken off or lengthened or swelling. They rise and sink beneath my fingers, they are full of sudden starts and pauses, and their variety is inexhaustible and wonderful. So you see I am not shut out from the region of the beautiful, though my hand cannot perceive the brilliant colors in the sunset or on the mountain, or reach into the blue depths of the sky.

Physics tells me that I am well off in a world which knows neither color nor sound, but is made in terms of size, shape, and inherent qualities; for at least every object appears to my fingers standing solidly right side up, and is not an inverted image on the retina which, I understand, your brain is at infinite though unconscious labor to set back on its feet. A tangible object passes complete into my brain with the warmth of life upon it, and occupies the

same place that it does in space; for, without egotism, the mind is as large as the universe. When I think of hills, I think of the upward strength I tread upon. When water is the object of my thought, I feel the cool shock of the plunge and the quick yielding of the waves that crisp and curl and ripple about my body. The pleasing changes of rough and smooth, pliant and rigid, curved and straight in the bark and branches of a tree give the truth to my hand. The immovable rock, with its juts and warped surface, bends beneath my fingers into all manner of grooves and hollows. The bulge of a watermelon and the puffed-up rotundities of squashes that sprout, bud, and ripen in that strange garden planted somewhere behind my fingertips are the ludicrous in my tactual memory and imagination. My fingers are tickled to delight by the soft ripple of a baby's laugh, and find amusement in the lusty crow of the barnyard autocrat. Once I had a pet rooster that used to perch on my knee and stretch his neck and crow. A bird in my hand was then worth two in the—barnyard.

My fingers cannot, of course, get the impression of a large whole at a glance; but I feel the parts, and my mind puts them together. I move around the house, touching object after object in order, before I can form an idea of the entire house. In other people's houses I can touch only what is shown me—the chief objects of interest, carvings on the wall, or a curious architectural feature, exhibited like the family album. Therefore a house with which I am not familiar has for me, at first, no general effect or harmony of detail. It is not a complete conception, but a collection of object-impressions which, as they come to me, are disconnected and isolated. But my mind is full of associations, sensations, theories, and with them it constructs the house. The process reminds me of the building of Solomon's temple, where was neither saw, nor hammer, nor any tool heard while the stones were being laid one upon another. The silent worker is imagination which decrees reality out of chaos.

Without imagination what a poor thing my world would be! My garden would be a silent patch of earth strewn with sticks of a variety of shapes and smells. But when the eye of my mind is opened to its beauty, the

bare ground brightens beneath my feet, and the hedge-row bursts into leaf, and the rose-tree shakes its fragrance everywhere. I know how budding trees look, and I enter into the amorous joy of the mating birds, and this is the miracle of imagination.

and pulseless and unresponsive, yet it is beautiful to my hand. Its flowing curves and bendings are a real pleasure; only breath is wanting; but under the spell of the imagination the marble thrills and becomes the divine reality of the ideal. Ima-



From a photograph by W. J. W. W.

MISS SULLIVAN READING TO HELEN KELLER BY THE HAND

Twofold is the miracle when, through my fingers, my imagination reaches forth and meets the imagination of an artist which he has embodied in a sculptured form. Although, compared with the life-warm, mobile face of a friend, the marble is cold

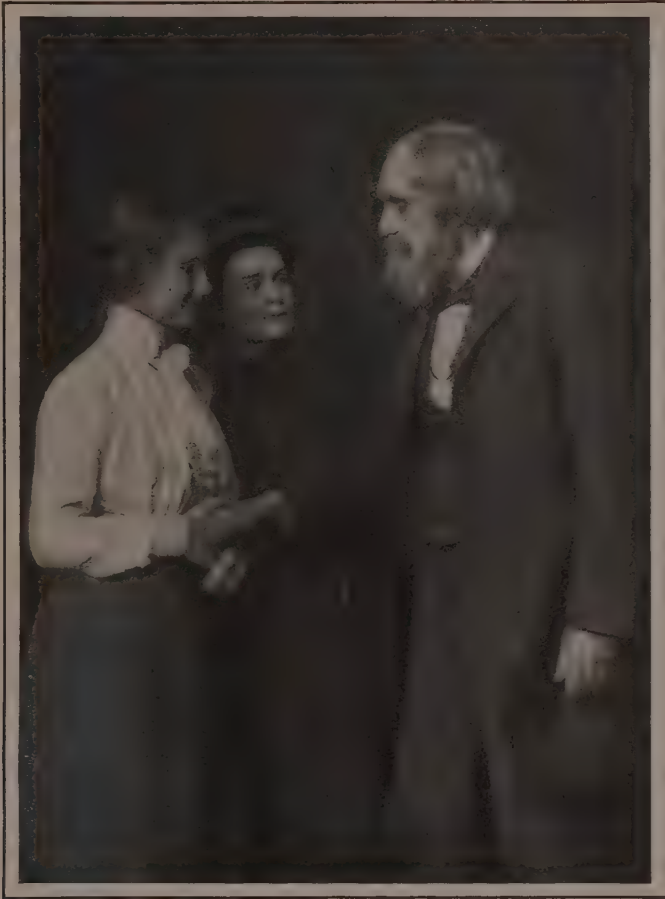
gination puts a sentiment into every line and curve, and the statue in my touch is indeed the goddess herself who breathes and moves and enchants.

It is true, however, that some sculptures, even recognized masterpieces, do not

please my hand. When I touch what there is of the Winged Victory, it reminds me at first of a headless, limbless dream that flies toward me in an unrestful sleep. The garments of the Victory thrust stiffly out behind, and do not resemble garments that I have felt flying, fluttering, folding, spread-

balance and completeness. The Minerva, hung with a web of poetical allusion, gives me a sense of exhilaration that is almost physical; and I like the luxuriant, wavy hair of Bacchus and Apollo, and the wreath of ivy, so suggestive of pagan holidays.

So imagination crowns the experience



From a photograph by Marshall

HELEN KELLER, MISS SULLIVAN, AND EDWARD EVERETT HALE

ing in the wind. But imagination fulfils these imperfections, and straightway the Victory becomes a powerful and spirited figure with the sweep of sea-winds in her robes and the splendor of conquest in her wings.

I find in a beautiful statue, beside perfection of bodily form, the qualities of

of my hands. And they learned their cunning from the wise hand of another, which, itself guided by imagination, led me safely in paths that I knew not, made darkness light before me, and made crooked ways straight.

The warmth and protectiveness of the hand are most homefelt to me who have



From a photograph by Whitman

HELEN KELLER BY THE PIANO

always looked to it for aid and joy. I understand perfectly how the Psalmist can lift up his voice with strength and gladness, singing, "I put my trust in the Lord at all times, and his hand shall uphold me, and I shall dwell in safety." In the strength of the human hand, too, there is something divine. I am told that the glance of a beloved eye thrills one from a distance; but there is no distance in the touch of a beloved hand. Even the letters I receive are

"Kind letters that betray the heart's deep history,
In which we feel the presence of a hand."

It is interesting to observe the differences in the hands of people. They show all kinds of vitality, energy, stillness, and cordiality. I never realized how living the hand is until I saw those chill plaster images in Mr. Hutton's collection of casts. The hand I know in life has the fullness of blood in its veins, and is elastic with spirit. How different dear Mr. Hutton's hand was from its dull, insensate image! To me the cast

lacks the very form of the hand. Of the many casts in Mr. Hutton's collection I did not recognize any, not even my own. But a loving hand I never forget. I remember in my fingers the large hands of Bishop Brooks, brimful of tenderness and a strong man's joy. If you were deaf and blind, and could hold Mr. Jefferson's hand, you would see in it a face and hear a kind voice unlike any other you have known. Mark Twain's hand is full of whimsies and the drollest humors, and while you hold it the drollery changes to sympathy and championship.

I am told that the words I have just written do not "describe" the hands of my friends, but merely endow them with the kindly human qualities which I know they possess, and which language conveys in abstract words. The criticism implies that I am not giving the primary truth of what I feel; but how otherwise do descriptions in books I read, written by men who can see, render the visible look of a face? I read that a face is strong, gentle; that it is full of patience, of intellect; that it is

fine, sweet, noble, beautiful. Have I not the same right to use these words in describing what I feel as you have in describing what you see? They express truly what I feel in the hand. I am seldom conscious of physical qualities, and I do not remember whether the fingers of a hand are short or long, or the skin is moist or dry. No more can you, without conscious effort, recall the details of a face,

even when you have seen it many times. If you do recall the features, and say that an eye is blue, a chin sharp, a nose short, or a cheek sunken, I fancy that you do not succeed well in giving the impression of the person,—not so well as when you interpret at once to the heart the essential moral qualities of the face—its humor, gravity, sadness, spirituality. If I should tell you in physical terms how a hand feels, you



From a photograph by Marshall

HELEN KELLER AND PROFESSOR ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL

would be no wiser for my account than a blind man to whom you describe a face in detail. Remember that when a blind man

his fingers, and it does not help him at all that things and people have been described to him again and again. So you, who are



From a photograph by Whitman

HELEN KELLER EXERCISING THE SENSE OF TOUCH

recovers his sight, he does not recognize the commonest thing that has been familiar to his touch, the dearest face intimate to

untrained of touch, do not recognize a hand by the grasp; and so, too, any description I might give would fail to make

you acquainted with a friendly hand which my fingers have often folded about, and which my affection translates to my memory.

I cannot describe hands under any class or type; there is no democracy of hands. Some hands tell me that they do everything with the maximum of bustle and noise. Other hands are fidgety and unadvised, with nervous, fussy fingers which indicate a nature sensitive to the little pricks of daily life. Sometimes I recognize with foreboding the kindly but stupid hand of one who tells with many words news that is no news. I have met a bishop with a jocose hand, a humorist with a hand of leaden gravity, a man of pretentious valor with a timorous hand, and a quiet, apologetic man with a fist of iron. When I was a little girl I was taken to see a woman who was blind and paralyzed. I shall never forget how she held out her small, trembling hand and pressed sympathy into mine. My eyes fill with tears as I think of her. The weariness, pain, darkness, and sweet patience were all to be felt in her thin, wasted, groping, loving hand.

Few people who do not know me will understand, I think, how much I get of the mood of a friend who is engaged in oral conversation with somebody else. My hand follows his motions; I touch his hand, his arm, his face. I can tell when he is full of glee over a good joke which has not been repeated to me, or when he is telling a lively story. One of my friends is rather aggressive, and his hand always announces the coming of a dispute. By his impatient jerk I know he has argument ready for some one. I have felt him start as a sudden recollection or a new idea shot through his mind. I have felt grief in his hand. I have felt his soul wrap itself in darkness majestically as in a garment. Another friend has positive, emphatic hands which show great pertinacity of opinion. She is the only person I know who emphasizes her spelled words and accents them as she emphasizes and accents her spoken words when I read her lips. I like this varied emphasis better than the monotonous pound of unmodulated people who hammer their meaning into my palm.

Some hands, when they clasp yours, beam and bubble over with gladness. They throb and expand with life. Strangers have clasped my hand like that of a long-lost

sister. Other people shake hands with me as if with the fear that I may do them mischief. Such persons hold out civil fingertips which they permit you to touch, and in the moment of contact they retreat, and inwardly you hope that you will not be called upon again to take that hand of "dormouse valor." It betokens a prudish mind, ungracious pride, and not seldom mistrust. It is the antipode to the hand of those who have large, lovable natures.

The handshake of some people makes you think of accident and sudden death. Contrast this ill-boding hand with the quick, skilful, quiet hand of a nurse whom I remember with affection because she took the best care of my teacher. I have clasped the hands of some rich people that spin not and toil not, and yet are not beautiful. Beneath their soft, smooth roundness what a chaos of undeveloped character!

All this is my private science of palmistry, and when I tell your fortune it is by no mysterious intuition or Gipsy witchcraft, but by natural, explicable recognition of the embossed character in your hand. Not only is the hand as easy to recognize as the face, but it reveals its secrets more openly and unconsciously. People control their countenances, but the hand is under no such restraint. It relaxes and becomes listless when the spirit is low and dejected; the muscles tighten when the mind is excited or the heart glad; and permanent qualities stand written on it all the time.

As there are many beauties of the face, so the beauties of the hand are many. Touch has its ecstasies. The hands of people of strong individuality and sensitiveness are wonderfully mobile. In a glance of their finger-tips they express many shades of thought. Now and again I touch a fine, graceful, supple-wristed hand which spells with the same beauty and distinction that you must see in the handwriting of some highly cultivated people. I wish you could see how prettily little children spell in my hand. They are wild flowers of humanity, and their finger motions wild flowers of speech.

Look in your "Century Dictionary," or, if you are blind, ask your teacher to do it for you, and learn how many idioms are made on the idea of hand, and how many words are formed from the Latin root

manus—enough words to name all the essential affairs of life. "Hand," with quotations and compounds, occupies twenty-four columns, eight pages of this dictionary, in all ten times as long as this essay. The hand is defined as "the organ of apprehension." How perfectly the definition fits my case in both senses of the word "ap-

prehend"! With my hand I seize and hold all that I find in the three worlds—physical, intellectual, and spiritual.

Think how man has regarded the world in terms of the hand. All life is divided between what lies *on one hand* and on the other. The products of skill are *manufactures*. The conduct of affairs is *management*. History seems to be the record—alas for our chronicles of war!—of the *manœuvres* of armies. But the history of peace, too, the narrative of labor in the field, the forest, and the vineyard, is written in the victorious sign *manual*—the sign of

the hand that has conquered the wilderness. The laborer himself is called a *hand*. The minor idioms are myriad; but I will not recall too many, lest you cry, "Hands off!" I cannot desist, however, from this word-game until I have set down a few. Whatever is not one's own by first possession is *second-hand*. That is what I am told my knowledge is. But my well-meaning friends come to my defense, and, not content with endowing me with natural *first-hand* knowledge which is rightfully mine, ascribe to me a preternatural sixth sense and credit to miracles and heaven-sent compensations all that I have won and discovered with my good right hand. And with my left hand too; for with that I read, and it is as true and honorable as the other. By what half-development of human power has the left hand been neglected? When we arrive at the acme of civilization shall we not all be ambidextrous, and in our *hand-to-hand* contests against difficulties shall we not be doubly triumphant? It occurs to me, by the way, that when my teacher was training my unreclaimed spirit, her struggle against the powers of darkness, with the stout arm of discipline and the light of the manual alphabet, was in two senses a hand-to-hand conflict.

No essay would be complete without quotations from Shakspeare. In the field which, in the presumption of my youth, I thought was my own he has reaped before me. In almost every play there are passages where the hand plays a part. Lady Macbeth's heartbroken soliloquy over her little hand, from which all the perfumes of Arabia will not wash the stain, is the most pitiful moment in the tragedy. Mark Antony rewards Scarus, the bravest of his soldiers, by asking Cleopatra to give him her hand: "Commend unto his lips thy favoring hand." In a different mood he is enraged because Thyreus, whom he despises, has presumed to kiss the hand of the queen, "my playfellow, the kingly seal



From a photograph by Bertram C. Hardman
HELEN KELLER IN THE ORCHARD

of high hearts." When Cleopatra is threatened with the humiliation of gracing Cæsar's triumph, she snatches a dagger, exclaiming, "I will trust my resolution and my good hands." With the same swift instinct, Cassius trusts to his hands when he stabs Cæsar: "Speak, hands, for me!" "Let me kiss your hand," says the blind Gloucester to Lear. "Let me wipe it first," replies the broken old king; "it smells of mortality." How charged is this single touch with sad meaning! How it opens our eyes to the fearful purging Lear has undergone, to learn that royalty is no defense against ingratitude and cruelty! Gloucester's exclamation about his son, "Did I but live to see thee in my touch, I'd say I had eyes again," is as true to a pulse within me as the grief he feels. The ghost in "Hamlet" recites the wrongs from which springs the tragedy:

"Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand
At once of life, of crown, of queen dispatch'd."

How that passage in "Othello" stops your breath—that passage full of bitter double intention in which Othello's suspicion tips with evil what he says about Desdemona's hand; and she in innocence answers only the innocent meaning of his words: "For 't was that hand that gave away my heart."

Not all Shakspeare's great passages about the hand are tragic. Remember the light play of words in "Romeo and Juliet" where the dialogue, flying nimbly back and forth, weaves a pretty sonnet about the hand. And who knows the hand, if not the lover?

The touch of the hand is in every chapter of the Bible. Why, you could almost rewrite Exodus as the story of the hand. Everything is done by the hand of the Lord and of Moses. The oppression of the Hebrews is translated thus: "The hand of Pharaoh was heavy upon the Hebrews." Their departure out of the land is told in these vivid words: "The Lord brought the children of Israel out of the house of bondage with a strong hand and a stretched-out arm." At the stretching out of the hand of Moses the waters of the Red Sea part and stand all on a heap. When the Lord lifts his hand in anger, thousands perish in

the wilderness. Every act, every decree in the history of Israel, as indeed in the history of the human race, is sanctioned by the hand. Is it not used in the great moments of swearing, blessing, cursing, smiting, agreeing, marrying, building, destroying? Its sacredness is in the law that no sacrifice is valid unless the sacrificer lay his hand upon the head of the victim. The congregation lay their hands on the heads of those who are sentenced to death. How terrible the dumb condemnation of their hands must be to the condemned! When Moses builds the altar on Mount Sinai, he is commanded to use no tool, but rear it with his own hands. Earth, sea, sky, man, and all lower animals are holy unto the Lord because he has formed them with his hand. When the Psalmist considers the heavens and the earth, he exclaims: "What is man, O Lord, that thou art mindful of him? For thou hast made him to have dominion over the works of thy hands." The supplicating gesture of the hand always accompanies the spoken prayer, and with clean hands goes the pure heart.

Christ comforted and blessed and healed and wrought many miracles with his hands. He touched the eyes of the blind, and they were opened. When Jairus sought him, overwhelmed with grief, Jesus went and laid his hands on the ruler's daughter, and she awoke from the sleep of death to her father's love. You also remember how he healed the crooked woman. He said to her, "Woman, thou art loosed from thine infirmity," and he laid his hands on her, and immediately she was made straight, and she glorified God.

Look where we will, we find the hand in time and history, working, building, inventing, bringing civilization out of barbarism. The hand symbolizes power and the excellence of work. The mechanic's hand, that minister of elemental forces, the hand that hews, saws, cuts, builds, is useful in the world equally with the delicate hand that paints a wild flower or molds a Grecian urn, or the hand of a statesman that writes a law. The eye cannot say to the hand, "I have no need of thee." Blessed be the hand! Thrice blessed be the hands that work!





TWO OPTIMISTS

BY R. W. G.

*(A Letter to Joseph Jefferson, Acknowledging a
Copy of Helen Keller's Essay on "Optimism")*

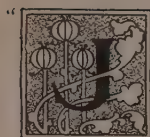
TO send fit thanks, I would I had the art,
For this small book that holds a mighty heart,
Enshrining, as it does, brave Helen's creed.
In thought and word; in many a lovely deed;
In facing what would crush a lesser soul,
Making of barriers helps to reach the goal;
In sympathy with all; in human kindness
To the blind of heart (dear girl! not this *her* blindness!),
As well as to her brethren of the dark
And silent world, who through her see and hark;
— In bringing out of darkness a great light,
Which burns and beacons high in all men's sight,
That exquisite spirit is true optimist!

Yet there are other names in the bright list:
If faith in man and woman that still lasts,
Though chilled by seventy winters' bitter blasts;
If seeing, as you see, the good in evil,
And even something Christian in the devil;
If power to take misfortune as a friend
And to be cheerful to the very end;
Not to be spoiled by praise, nor deeply stung
By the detractor's sharp and envious tongue;
If living in fairy-land as really now
As when heaven's dew was fresh on childhood's brow;
If seeing, in fine, this world as through a prism
Of lovely colors is true optimism,
Then Joseph is true optimist no less,
And Heaven sent both this troubled world to bless.



DADDY BILLY'S JUNO

BY SUSAN TEACKLE MOORE



"JUNO, honey—Juno, is it? What become o' my witch wife Juno since she forsooken me? Den 'fore de Lord I dunno. It 's a sorry tale, Miss Jinny, an' I keeps it dumb. Is you sho you wants it?"

"That 's what I came for, Daddy Billy. I 've ridden fourteen miles this morning to hear the story."

"Well, I ain't one to harbor secrets from my own people; an' if you ain't my people, I dunno who is. Yo' gran'paw sont dis chair you 're settin' in to me befo' he died."

The old darky looked wistfully toward the young girl resting under the shadow of the peach-tree, its blossoms a drift of glory against the sky. "Lord love de chile, how she do favor her gran'paw!" he murmured. "I 'd know her in kingdom come by dat favor. Lay dese blossoms ag'in' yo' cheek, honey, an' shame dem blooms."

"But the story, Daddy, the story!"

"Well, I reckon I gotter tol' you, dough it ain't never been my way to gabble de matter from do' to do', axin' pity. I never was no hand to wipe my eyes on ladies' aprons. An' I 'm pleased to specify dat nair pusson, white or black, little or big, is been brash 'nough to quizzify Billy 'bout it. I doubts mebbe you never is got de truly bearin's o' dis mou'nful tale—dat 's why you wants to hear it so much. Even yo' gran'paw had his 'spicions; he was always haltin' 'twixt two 'pinions."

"Well, chile, you gwine git de facts now if my life 's spared. I axes pardon if I lights my pipe," and the old man began fumbling for matches. "Ain't it a mericle, miss, how de smoke do clarify a body's ricollections?"

"Now for it, Miss Jinny," and he put himself at her feet, with his back against the tree. "I gwine tell you 'bout Hagar—

Juno's mammy—fust, an' den I gwine tell you 'bout Juno next, 'cause bofe o' dem two is so jumbled up you can't tell t' other from which no more 'n two peas in a pod.

"Hagar was a born she-debil, she was. Whensoever de witches give a blow-out in Buzzard's Grove she 'd git wind of it an' show up dar in de tip o' de fashion. Why, dat varmint could squirm outen her skin, roll it up in a wad, an' hide it real cunnin'. She gotter wriggle back into dat same black skin befo' cockcrow in de mornin' if she 'spec's ever to be herself ag'in. She done mislaid it once, an' she was so skeered she p'intedly tooken de trimbles, an' I tell you, dere ain't no given cure for dat, missy, nohow.

"She knowed durn well whar to spot a man-horse to ride to dem jamborees. Let a witch seize you befo' you kin cross fingers or whip out de rabbit's foot, an' you 're a goner. I knows; I been one!

"You don't believe in 'em, missy? Well, you let one stride you an' guide you an' ride you—you 'll believe in 'em den sho 'nough.

"Ouch! Lemme git my foot loose; it 's a stitch or a crick! Dat 's some better."

"Rheumatism, Daddy?"

"No, chile; fur from it. It 's a witch-cuss. Hagar cussed me wid it when I was a yo'ng buck married to her Juno. Hagar had a grutch ag'in' me. Dis ain't no rheum'tiz."

"What 's become of her, Daddy?"

"Hagar? Why, li'l' by li'l' dem witch-debilments come to de ears o' de Old Boy, an' it tickled him. He don't 'low no tamperin' wid his trade, so he vow he 'd match her for doin' it. But he bided his time cheerful, seein' de all-fired way she was sweatin' over her witch-pots an' kittles; she had a whole passel o' dem kittles. In 'em was messes o' mis'ry for de onwary:

dumb agers an' brown-skeeters for de aged; middlin'-poorlys for de yo'ng bucks; high-strikes an' hiccups for de wenches; bow-legs an' squints for de chil'ens; rickets an' fits for de po' li'l babies, an' de sorest kind o' biles for 'em all. I knows what I 'm talkin' 'bout, for I had one las' winter.

"Old Boy see Hagar a-hustlin', so he ain't de heart to hender her, an' he waited a week. Den up he gits, packs his chist, an' heads for de old 'oman.

"It was in de dark o' de moon. He 'skivered her in de cow lot behind de smoke-house, whar she kep' her witch-fires. She was down in de ashes, shiverin' an' shakin' turr'ble.

"Evenin', ma'am,' he say; 'howdy? Yo' sarvant, ma'am!' An' he scrape his hoof. 'Flections is wery prev'lent dis season, I tote. You been so busy sortin' 'em to 'tribute round I mistrusted you mought happen to slight yo'self, my dear. Dat would n't never do,' says he. 'Fair play,' says he; 'so I 've brung you somethin' ch'ice; it 'll become yo' shape, an' rectify yo' manners. De name of it 's' de jimbles,' he run on—'de palsy, some names it. You been shakin' over yo' kiddles, but you ain't never shoooken like you 'll shook arter dis, my dear.' Den he hem an' he haw. 'It 's a fancy kind,' he say—'one o' dese side-wiggle kind; I picked it out a-puppouse.'

"She walled her eyes at him, an' her jaw done drapped. She see she was over-matched for once.

"'I'd jes as lives fotched you de prickly itch to go 'long wid it,' he say, 'but dat mis'ry I promised to Sis Skinner. I dassent disgruntle Sis Skinner; I sho does strive to please de ladies.' An' wid dat he grin an' show his tusks like one o' dese old he-hogs. Den he up an' he lam her good wid his pitchfork—*bang-bang! bang-bang!*"

Daddy Billy half raised himself to his feet and laid about him with his stick as if he were Old Nick himself and the grass he was beating was Hagar's back. Both he and Miss Virginia were in gales of laughter.

"I never 'sputes a p'int o' law wid de Old Boy," the old man shouted in his struggling for breath, "an' I never did 'spute de jestice o' dem jimbles; I was satisfied when I hearn tell of it.

"Now, den," and he wiped his eyes. "I gwine quit all dis foolishness an' tell de story straight.

"Well, me an' Juno was born an' raised right here in Chinkoteague. Juno's people lived back yonder whar you see de big weepin' willow; dey had de name o' Toliver. Dey was quality,—top-loftical quality,—but po'—po' as poverty; so po' de Christmas turkey gotter be a goose. From de time I war n't more 'n so high I was dead gone on Juno. When I 'come a man an' yo' gran'paw found me out, he ain't kicked at de price when he bought her. He say he 'spec's dem Tolivers need de money more 'n he did. Dat 's how she come to be yo' gran'maw's seamster an' my wife.

"I was 'bout crazy wid joy when she come, Gord knows. I sot me to work to fix up my cabin, an' yo' gran'maw she helped me heaps. She gimme some white swist curtains she was done usin'. Lord, but dey did look genteel a-loopin' up de winders! Pretty soon de honeysuckers was clamberin' up de po'ch, trumpet-vines runnin' round de well, gay flower-beds o' pinks an' posies, de shoo-fly plant dressin' up de smoke-house, big oleanders dis side an' dat side de wicket. Right here is whar I brung her to arter deweddin', an' we show was happy—happy as two fools; we was one gorm o' bliss. An' only for dat she-debil Hagar I'd be livin' here yit wid my Juno.

"Well, we been married seben months or so when, comin' home one evenin' from de buckwheat, I see de clouds was drawin' water for a rain. I was tired out; de day was long an' my work heavy. On de po'ch stood Juno, lookin' for me; she hailed me.

"See de thunder-heads,' she call out; 'see 'em pilin' up dar; ain't dey bu'sters? Big storm a-brewin', I tell you. Hurry up, honey! Supper 's a-waitin': we got ash-cake an' possum-stew.'

"Her voice sound peart, but her face ain't match it. Eyes look like she been cryin'.

"Supper done, I got my corn-cob, filled it wid my good home-riz tobacker, lit it wid a live coal, an' strayed out here to wait for her. Ground felt so good I sprawled out flat on my back, arms for a pillow. Bimeby I whistles to her.

"What you doin' in dar? Nemmine dem dishes; come on out! Clouds is burnin' sulphur; we 'll git a gust.'

"She drapped her dish-cloth an' out she come. 'See de new moon,' she say. 'See her wrastle wid dem fearsome clouds yon-

der! Lightnin' 's chasin' her, too; see her dodge it! Well, dat moon 's fightin' for her life, sartain; she 's fightin' wid her horns, too.'

"I stole a look at her. Somethin' more 'n common was to pay. She gazed an' she gazed, eyes big as sassers.

"I 's like de moon,' she moan: 'clouds as fearsome as dem yonder been a-pressin' down 'pon me dis endurin' day. Somethin' dretful gwine happen to us, Billy. No use tryin' to dodge it. O Lord, ha' mercy!'

"Jiggery-criggery!' says I, 'what ails my honey-pie? She ain't feelin' scrumptious dis evenin'. It 's de sulphur clouds, dat 's all. I smell 'em burnin' for a gust.'

"It 'll be a tarror when it bu'sts,' says she; 'but dat don't bodder me. Somethin' wusser 'n thunder an' lightnin' 's on de way to us; I knows it by de signs.'

"Rubbage! What signs?' says I.

"A quar look come into her face. 'Is you taken notice o' dat strange cat in my sewin'-room befo' sun-up?' says she. 'Whar in de world she come from an' how she git in? It was shet up tight when we went to bed, an' dar ain't no chimbley.'

"Consarn dat kitten!' says I. 'I did taken notice o' dat kitten, drat it!'

"Den de ladder,' says she.

"What ladder?' says I.

"Uncle Jacob's ladder up ag'in' his roof, him on de top rung seein' to his puffed pouters. How come my Billy 'bleeged to stand under dat ladder for speech wid de old man?'

"G' way from here, gal, wid yo' ladders,' says I; 'dat 's fool talk.' My dander was risin'.

"But you done did it. Lord knows I gin a grab to save you.'

"What ails my pidgy-widge?' says I, huggin' her up. 'Somebody been stuffin' you wid a pack o' lies? What 's de name o' de driv'lin' idjot?'

"She ketched her bref short.

"I got wind to-day o' somethin',' says she. 'Mammy 's packin' up to move!'

"Dat so?' says I. 'Well, let her; who 's henderin'?''

"But you ain't a-listenin',' says she. 'She 's gwine to move! Dar ain't but one place for her to move to, an' you got de name o' bein' a guesser.'

"Who says so? Whar you git dat rigger-marole?' says I. 'Hagar layin' to set herself down in dis heavenly home o' ourn?'

Pooh! G' way!' An' I shook my fist at Hagar.

"She never keered a smitch for me since de day I was born. It 's my nice sewin'-room she 's arter—Aunt Dinah says so. May de Lord taken pity on us, Billy, for we 're comin' to nothin'!'

"Den I stood up on my hind legs an' I ramped. 'What 's dat you say? Yo' mammy, is it, who 's figurin' to walk in here widout a' invite an' plump herself on us for keeps?'

"De idee,' she moaned.—'de idee o' mammy comin' to mommuck up my pretty room whar I been so biggotty! I d' as lives be dead; I d' ruther.'

"Den I ripped an' I tore. 'If dat old scratch-cat comes mousin' round here fixin' to git jes one paw inside, out she goes—scat! She dassent try it; you kin take my affidavit on it.'

"I been so put about I ain't see how de clouds was shettin' down black on de Broadwater, de lightnin' dartin' th'ough 'em like Fo'th July spit-debils.

"Specifyin' signs,' says I, gittin' on my legs, 'yonder 's one what 'll do me. Dat sign say p'intedly to git in de house—quick; it 's drappin' rain.'

"Afore we kin do it come a' awful light, an' den a crash like de whole world had done bu'sted. I was soblinded I warn't able to see. But next minute I sighted somethin' cavortin' over our flower-beds like a cat in a gale o' wind. Juno saw it fust, an' she gin a screech dey hearn as fur off as de big house. 'It 's mammy!' she cried. 'Oh, it 's mammy!'

"We-alls made a dive into de house an' slammed de do', but Hagar ain't stop to swap 'howdys.' Into our fedder bed she went kerflop, pullin' de kiverin' over her head, an' dar she burrowed till mornin'."

Daddy Billy paused a moment, shook the ashes from his pipe, found a few dried tobacco-leaves in his hip pocket and rolled them to grains in his wrinkled palms, and continued:

"By de great 'Mighty! war n't dat a storm! De lightnin' bolts come scuttlin' down de chimbley so fast dat me an' Juno dragged de table from de wall an' clumb on top to git outen de tracks of 'em. Dar we sot for de endurin' night, legs squinched up jes so." The old man's knees were up to his chin now. "Here dey come, red-hot, an' big as cannon-balls; I could n't believe

my eyes. Dey went careerin' round de kitchen, chasin' 'emselves close to de base-board, till dey had ramped back to de hearth ag'in, an' dar dey leggo, sinkin' out o' sight in de embers.

"Toward de eend o' dat storm you oughter hear de chicken-cocks. Ev'ry sep'-rate one on de land was humpin' hisself an' hip-hip-hoorayin' like he claimed de job o' squelchin' it!"

The old man knitted his brows and looked furtively at the girl's face.

"Go right on, Daddy," she answered; "don't stop. Then what happened?"

"Well, come mornin', de sun riz up wid a' extry shine on his face like he mought ha' kotched some o' dat loose lightnin'. I limbered up, made de fire, an' we bofe cooked breakfast. My innards felt fitty, like a johunny-cake toasted real brown mought pacify 'em, an' coffee was comfort-in'; but Billy was in po' shape for de field.

"All dis time not a sight or sound o' Hagar, 'scusin' her snores. We stepped soft, whispered low, an' never rattled a plate.

"When we lef' de table I made a deaf-an'-dumb sign to Juno. We tipped to her sewin'-room an' shet de do'.

"Set up close to me, my sugar-lump," says I, in a whisper. 'I gwine say some-thin', an' I want you to listen to me good. Is you listenin'?"

"M—m, h—m," she say, an' she nod her head.

"You see dis room?"

"She nod some mo'.

"It's yourn. If I come home to-night an' find any wrinkled-up, pig-faced monkey by de name o' Hagar been tamperin' wid it, in any way, shape, or form, I'll frizzle her to flibbertigibbets. You kin look out for me, Juno, for you never see me mad befo'." Den I let her go.

"All de way to de buckwheat I kep' a-growlin' to myself: 'Dat room o' Juno's ain't no comp'ny room,' says I; 'no, sirree! I done put my foot down, an' dat 's flat.'

"My dinner was fittin' for de President of de Nunitd States dat day: muskrat wid sage an' inions, ash-cake an' 'lasses, a hunk o' coosh, an' a dram o' persimmon beer to wash it down. But none of it ain't tempt me ('scusin' de liquor), my mind was dat onsettled.

"In co'se o' time Sandy's lop-eared yaller coon-dog come a-limpin' by, foot tied up wid a rag. He spied my pail on a log

an' stopped to snuff it. He was perishin' hongry, ev'ry rib in his body reachin' out sep'-rate for dem victuals.

"Howdy?" says he.

"So-so," says I.

"What 's in dis?' says he, snuffin' mo' p'tic'lar.

"Lay-overs for meddlers," says I. 'Help yo'self, suh,' says I; 'don't be bashful.' An' I h'isted de lid.

"Miss Jinny, I guv dat dog de conten-tions o' dat pail. He eat till he was full as any tick feedin' on him dat minute. He eat an' he eat till de last licks o' gravy was oozin' outen his eyes. If it war n't gravy, it was tears o' thankfulness. It was de fust squar' meal he had de luck to git since he was a teethin' puppy.

"It come dusk when I knocked off work an' p'inted for home. At de four corners was Juno, all out o' bref wid runnin'. She look like she been in a tussle an' got de wust of it: frock tore to flinders, apron in tig-tags, hair lookin' like a hurrah's nest. I looked her over for more 'n a minute, den I let out:

"For Gord's sake, gal, what 's de matter? Whar you been?"

"I 'bleeged to come,' she panted. 'I'm 'mos' crazy. Dem signs done come true, Billy: mammy 's come to stay!'

"I knowed better, but I ain't says so; de po' chile was too shook up for back answers.

"You ain't believe me, but you will," she blubbered; 'my sewin'-room 's a show.'

"I helt my mouf right good whilst I tooken her by de elbow an' helped her home, her a-sobbin' all de way. When we got here she hung back; she 'lowed she'd ruther wait outside, so I ain't fo'ced her.

"A show it was, sartain. Hagar had moved in. Uncle Laz'rus had toted her truck over in his cart. I gin a squint at de heaps o' muss an' rubbage dumped down dar, an' when I see de havoc I sensed whar de tussle been. Nothin' o' Juno's in dar barrin' her sewin'-chair. Hold on, honey, dat chair 's in de tale; lemme 'splain it.

"It was a barr'l-chair. I made it myself outen one o' yo' gran'maw's sugar-barr'ls. I sawed it into shape to fit her back, an' I padded it nice an' soft wid a' old bed-quilt. Juno she made de cushion for de seat, fillin' it wid live-geoses' feedders. We kivered it wid chinch—pea-green color, I recolmem-ber: Juno cottoned to dat color. It was

de slick shiny chinch what costs money, an' I earnt de money off hours doin' odd jobs for folks. I was so tickled when de chair was done I was a puffec' nuisance on de plantation blowin' 'bout it. Dat chair was de on'iest belongin' o' Juno's lef' in de room arter de scrimmage, an' in dat same barr'l-chair wid de green chinch kiver sot Hagar!

"Why n't I yank her out, fling her on de flo', stomp on her, mash her to a pulp, or go for de ax an' split her head open? Dat 's what you 's thinkin', missy; but you dassent tamper wid a witch widout yo' harness on."

"Of course not," said the girl, encouragingly.

"Well, I sneaked by de house, changed my breeches wrong side out an' gallowsed 'em up wid a' eel-skin. Den I filled my pockets wid chunks o' grave-dirt an' skewered 'em wid rusty nails. Den I hung a bag o' egg-shells round Juno's neck an' a string o' tarr'pin-claws on my neck. Den wid my trusty rabbit's foot in one hand an' a horseshoe in de odder hand I went for Hagar.

"When she see me she gin a snort. 'Step inside,' she say, 'an' shet de do'. I feels a draf' blowin', an' she guv a trimble. 'Take a seat an' set down.'

"I never budged.

"'How you like my new chair?' she say. 'I think it 's gran', she purred, techin' it in spots wid her cat-claws. 'It 's a mericle how dis chair do fit my back, for it war n't made a-puppose. I 'm beholden to you for it, Billy; it 's jes my size an' figger.' Den she laid herself back an' strack up a tune."

The old man pulled out his bandana and mopped his face. "Bear wid me, honey," he said. "I sho is hot. Dis subjec' gits me into a puspuration"; and he unfastened the top button of his shirt as if for more air.

"Well, chile, dar she sot, singin' away, pleasant as a hand-saw stuck in a knot. Of a suddint she stopped an' walled her green eyes at me. 'Dat fool nigger 's done tuk root in his tracks,' she snarled. 'I 'll be switched if he ain't. Is you a dumb-head?'

"Den I got my wind.

"'I 'm a-studyin',' says I, 'how I 'll haul yo' ugly black carcass outen my wife's chair, h'ist de winder yonder, an' chuck you in de hog-pen; but I better spare my elbows de job.'

"'Flingin' sass at de ladies, is you?' she sputtered. 'Whar you git yo' fotch-up?'

"'No offense meant, an' none taken, ma'am,' says I. 'Dis here hog-pen of a room—dat 's what you made it since you been in it—'pears to suit yo' shape an' manners good as Juno's chair.' I was solemn as a owl.

"De words war n't outen my mouf befo' she started up an' come for me, her whole body shakin'. 'All you say I is, you is 'em,' she screeched. 'Sh—shoo! Git out o' here, you black varmint, or I 'll squ'sh you!'

"An' out I went. I was 'bleeged to."

II

"As time run on I 'skivered by li'l's dat me an' my Juno war n't one an' de same no mo'. Hagar was at her tricks castin' spells on her, dough I ain't 'spicion it. My li'l gal she techy an' pernicky; fly into a tantrum an' git obstrap'lous. Many 's de times we was on de raw aide of a ruction for all my honeyin's.

"She fell into de way, come dusk, o' sneakin' off to de chip-yard. I 'd slip arter her an' ketch her chasin' hoppytoads. I 'd git right down an' help her. 'Here 's a reg'lar bu'ster,' I says; 'he 's yo' sort—he 's green as pizen.' Or I 'd sight her snoopin' under chicken-coops for mole-crickets: blind mice, she named 'em; dem sort is kind o' skeerce. It was a po' hunt when I could n't ferret out three to her one; I was cunnin' at it."

The girl gave him a curious look.

"For witch 'intments, honey, fust you biles 'em in a pipkin, real good; den you stirs in a few pinches o' grave-dirt, an' mashes de mixture till you gits a paste; an' when you spreads it pretty thick on a bat's wing you got a plaster to beat de debil. Jes let dat contraption come nigh you an' you sinks into a trance. Oh, I knows 'em. An' spiders—you never! I 'd find her behind de woodpile grubbin' for spiders. Let her happen on one o' dese big black Esaus,—all hair an' whiskers,—an' she 'd hab a conniption fit, she was dat pleased.

"In de fust beginnin's I war n't oneasy, so to say. Dese hocusin's an' pocusin's seemed a game o' play for to 'stract her mind. I never 'spicioned who was puttin' her up to it. How was I to know dat my

innercent pots what b'iled my souse an' tried out drippin' wasbacksliders an' tooken to a life o' sin? Gosh!

"Her an' her mammy was gittin' thicker 'n mush. Dey 'd go trapesin' off for de endurin' night, makin' no bones o' leavin' me behind. Juno never 'splained herself or 'scuse her manners. When she git back from dese bouts she 'd be blowed, eyes right glassy. Spunky? Why, I dassent ax her 'howdy?'

"Dem times was times o' tribulation for Billy. No mo' moonin' under dis peach-tree ca'm evenin's; no mo' coddlin's for me. But never—Gord knows it for de truth—did I leggo my trust in Juno. I dassent—no more 'n I 'd loosen my hopes o' heaven."

The girl laid her soft pink fingers, pink as the blossoms, upon the rough bark of his hand. The old negro patted them for a moment, withdrew his hand slowly, and went on:

"It was Injun summer when de final eend arriv'. My j'int was oncommon grouchy, I recollect; I punished 'em wid fish-ile an' turkentime, but dey ain't 'pologized none, an' by nightfall dey tuk to cussin'. I was a rack o' mis'ry, an' mighty peevish. Bofe women off gaddin' an' no sign o' supper, so I hobbled out here to ease my aches ag'in dis peach-tree. De lonesomeness was awful; nair chirp nor croak nor cry outen de woods. De fog from de ma'sh was solid, an' troops o' witch-ponies was scuddin' over it.

"I been settin' here for ten minutes or so wid my eyes tight shet; Marse Charles he always 'clar' for it I done fell asleep, but I knows better. I begins to study. 'What 's on?' I says. 'Wharfo' all dem slues o' witch-ponies on a rampage over my head? What dey gwine do on dem clouds?' Next I cocks my ears to listen. I kin hear li'l' hoofs plain, thud-thud-thud—din' though de wetness.

"'Dey's makin' for Coony Hollow,' says I. 'Witches is out; hear dem ponies leggin' it along,' says I, whilst more an' more li'l' nags went scurryin' past. I listened out wid all my ears, but I could n't specify who was ridin' 'em. 'Oh, Lord!' says I, wid my heart jumpin' into my mouf, 'don't I wish my Juno was home!'

"Of a suddint come a mighty wind dat split off a big branch o' dis peach-tree, an' den a sound o' slashin' an' snortin' like

some turr'ble beast come close. I war n't 'lowed time to drap on my knees an' go to prayin', for here was de Yahoo! De Yahoo, honey, for a livin' fact. When you see him fust he looks like a puff o' smoke. Some 'lows he 's nothin' but a swirl o' fog what comes up from de ma'sh. *He* ain't no bogy-man—he 's a *pussan*; you 'arn 'bout him in de books. Some do say he 's kin to de Old Boy, but I ain't swearin' to it. A wild critter an' a wagabone, wid wings an' a tail an' tusks, an' eyes like flamin' fat-wood. Easy-gwine 'less'n you sass him; den, wid my device, you 'll stand from under. Dat 's de Yahoo.

"'Howdy?' says he to me, perlite as chips.

"'Same to you, suh,' says I; 'how 's yo'self?' my teeth a-chatterin'.

"'Tol'ble to middlin', I 'm 'bleeged to you,' he says, wid a bow; 'I can't complain,' an' he spit tobacker. 'De witches is in camp, mister,' he say. 'Dey 's havin' some kind o' jiggermaree-spree in Buzzard's Grove, an' yo' fambly 's all dar. I 'm come for you. Yo' wife 's de belle o' de ball.'

"I ain't believe him, but I don't never contradic' de Yahoo.

"'Hi, man,' says he, 'gimme a leg; up wid you; up you goes!' An' wid no more ado I was pickaback. 'Dat 's yo' sorts,' he says, wid a wiggle. 'Now ketch a good holt o' my horn—don't be shy,' an' we two was off like a streak.

"De grove, honey, was a dazzle o' lightnin'-bugs, fireflies, glow-worms, an' will-o'-de-wishes. We see de glare long befo' we crossed Coony Hollow. When we come close to it, dar dey all was—water-witches, wood-imps, goblins, ghos'es, a gang o' she-debils like Hagar, an', atop o' de heap, skin-free an' witch-wild, my Juno!

"De Yahoo he see I was struck all of a heap, an' he showed feelin's. 'I got a p'tic'lar 'p'intment in de swamp, mister,' says he. 'A lady friend o' mine will be 'spectin' me 'bout two, an' I 'm 'bleeged to quit dis festive scene; kin I gin you a lift back ag'in home? I see dis sight is on-pleasant.' War n't dat delicate? I sho was teched.

"Well, we ain't stop to tarry. He fotched me back in a whiff-jiffy, sot me down in my same seat under dis peach-tree, an' den absquatulated. Look, Miss Jinny; dat 's de road he tuk acrost de ma'sh.

"Arter a spell de fog lifted an' I see de old moon gittin' on her las' legs. I was feelin' dog-gone, my j'int's pinchin' like tarr'pin jaws.

"I got up, I did, an' crope in de house, felt about me for a match,—my fire was out,—strack it, lit a taller dip, an' got my stick. 'Now for it,' says I. 'Whar's dem skins?'

"I hunted high an' I hunted low, Satan—dat 's Hagar's cat—stealin' behind me like a black shadder. He knowed whar dey was, but he ain't lettin' on. I hunted 'way up de chimbly an' down under de kittles, poke-pokin' wid mystick. 'Dem skins done skipped,' says I. 'Dem two hussies'll want 'em when dey come home—nair one is fittin' to be seen widout 'em. Sho an' sertain, it won't be long befo' dey do come, for de chicken-cocks is crowin' now.'

"When I was 'bout to give up,—I was wo'e out a-huntin' for 'em,—I hearn a scratch-scratch-scratchin' outside de back do'." The old man's fingers now illustrated the sound on the bark of the trunk behind him. "I opened it, an' in walks Sandy's old lop-eared, stub-tailed coon-dog, Chuff—de same dog I gin my dinner to dat Juno fixed for me. He come round dat early 'cause he was nosin' for a bone. Satan got his back up like he owned de place an' spit out. Chuff ain't takin' any sass from dat sort, an' he went for him. Satan saw fit to change his mind, turned tail an' flew up de chimbly.

"Me an' Chuff swapped grins for a minute, den he run up to me an' gimme his paw. 'Yo' sarvant, suh,' says he; 'how you come on?'

"So-so," says I. 'I 'm bar'ly creepin'.'

"He gin me a sharp look.

"What you doin' up dis time o' night, mister?' says he. 'Why, bless my soul, you ain't been abed at all!'

"You 's a prophet, my son,' says I.

"If dat don't beat all," says he, 'I never!' Den he sot up on his hind legs an' smote his nose wid one paw like he was cogitatin'. Bimeby he begin snuff-snuffin'.

"M—m, h—m!" says he. 'I smell

somethin' cur'ous. It 's under de smoke-house, or my name ain't Chuff,' an' he put for it. I come outside to see what was up.

"He begin to dig, dig wid his paws, snuffin' harder. He so fierce I 'spicioned a muskrat.

"'Sic 'em, Chuff, s-s-sic 'em! Hi! Hi!'

"Den he snuff mo' fiercer, scratchin' away an' diggin' deep like he was furious, dirt a-flyin'.

"'Dat 's you, Chuff, dat 's a dandy,' says I. 'Find it, old boy—*find!*'

"Presently he stop right short.

"What you got dar, Chuffy?' I bawled out. 'What you got? Shake 'em, boy, shake!'

"He was busy chuckin' it up, ketchin' it in his mouf, worryin' it wid growls, chawin' it easy like it was game-birds. It was a wad o' somethin' funny, an' it tickled him.

"'Dat ain't no muskrat,' says I to myself, 'nor yit a weasel; what de debil is it?' De dog wrastled wid it till de string bruk loose an' de passel opened out. 'Looks to me,' says I, 'like—like—' an' a great light bu'sted on my inner visibles.

"'Skins!' I hollered—'dem's 'em! Dat dog 's a wizard.' An' I gin a whoop.

"Here, Chuff, here! Fetch it 'long, boy, fetch it to me, *fetch!*' He come up to me, waggin' his tail.

"I gin dat wad one good look; I ain't crave to tech it. Den I tips him a wink. 'Good dog!' I says; 'good Chuff! Eat it up, boy, you kin hab it; s-s-sic 'em!' An' down it all went wid a gulp an' a gobble.

"'Good dog,' says I, pattin' him up an' down; 'good pup-dog; good Chuffy!' Den he licked his chops clean, wunk a' eye at me, bu'sted out laughin', an' scooted.

"I laid down on de ground an' rolled an' laughed till I 'most bu'sted. I laughed, honey, till I was dat weak I was sufferin'. De jig was up! Dem hussies was done for. Dey could n't do a mortal thing widout deir skins.

"Dat 's de eend o' de tale, missy. I ain't seen hide or hair o' Juno since, an' dat 's forty years ago."



TOPICS OF THE TIME

AFTER THE ELECTION—A LOOK AHEAD

TWO among the most distinguished leaders of British thought happened to be in America on the eighth of last November—Mr. John Morley and Mr. James Bryce. Mr. Bryce was in New York on that day, and visited various parts of the city while the election was in quiet progress; witnessing, on the same night, the trumpet-voiced but thoroughly good-humored jollifications which have come to be a habit on the part especially of the youthful portion of our population. On the night after the election Mr. Bryce took occasion to express, in an address at the City Club, his great satisfaction and pleasure in the unprecedented and momentous spectacle of an American national election: its gigantic territorial extent, its quickness, its peacefulness, and the genial acquiescence in its decisions by the defeated millions. Mr. Morley, later, at the Chamber of Commerce, spoke to the same effect.

The election of 1904 will be memorable for its dramatic completeness. The majority choice was made not only by count of electors, but by an enormous preponderance of the popular vote. Such a colossal compliment, evidently, was less of a surprise to Europeans than to Americans, for the Old World years ago was captivated, as have been his countrymen, by the picturesque and engaging personality of the President; and in Europe they saw in the campaign probably little that interested them beside that personality.

To citizens who can take dispassionate and disinterested views of political events one of the most interesting of the results of the election is that it gives exceptional prestige and power to a Chief Executive who, though often criticized by many as to performance, has generally been applauded as to aim. There are political opponents and political reformers who have condemned Theodore Roosevelt for individual

policies, and for some of the methods by which he has accomplished results; but there are few thoughtful critics (except when exasperated by local considerations) who have sincerely doubted his patriotism or right intentions. It may be assumed, to the credit of our popular electorate, that while some even in the concourse of his supporters may have been dissatisfied with this or that of his actions; may have credited him with certain traits which they disapproved, and with some decisions which seemed to them mistakes,—the great majority of his countrymen saw in him a strong, capable, honest, and singularly frank nature, struggling resolutely through all manner of difficulties toward useful, permanent, and patriotic accomplishment.

A term beginning, as Mr. Roosevelt's present term may be said to have begun, on November 8, instead of the following March 4, after an election marked by so singular a demonstration of popular confidence, needs must excite unusual expectations. This was felt to be the case at the beginning of Mr. Cleveland's second administration, and unbiased historians have recorded that those expectations were justified by the event.

In the case of Mr. Roosevelt it would be rash to attempt to enumerate all the separate lines in which progress in good government may be expected. International arbitration, as the British Foreign Secretary says, has become "the fashion," and this cause will continue to be favored by an administration whose Secretary of State, "that great statesman" (again to quote Lord Lansdowne), declares war to be the most futile and fallacious of human follies. Signs are not wanting that public opinion and wise political policy may dictate a belated respect on the part of the successful party for the program of fiscal reform briefly and eloquently sketched in President McKinley's famous last speech. Again, to "stand pat" on the question of the trusts would be suicidal folly. As to

matters of administration, there cannot but be gratifying increase in the separation of the civil service from partizan activity—a further and substantial narrowing of the hateful spoils system.

In many other details there will doubtless be improvement, as there has been already in many departments where the President's personal sympathy and intelligent influence have been helpfully felt. A better feeling toward the President on the part of our brethren of the South is, also, among the outcomes deeply to be desired.

Moral tone is more important to a nation than commercial prosperity or physical international dominance. That independent vote, the larger part of which he apparently received, and good citizens of all parties, desire above all to see the corrupt bosses more and more diminished in influence and numbers, and the clean leaders more and more encouraged. The highest hopes that good citizens entertain for the new administration of Theodore Roosevelt are in the line of public morals, and such well-wishers of the President can accord him no higher compliment than the belief that this, too, is the profound sentiment of our overwhelmingly elected President himself.

IN our series of American portraits this month we present the new bust by Saint Gaudens of Secretary Hay. No political announcement since the election has been received with more gratification than that which assures the country of the services for another four years of the present Secretary of State. His long service in this capacity entitles him to respite, and it was feared by many that he would peremptorily demand an acceptance of his resignation. But this danger has passed, and not only Mr. Roosevelt's administration, but the cause of high and noble diplomacy, the cause of peace and good will among all the nations of the earth, will benefit by the continued presence in the State Department of the United States of that "Foreign Secretary" who to-day stands in the front rank of living and acting diplomats, if not at their very head.

THE triumph in Missouri of Governor Folk, of the opposite party from the President,

is a result of peculiar satisfaction to all who have watched the gallant fight waged against entrenched corruption by this courageous and indefatigable public servant. It is more than a local victory. The nation may congratulate itself that a great State of the Union has thus put its stamp of approval upon right and heroic action on the part of an official. The incident is all the more gratifying from the fact that it is a conspicuous illustration of independent and discriminative voting.

CAN A NATION BE A GENTLEMAN?

THERE have been many attempts to define a gentleman, with little agreement. It is easier to say what is ungentelemanly than to gather up in a few words the qualities that set off the gentleman as such, apart from an engaging personality. The problem is further complicated by the fact that social ideals change with various countries, and often from generation to generation. For instance,—not to mention "surface indications" of dress, manner, fashion of wearing the beard, and such,—time was when in certain sections of this country the test lay, in part, in the code of the duello: in these very sections one may now refuse to put his honor to the touch of the rapier or the bullet without endangering his standing in society. Readiness to resent an injury is now laughed at as "looking for trouble"—indeed, the pendulum seems to have swung so far in the other direction as to make men hold their personal dignity somewhat too cheaply. However, it may still be predicated of a gentleman that he exercises his generosity as much and as delicately in slowness to take offense as in unwillingness to give it.

One is apt to forget that the action of a government may often be, like an editorial article, the expression of but a single mind. In the days of cabinets and so-called responsible government the world is not so much exposed as formerly to the whim of a ruler, or to the errors of an ignorant or corrupt junta of ministers. The domineering of a Napoleon is not to be expected or endured, nor, outside of an oligarchy, can one conceive of such folly as allowing the Russo-Japanese differences to drift into war. But, short of the *ultima ratio regum*, there is much that a government can do or omit, where a supposed

invasion of its rights is concerned, that may stamp its character and define its right to consideration, as a gentleman is known among his fellows. We are not now speaking of the superficial courtesies of routine diplomacy, but of the trying exigencies of a crisis such as the incident of the firing on the British trawlers. A more delicate situation for both governments it is difficult to conceive. Each country contains a jingo element which, after the strained relations of recent years, seems to be sleeping upon its sword. Add to this England's actual injury and Russia's sensitive pride and a half-knowledge of the facts, and the diplomatic problem was colossal. The avoidance of war was fortunate but not fortuitous. It resulted from the exercise of exactly the traits which Lord Lansdowne would exhibit in his personal intercourse—firmness with forbearance, respect for another's feelings, a desire not to humiliate, and, withal, a strong sense of justice. The prompt and sincere expression of sympathy by the Emperor was most creditable and made less difficult the solution of arbitration—for such virtually, though not nominally, it is. So far the affair has been a triumph of good manners, and so far as possible the deplorable error is in a fair way of rectification.

Before the gentler measures of international high breeding the mischievous maxim, "Our country, right or wrong," must increasingly give way. Willingness to acknowledge a fault, disinclination to meddle in the affairs of others, sympathy for the weak against the oppressor, patience and reason as against petulance, rashness, and force, are as possible to a nation as to an individual. A people should be as jealous of the national gentlemanliness as of the national credit.

AN ARCHITECTURAL HINT FROM GEORGE WASHINGTON

WHICH MIGHT BE TAKEN TO HEART BY PUBLIC
MEN OF OUR DAY

IT has been a matter of unspeakable satisfaction to all Americans whose patriotism includes an interest in the esthetic as well as the moral and material development of the country that the changes necessary in the fine old White House have been

made, with the coöperation of the President, by the best experts and in the best manner; that the question of an important alteration at the Capitol building is in competent professional hands; and that, through the coöperation of the Congress, the landscape and architectural features of the nation's capital, so far as the government controls, have been, in the main, up to date secured.

There was some fear, in the spring of 1904, that reactionary influences might interfere with the ultimate carrying out of the magnificent and highly practicable plans of the commission consisting of Messrs. Burnham, McKim, Saint Gaudens, and Olmsted, whose suggestions were amply set forth and illustrated in *THE CENTURY* for February and March, 1902. But that danger was, for the time being at least, averted largely through the efforts of Senator Newlands, who, since the death of Senator McMillan, has come forth as the senatorial champion of the cause of good public architecture and public landscape-gardening. The speeches and colloquies in the Senate on the subjects of "The White House Restoration" and "The Building Line on the Mall"¹ show a patient, intelligent, and tactful handling of these esthetic subjects on his part; and on the part of his adversaries a good deal of heated prejudice, but not without willingness to listen to sensible views from one they knew to be well informed and disinterested.

It will be a hundred years before the scheme contemplated by the Park Commission is fully rounded out, and it should be the ambition of every congressman and public official having to do with the matter, in any of its details, to prove, not a stumbling-block, but a stepping-stone to the happy consummation.

We have said above that the architectural features of Washington have been, in the main, secured for the time being. There is an exception, however, which is conspicuous and most unfortunate. We refer to the lack of thoroughly expert artistic control and work in the interior of the Capitol building. It does not take professional training to detect the failure in this regard; and the statements in Mr. Glenn Brown's governmental "History of the United States Capitol" will be generally indorsed. He says:

¹ Senate Documents 5943, 5951.

The lack of intelligent and continuous supervision in the selection, installation, harmony of color with surroundings, scale in relation to the building and with each other of the decorations (frescos, painting, and sculpture), is immediately felt in passing through the Capitol. The few artistic results are marred or ruined by their surroundings or location; and, strange to say, this lack of art feeling has been growing more and more manifest as the years pass.

In early years, when we had few artists of capacity, those who were most famous were selected. Now, when we have such sculptors and painters as Saint Gaudens, French, MacMonnies, La Farge, Abbey, and Sargent, who are recognized as great in all parts of the world, they are ignored in the decorations of our greatest building, and the Capitol is being filled with decorations, paintings, and sculpture by men and women comparatively unknown. And, added to the unhappy selection, there is no attention paid to the scale of the building, the scale of the various objects, the harmony of color, or the treatment of their installation. It might be thought that the business instinct, if not the artistic sense, of our people would lead their representatives in Congress to delegate such questions to those of artistic training.

Temporarily, intelligent influences have fought off threatened serious interference with the plans of the commission. In fact, some minor interferences have not altogether been prevented, the trouble being that the various schemes now being executed in general conformity to the commission's plan *are not under the control of any central authority interested in the whole plan*. Obviously there is constant danger of something being done which it would be well-nigh impossible to correct. It would be a wise and economical act on the part of Congress to adopt the general principles of the Park Commission scheme,—which is, as is well known, simply an amplification of the Washington and L'Enfant

plan,—and then reappoint the Park Commission, named above, to whom all proposed improvements should be submitted for an opinion, and who should have general and authoritative supervision of such improvements.

In the early days of the republic the most skilled architects that could be obtained were called upon to do the public work. This is, of course, the only safe way. There has been of late years a dangerous disrespect, on the part of some in authority, for expert ability; and this disrespect has had to be overcome in order to effect desirable results. Our public men, in Congress and out, should not think it a derogation to bow to the opinion of experts, when we find how gladly our greatest man did this, in his day, and with what fortunate results. Said the wise and modest Washington, in his letter of July 23, 1792, to the commissioners of the District of Columbia, in reference to the construction of the Capitol:

But I would have it understood, in this instance and always, when I am hazarding a sentiment on these buildings, that I profess to have no knowledge of architecture, and think we should, to avoid criticism, be governed by the established rules which are laid down by the professors of the Art.

Those public functionaries who oppose such methods, who rail at architects and landscape artists, and intrude their own inexpert notions upon public improvements, are only writing large, and in plain sight of the intelligence of the country, their own pretentiousness of uninformed judgment in matters of taste. Incidentally, they avail themselves of their power to do permanent injury to public interests. Such men, fortunately, have less and less influence in shaping the course of governmental action in esthetic matters.

THE CATACAZI IMBROGLIO. In the November CENTURY, in Mr. White's "Recollections of Russia," he is represented as saying of the Grand Duke Alexis: "He referred to his recollections of the United States with apparent pleasure, in spite of the wretched Cazalet imbroglio, which hindered President Grant from showing him any hospitality at the White House, and which so vexed his father, the Emperor Alexander II." Mr. White desires us to state that he intended to write "the wretched Catacazi imbroglio," etc., and that the error was made by a slip of the pen, due to the similarity of names. "The Cazalet family," he adds, "are of the highest respectability."—EDITOR.

OPEN LETTERS

An Overlooked "Causerie" of Sainte-Beuve

IT will be news to most readers of THE CENTURY that Sainte-Beuve, the eminent French critic, the centenary of whose birth occurred on December 23, was at one time a writer for the American press; that one of the New York newspapers for a while enjoyed the distinguished privilege of styling him "our regular correspondent." It happened in this wise.

While in Paris in 1859, Mr. John Bigelow, then one of the proprietors of the New York "Evening Post," was so much impressed by the newspaper merits of the "Causeries du Lundi," which were then a weekly feature of the "Moniteur," that, with the natural instinct of a journalist, he sought their author's acquaintance, and, as soon as circumstances seemed propitious to his suit, proposed for a monthly, a biweekly, or a weekly letter from the critic's pen. The topics, the length, and the frequency of his communications were to be left entirely to his discretion and convenience. The translation was to be done, under his eye, by one of his friends.

Sainte-Beuve seemed pleased not only with such an evidence of the growth of his fame, but even more with the opportunity it presented to him of talking to the world, free from the irksome restraints of the imperial censorship. However, his pending literary engagements made him hesitate for a while to assume new burdens, but he finally yielded. For greater freedom in the treatment of historical and political topics, it was stipulated that the author's name should not transpire. This was not so oppressive a condition then as it would have been regarded eight or ten years later, for in 1859-60 Sainte-Beuve's name was so little known in America that it would scarcely have added value to anything to which it was attached.

The glory of this connection to the "Evening Post" proved a transient one. Sainte-Beuve wrote under this engagement but two communications. When the time for the third came around, he sent Mr. Bigelow a note expressing his regret that he had overrated his forces and the amount of leisure at his command. Mr. Bigelow tried, but unsuccessfully, to induce him to reconsider his decision. This effort brought the following reply:

Lundi Jan.

CHER MONSIEUR: Veuillez m'excuser si je ne vous ai pu répondre aussitôt votre lettre reçue.

J'ai réfléchi à votre intelligente proposition qui, dans les termes où vous me la présentez, est en effet très acceptable. Aussi aurai-je quelque peine à m'y refuser, si je n'avais d'autres raisons qu'il serait trop long et fastidieux d'énumérer mais qui ont pris du poids dans mon esprit à la réflexion. La seule que je me permettrai de vous dire, c'est qu'à mon âge et avec le degré de fatigue que j'éprouve souvent il n'est pas d'un très bon régime intellectuel pour les travaux que je puis faire ici de m'imposer ce soutirage et comme cette saignée périodique: jeune on est riche de sang et d'esprits animaux; on répare vite; on a du superflu. Passé 55 ans on n'a que le nécessaire même en fait dépensé.

Encore une fois veuillez m'excuser, cher monsieur. Agréez mes remerciements pour votre si flatteuse insistance et croire aux sentiments de distinction et d'estime que me laisse notre trop courte connaissance.

Sainte-Beuve.

A translation of Sainte-Beuve's first letter appeared in the "Evening Post" in February, 1860. No one outside of the office suspected its distinguished origin, and it attracted no special attention.

The article is, with one exception, the last of the articles written by Sainte-Beuve about Béranger. The only one that followed this was written a year later, after Béranger's correspondence had been completed by the publication of two additional volumes, and that deals with the full correspondence; it will be found in Volume I of the "Nouveaux Lundis." An earlier article, written in 1832, attempted to give a complete estimate of the poet's production, which was then far from complete. It was followed in 1833 by another article, dealing with the latest poems. Both of these articles have been reproduced in Volume I of the "Portraits Contemporains." The full judgment of Sainte-Beuve on Béranger as a poet and as a man will be found in Volume II of the "Causeries du Lundi." It is an article which was published in 1850. A few pages written by Sainte-Beuve immediately after the poet's death, and published at that time (1857) without signature, have been republished in Volume XV of the "Causeries du Lundi."

Sainte-Beuve died October 13, 1869.

* * *

The Holy Family "del Pajarito," by Murillo

(TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD-ENGRAVINGS OF OLD SPANISH MASTERS: SEE FRONTPIECE)

THIS early masterpiece by Murillo is one of the most notable examples of his second style,

—the *calido*, or warm,—and shows the influence of Ribera, whom he studied, and to whom he is indebted for his earliest system of lighting. Murillo was a young man when Ribera was at the zenith of his reputation. The coloring here is rich and simple. That which strikes the eye at first, and makes a fine spot, is the agreeable tone of yellow in the robe about the knees of Joseph, which is blended finely with the delicate lilac hue of the child's garment and the brownish neutral tone of the floor and basket. The dog is white, but the lightest touches in the picture are confined to the linen chemise of the child, while the darkest hues are in the upper garment of Joseph, which is black. The Madonna's dress is a rich, deep madder, and her shawl is of a purplish-brown tone. These float subtly into the deep umbery tones of the dark neutral background. The picture takes its name, "*del Pajarito*" ("of the little bird"), from the bird held aloft in the

infant's hand. It is not an uncommon thing at the present day in Spain to see children playing with a fettered bird. The artist here takes a hint from the life about him, and projects with realistic truth this charming simple home scene of the carpenter's shop, in which he depicts St. Joseph, in a moment of relaxation from his labor, recreating himself with innocent amusement of the child Jesus, while Mary, attracted from her employment, looks on with sweet motherly sympathy.

This work, among others, was carried off by Napoleon to Paris, but was returned on the treaty of peace in 1814. It has been cut down on each side and at the top, but when is not known; and the want of space in the composition on these sides—especially on the top and at the side where the Madonna is seated—is accordingly felt. The picture measures four feet eight inches high by six feet three inches wide, and the figures are life-size.

T. Cole.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Diplomacy

IF my black mammy pats me soft,
And sits down by my bed,
Then 'splains how beasties used to talk,
And funny things they said,
I know there 's not much hurry,
So I keep wide awake,
A-snickerin', till mammy says,
"Shet up, for good lan's sake!"

But when black mammy pats me *hard*,
And stands all stiff upright,
And wears her grea' big ear-rings,
And her Sunday head-rag 's white—
Why, then she 's goin' to meetin',
And the best thing I can do
Is lickety-split to get to sleep,
And quick about it, too.

Augusta Kortrecht.

When the Pone Went Over

A BRIDGE EPISODE

"I SUPPOSE it was really rather rash of me to double hearts that time," she said reflectively. It was at a small bridge party, and the two had ensconced themselves in a corner of the hostess's palm-room after supper.

"Not at all," he assured her. "The score

was against us, and it was our only chance. You rose to the occasion splendidly."

"If we had lost I should have blamed myself very much."

"But we did n't. It gave us the score and the rubber."

"All because I took chances," she said, laughing.

"All because you took chances. I wish I were bold enough to take chances."

She looked at him in great surprise.

"You!" she exclaimed. "Why, you're one of the boldest of players."

"Sometimes. But not when the score is love," he said meaningly.

She shot him a swift glance of suspicion.

"Well, of course," she admitted, "when the score is love one must play more carefully."

"And yet that ought to be the time, if any, to double hearts."

"I think most people prefer to double diamonds, when they can," she returned, smiling. "Don't you think so?"

"It's a mistake. They don't get nearly as much out of it, in the long run."

"Not even if there are lots of diamonds?"

"No, indeed. Hearts count more. How any one can think otherwise, I don't see—except, perhaps, a—"

"Dummy?" she suggested.

"Exactly," he agreed, with a laugh. "Except dummy."

"Your lead really gave us the game," she went on.

"Why, that was very simple. I had only one heart. When you proposed to double I inferred that you wanted it."

"Yes, I did, of course."

He bent nearer.

"Does that rule always hold?" he asked.

She flushed a little. "I'm sure I don't know. Yes, I presume so, when—"

"When one proposes to double?"

"Why, yes. We ought to join the others," she added. "People will be leaving very soon."

"No; wait," he begged. "I want to know when one should propose to double."

"This is n't a bridge lesson," she said evasively.

"No, but tell me."

"Why," she considered, "I suppose, when one thinks he can win."

"That is, when one has hopes of his suit?"

"If you put it that way," she returned guardedly.

"Well, that can be in only one case, of course," he went on.

"When is that?"

"When one holds the hand he wants."

"Naturally," she rejoined.

He bent over and took her hand.

"Partner, shall we double hearts?" he asked.

Edwin Asa Dix.



Drawn by J. R. Shaver

TOO LATE

ELSIE: Grandpa, I hope the puppy will be a mother-dog when it grows up.

GRANDPA: I'm afraid it won't, dear. Its name is Jack, you know.

ELSIE: Now, is n't that too bad? If we'd only thought of it in time, we might have called it Fanny.



Color drawing by Anna Wnelan Betts

THE VALENTINE